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THE

PHILOMATHESIAN.

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CONTENTS.

No. I.	PAGE.	No. V.	PAGE.
ARTICLE.		ARTICLE.	
Introduction,	1	The Fine Arts,	137
Intellectual Energy,	3	Scenery of Lake George,	140
Mutability,	6	The Stranger, or a History of the	
The Madman's Doom,	8	Piscatorians, (<i>continued</i>),	142
The Passage of the Rubicon,	20	Bruce and the Red Comyn,	150
A Legend of Home,	22	Reply to Daleth on "Wit,"	154
The Precipice,	34	David's Lament,	157
The Vermont University,	35	Dreams on Dreams,	158
		A Chapter on Teaching,	160
No. II.		The Honeysuckle and Water-	
Lake Sacrament,	41	drop,	164
Romance of our Country,	45	Slavery—Emancipation, &c.,	167
The Madman's Doom, (<i>continued</i>),	47	Notices of New Works,	168
The Choice,	54	{ Dick on the Improvement of	
Russian Literature,	55	{ Society.—James' History of	
Italy,	57	{ Charlemagne.	}
The Forest Girl,	60		
Disappointed Genius,	63	No. VI.	
The Departure,	69	A Scene in Scio,	169
Strictures on Poetry, No. I.,	70	A peep at St. Helena,	175
Epilogue,	72	Reply to the Questions of B. B.	178
		St. Bartholomew's Eve,	182
No. III.		We would be Remembered,	185
Strictures on Poetry, No. II.,	73	The Stranger, or a History of the	
The Maniac,	76	Piscatorians, (<i>concluded</i>),	187
Disappointed Genius, (<i>concluded</i>),	78	The Buried Family. A Frag-	
Intellectual Character of Milton,	82	ment,	193
The Dying Youth's Lament,	85	The Collegian's Magazine,	194
Brief Epistle,	86	The Headsman; By the Author	
The Madman's Doom, (<i>concluded</i>),	87	of the Spy, &c. &c.,	195
Review of Rev. Isaac Fiddler's		The Discovery,	196
Journal,	93	Junior Exhibition,	198
—The Burial Ground at Bunker		Senior Exhibition,	199
Hill,	96		
The Family Library,	98	No. VII.	
American Periodicals,	99	The Discovery, (<i>concluded</i>),	200
My Home and Yours,	101	The Poet's Dream,	202
Society Celebrations,	104	Scene in Scio, (<i>concluded</i>),	208
		Attack of Malta,	214
No. IV.		The Original,	217
Patient Thought,	105	The Pirate's Night Cruise,	222
Death of King Philip,	110	History of Spain and Portugal,	224
Wit,	113	A Glimpse at the Republic of	
Consumption,	116	Letters,	225
Human Life,	119	Sue Winingate,	228
Phrenology, one hundred years		January First, 1834.	229
hence,	121		
The Hypochondriac,	124	No. VIII.	
The Stranger, or a History of the		Thoughts on the Character of	
Piscatorians,	125	the Sultan Saladin,	233
The Philosophy of the Moral Feel-		The Patricide,	236
ings; By J. Abercrombie, M. D.		The Principles of Justice,	239
Family Library, No. 58,	134	Musings. The Sacrifice,	242
A Thought,	135	Philosophy of Moral Influence,	245
English Tourists in America,	136	Lake Sacrament, in 1757,	246

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE.	PAGE.	ARTICLE.	PAGE.
Science,	251	'When I was of your Age,'	309
Tres Frates,	253	Intellect Revolutionized,	314
Poetry, &c.	256	Twilight Thoughts,	318
		Remarks on Human Institutions.	319
No. IX.			
Superstition,	257	No. XI.	
Tres Frates, (<i>concluded</i>),	260	Intellectual Character of Des	
The Stranger, or a History of the		Cartes,	321
Piscatorians. An Odd Chap-		Napoleon's Departure to St.	
ter,	263	Helena,	324
Mrs. Willard's Journal,	270	The Pyramids,	325
Death of Saladin,	273	Imagination,	326
Report of the Cincinnati Lane		Matters of the Heart,	329
Seminary, Jan. 1, 1834,	274	William Tell,	332
The Other Home,	278	Miseries of Wearing a Beard,	333
College Periodicals,	280	Insanity,	336
A Fragment,	282	Reference Romance; or Notes	
The Forgotten Dead,	285	for a Novel,	338
Book Wonders of the Day,	286	The Worn-out Mariner,	342
{ Major Jack Downing's Book.		Remarks on Human Institutions,	344
{ Life and Eccentricities of Da-		Roland Clair. A Domestic Tale.	347
{ vid Crockett. Journal and Let-			
{ ters from France and Great Bri-		No. XII.	
{ tain; By Emma Willard. }		Association,	353
		A Passage from my Diary,	356
No. X.		Harold and Tostig,	359
The Universal Pursuit,	289	Remarks on Klopstock and By-	
A Fragment,	291	ron,	362
The object of early Intellectual		The Teeth and Stomach,	366
Discipline,	291	Reflections,	367
The Exiled Polander,	294	A Chapter on Mirrors,	370
Upward and Onward,	297	The Maniac Eremita,	372
The Pedestrians,	300	A Fytte on Tongues,	374
Rhythmic Thunder,	305	The Saturday Courier,	376
A Vision of Immortality,	306	A Glimpse at the Spirits.	377
A Reverie,	308		

THE PHLOMATHESIAN.

Vol. I. Middlebury College, July. No. 1.

"THE HEAD AND HEART THUS FLOWING FROM THE QUILL,
"VERSEMAN OR PROSEMAN—TERM ME WHICH YOU WILL."

INTRODUCUION.

WHEN a new periodical is presented before the public, the questions very naturally arise—what are the objects it designs to accomplish? How does it propose to effect those objects? And what are its claims upon public patronage? It would be more pleasing to us if every one would solve those interrogations for himself, by perusing the work for a sufficient length of time to be enabled to judge of its character; and that its ultimate success or failure might depend upon the course it shall pursue and the respectability with which it shall be sustained. But it may not be improper, at our *first appearance*, to make some preliminary remarks by way of anticipation.

There is no feature of the present age more prominent and perhaps none more pleasing than the prevailing taste for liberal and extended reading. Too often has the narrow and illiberal notion been entertained, that every thing should be excluded from a course of education or reading, unless it be productive of what is termed immediate and practical utility, or in other words, worldly prosperity and personal gain. But this sordid opinion is now compelled to yield to the force of principles more praiseworthy and ennobling.—Men perceive that books may be not only increased in number but also varied in their nature, and scorn to be confined to the limited path prescribed by the covetous utilitarian. It is now conceded, that much which has been commonly looked upon as useless, or at least, nothing better than ornamental literature, does, by embellishing the mind and the heart, prove eminently useful—does con-

tribute to the refinement of social intercourse and produce a decided and favorable effect upon society. The liberal and increasing encouragement bestowed upon the literary periodicals of the day, furnishes conclusive evidence of the estimation set upon that class of works which are not devoted to any particular science or philosophy, but miscellaneous in their character and included under the general term of *popular literature*.

Encouraged by the success of others, and believing that an enlightened community will appreciate our well-meant endeavours and remunerate us with their patronage, if they shall discover aught of merit to commend, we are emboldened to add one more to the list of literary publications. The work will consist of essays, occasional reviews and comments upon new publications, tales, poetic contributions, and such dissertations upon scientific subjects as shall be deemed expedient. Exertions will be made, by introducing variety, to entertain and amuse the fancy, to instruct the understanding and furnish aliment for the thinking mind. It may seem to argue against the probability of our success, that several similar attempts made in the vicinity have already failed. But we hazard the assertion, that examination will show their failure to have been the result of other causes, rather than any want of a disposition on the part of the public to sustain an appropriate and well conducted periodical. Indeed the undertaking can hardly be viewed in the light of an experiment, when it is remembered that, notwithstanding the copious supply of political papers with which we are furnished, a work like this finds itself alone and without a single competitor in this and one or two of the neighboring states.

It were idle to expect that the variegated bouquet which we present to the public may not contain some unique specimens, perhaps many sprigs that shall savour of an incorrect, puerile or incompetent taste. But accept the apology of their originality. Let it be their defence that they are the production of our own mountain state. It is the characteristic genius of our people, (of American System celebrity,) to foster and encourage native productions; and if the inferiority of our offering be not too great, will not the same spirit plead in behalf of its claims over those of exotics?—Will not the smiles of an indulgent and generous community cheer it onward in its attempts to struggle itself into existence, and to take a stand some where at least in the vicinity of its older and more pretending contemporaries? It will be our aim to furnish something which shall not prove ungrateful to the reader, nor a dis-

grace upon those with whom it originated. If the result shall evince that we have failed in the attempt; if our patrons shall, after a fair and candid trial, decides that our efforts are inadequate to contribute either to their entertainment or edification; we will confidently acquiesce in their decision. One boon alone we request—that those who are more competent will take upon themselves the responsibility to consummate what has proved too arduous an undertaking for us to accomplish. Meantime, we trust that wherever our visitor shall make its way, whether into the parlor of the learned, the hands of the fair, the abode of the mechanic or the dwelling of the farmer, it may find those who can with propriety lay claim to the truly honorable title of Philomathesians.

EDITORS.

INTELLECTUAL ENERGY.

MAN was intended for enterprize and action. The structure of his frame, and the singular facility he possesses in the application of its energies, not only evince the superiority he is destined to hold over the rest of animate matter, but plainly show his intended sphere to be one of noble action and lofty emprise. The union of firmness and agility, strength and dexterity, which so preeminently obtains in the physical man, gives him an ascendancy rarely contested by superior but overawed force. With this advantage and guided by reason, man is peculiarly qualified to encounter the perils and hardships consequent upon jarring interests and the elements chafing around him.

The sway maintained by virtue of physical prowess is, it is true, far inferior to the empire of mind; and he whose only claim to regard consists in the preponderance of the brute over the intellectual man, does well, while he affects humanity, to back up that claim with credentials of his pedigree. Yet, while animal might constitutes but a small part of man's true excellence; though the brute may in this respect claim an equality if not superiority to his lord; it is often proved a possession of much real value. There are times, rare, it may be, but unavoidable, when reason must call in

the aid of more tangible argument ; when nerve becomes the most efficient logic, and gestures again assert their primitive and convincing power. It is as a corps of reserve alone that physical energy should ever attend the exercise of the nobler faculties of the soul. There can be nothing really worthy or beautiful in action, but as it involves the agency of *mind*.

There is much that is noble in the structure of man. Even in the lifeless corpse there are traces of what it once was—the home of a restless and goading spirit—the favored instrument of some dominant and undying principle. Yet with all their beauty and noble expression, figure and frame are but a slight approximation to the real man. The soul is that mysterious and matchless peculiarity which at once lights its fair tenement with the glow of intellect, and stamps upon it the seal of supremacy. But exalted and immortal as may be even the uncultured soul, and far as it may surpass the highest grade of instinctive perception, the full development of its energies can be ensured only by self-prompted and self-directed action. In this, as in every thing that has life and sense, *excellence* is the result of *exercise*. The dormant spirit, like the buried brand, may smoulder, it cannot blaze. Fettered in indolence and self distrust, the mind with all its angel powers may doze itself down to a level with the veriest instinct, and barter its birthright of original grandeur for the sluggishness of an unthinking and scarce dreaming sleep. Indeed, as we can safely predicate nothing of the extent or even the existence of a latent cause but from the extent or existence of some visible effect ; so the operative force or presence of this intellectual agent, though often inferred from the orthodox mould of its encasing dust, can never be proved but from its operations and effect. We know nothing of mental being but from mental activity. The mind must act ; and as its exercises shall be more or less worthy of itself, it will gain might and expansion or become powerless and practically extinct. It may live on the meagre aliment of activity necessary for the preservation and maintainance of its animal appendage ; but it will thrive only on enterprise which shall tax its utmost energy, and inspire it with the warmest devotion.

However powerful may be the intellect in its native wildness, discipline must unlock for it treasures of might unknown even to itself ; and toil and trial must give it vigor and firmness, before it is fitted to go forth self-balanced and independent to the encounters of life. The first then and by far the most arduous enterprise

must be self subjugation. Without this, genius will act at random or to its own defeat. The mind must first become master of itself; its lawless force must be trained and disciplined, till at its bidding every faculty shall bend itself to the task, and their concentrated might be brought to bear unflinchingly and at pleasure on the object of pursuit. Such self conquest is the result of long and bitter toil, and nothing but the most unyielding spirit of enterprise will ever accomplish it. What matter if the sluggish tenement cringe and quail under the chaffings of this intellectual strife?—it is when the barque trembles upon the heaving surge, and its mast reels to the sweeping gale, that it speeds gallantly on the wings of the wind to its destined moorings. Let us see the developement of mind in all its native energy—in the noble and unwavering purpose—in kindred and consistent action; when its object is one of fitting worth or exigence may make the demand, let us see the whole soul wrought up to the struggle—every faculty lashed to its post—every mental nerve strained to its utmost tension—every recreant thought bent untiringly to its object—and the whole man, flesh and spirit absorbed in the effort—all moving onward to the glorious result—and I say that impossibility alone can prove an effectual bar to its mastering grasp, and no power short of Omnipotence can impose a fetter on its giant energy. Such enterprise has in it more of sublimity than the conquest of a hemisphere. The spirit that once throned an Alexander on a world of subjugated foes, has, it may be, wrought for itself a dazzling immortality; but it is blackened with the abiding curse of misery and blood. Yet this was enterprise, which, well directed, had scattered blessings as widely as it dealt the scourge.

Literature lays open a wide field for refined intellectual enterprise, involving less of peril and daring, and therefore less brilliant in the eyes of the world than that which deals in coronets and kingdoms; but not less grand in its objects, and far more exempt from the bitterness of disappointed aims and the merited scourgings of conscious guilt. More firmness of mind—more tireless perseverance—more moral valor is involved in the self-rewarding toil that masters thoroughly the thousand difficulties attendant upon a protracted course of mental discipline, than ever crept into the dreams of half the heroes that have turned the world upside down.

I have not, for a certain best of reasons, attempted a metaphysical disquisition of the mind with the bill of sundries thereto pertaining. We need not the aid of philosophical acumen or of any

thing but the memory of the last half hour, to teach us the eternal action of the mind. And if it must act—and if by action worthy of a soul still greater powers of action may be acquired—if one noble effort paves the way for yet nobler struggles and more glorious conquests—he cannot be guiltless who smothers every thought that would look up, and frets that the pulse of his spirit will sometimes hint to him that he is not all clay. *D.*

MUTABILITY.

THE VOICE AND RESPONSE.

I.

Dark Genius of Man! sure emblem of God!—
 Spirit that soarest immortal and high;—
 Kingdoms shall tremble and yield to thy nod,—
 Nations before thee shall meet thee, and die.

Hold, reckless tempter, hold!—There is a dread supreme!
 Man lives anon to die—his glory is a dream.

II.

Proud Lion of the Wood! start forth from thy lair;
 The dew-drop shake from the locks of thy mane;—
 Let the forests thy voice in echo declare,
 For thou art the king of the beasts on the plain.

All Heaven rocks above!—skies are with thunder riven!—
 The mountain oak is reft;—wild beasts to Death are given!

III.

Wild Bird of the Ocean! the dark heaving surge
 Beneath thee may roll o'er the proud-swelling deep;—
 Hark! from yon isle—the Barbarian's dirge!—
 Anon 'tis the whirlwind—o'er deserts to sweep.

Look onward again—the wild winds have gone down,
 And the bones of the Bird now lie bleaching the ground!—

IV.

Proud nation of Yore!—Thou Land of the Nile!
 Before thee a world shrinks back in despair.—

Mutability.—The Voice and Response.

7

The deep swelling vale thy rich coffers beguile ;
Pride, glory and gold are flourishing there.

Like the dew drop of morn, or the sunbeam of noon,—
The bright Land of the Nile ceased as early to bloom.

V.

Home of the Poet!—The birthplace of song!
Párnassus, thy mount,—and Arcadian groves ;
In luxuriant shades—Science revels along,
And o'er thy plains the philosopher roves.—

The wild Cossack is here, and dark fiends tread the plain,
And pollution rolls on like the waves of the main !

VI.

Wide empire of Earth!—extend thy broad Wings—
Make for the Persian and Britain a home !
A dirge to the nations thy warrior sings,—
Glory forever to Cesar—to Rome !

The proud plume of the Roman is tattered and torn,
And the wild owl shrieks from the chronicled dome !

VII.

Bright land of my birth ! Dear Land of my Youth !
The dread cry of ruin its echo may cease—
For freedom is thine—thy standard is truth ;—
And o'er thee waves the fair banner of Peace.

A phantom thy banner—a wild vision thy hope !
Disunion has marked thee now in darkness to grope.—
The blood of thy brother calls for Heaven's respite,
And o'er thee shall come the dread terror of night.
As the ocean's dark surge o'er an islet may roll,
So the dark waves of passion shall bury thy soul !
Thy pride and thy glory shall be lost in the deep,
Where the wild winds of ocean forever shall sweep !

VIII.

Stay ! Miscreant, stay ! revoke the sad doom !
The land of my fathers, kind Heaven shall save ;
You Tyrant shall tremble—shall sink to the tomb,
And Despots the throne shall change for the grave !
But Freedom, rejoice !—thy victory's won !
To liberty strike !—anew strike the lyre,
For victory's won—the wild warrior's gone—
Your peans of glory raise higher and higher !
As that isle of the ocean lies low in the deep,
So Heaven's protection our country keep ;
A guardian angel, our banner shall be,
And nations around shall learn to be free !

ADRIAN.

THE MADMAN'S DOOM.

It was the gloomy hour of midnight, and the eastern breeze swept past in fitful howlings, or dying away in sullen murmurs amid the waving tops of the forest trees, seemed to bewail some deed of human woe. Fleeting vapors rode upon the wind in frightful omens, while from the southern horizon came heavily dense clouds from the ocean, and as column rolled upon column, a fourth part of the heavens was obscured by a canopy of blackness. Between the wild and irregular openings of the vapory fluids, the twinkling stars of the north cast upon the scene a few solitary rays which rendered the opposite heavens more dismal. No sound of human voice disturbed the deep silence : no prowling beast awoke the solitude of the desert : even the mighty yells of the screech owl, and the terrific squalls of the macaw, were hushed in repose. Nought was heard save the whistling of the gale, and a tramp of horses in a vale of Albania. It was not the wild and unsteady tread of the wandering palfrey, but slow and measured, as from the dark recesses of the vale impervious to the human eye the crackling of the underwood fell upon the ear in ominous meaning. At times a human voice seemed to issue from the fir-trees, and mingling with the murmurs of the breeze sounded like the moan of some bewildered traveller, or of a hermit grieving over a life of woe. Silence succeeded.—Then the voice—the tramp were heard again. At length there issued from the woody valley some fifty horsemen, whose shadowy outlines could scarce be perceived in the obscurity of the night.

They hovered awhile upon the skirts of the forest, then darted away with the rapidity of lightning upon a sandy plain, which stretched far into the imperceptible distance. They rode hard, and had left many furlongs behind them, when suddenly the queen of night rose majestically above the cloudy horizon, and illumined the dismal scene. The chief of this band of midnight rovers bade his companions dismount, while their war steeds should rest them.—Upon a close view you could discover that they were armed with the implements of chivalric warfare, when the knights of high renown and the active and gaily-dressed squires courted the battle's rage and fought alone for fame and glory. But among these daring heroes of the night no merry squire was engaged in the service

of his lord, or was heard to joke his comrades in a joyful moment. All wore the armour of knighthood, and their glittering shields, their waving plumes sparkling with gems, and their studded baldricks announced their superior dignity. Some pressing emergency, some threatening danger, had roused those lords of the middle ages from their castles at this extraordinary hour of the night; or some deed of darkness was to be perpetrated, which the light of the sun might not witness. One of noble bearing, whose arms shone with brightness in the moon-beams, detached himself from the rest, and scanned awhile the distant plain, as if to discover some lurking enemy. But, no obstacle interrupting his sight, he turned to his comrades, and thus addressed them: "Knights of valor and defenders of the helpless, you have felt the galling oppression of a miscreant tyrant, and you have seen the shameless audacity of a monster in having dared to wrest from her weak, though knightly father, a queenly maiden, whose love you have wooed and in whose defence every knight ought to wield a valorous sword. Shall a wretched parent forever mourn the pride and glory of his house, or call in vain for vengeance upon the head of the oppressor? Not content with having wrested rightfully possessed lands from his most loyal subject once a terror in the battle field, now an oracle in time of peace, he has most atrociously broken in upon his privacies, and dragged thence an unprotected victim of outrageous passion. Shall subjects of extortion weep unheeded, or crime go unpunished? Is every sympathetic feeling quenched in our breasts, and does the spirit of devils animate us? Did the prince of darkness extinguish every spark of humanity when we witnessed with cold or utter neglect the anguish of a bereaved father, and the death-like paleness and silent grief of a dutiful child, torn from the embraces of a distracted mother? She consented to go along with that plunderer of human happiness, because an exterminator's sword hung over her father's household ready to fall with two-fold vengeance, while from a refusal she saw herself violently dragged to a mountain fortress, there to languish out a life of captivity and woe. What crime has been perpetrated by the former leader of a nation's chivalry, to merit such persecution? Is he guilty of murder, the pretended crime? Why then is not his life made to atone for the horrid deed? Nay, but I tell you the tyrant himself, burning with a desire of revenge for his oft refused addresses, perpetrated that black deed of death, on that fatal night the father of his present victim, the lovely Elvira, crossed yonder mountain, hoping once more to fold to his bosom with pure

hands the inmates of his castle. But soon his anticipated joy is turned to mourning, and the hands that have ever been unpolluted writhe in galling chains. He is conducted back to the tyrant's fortress on the alleged crime of murder. An unfortunate peasant was found weltering in his own gore, in a retired recess of the mountain ; yet strange to tell, his groans, aye, his groans, when his throat was gashed from ear to ear, attracted the notice of a passing traveller. The intelligence was conveyed seventeen furlongs to the lord of life and death, and ere an hour's ride from the fatal spot an innocent victim is in chains. Was justice demanded ? Nay, but what think you was the price of his redemption ? The hand of his daughter was demanded in marriage. But the generous old veteran scorned such baseness, and the gloom of his indignant eye made the tyrant quail. "What !" cried he, "would you sacrifice the life of a subject to thy damnable lust, and disgrace the name of man by such atrocious, unpardonable injustice ? Never will I sanction crime by whomsoever committed ; and heaven's heaviest curses be on me, if I give my approbation to thy unhallowed deeds. These chains confine me, and these walls defy escape. Prove me guilty of the crime of which you have so unjustly accused me, and if I am convicted on the evidence of truth, I'll resign my life without a groan. But never shall my daughter be polluted by thy blood-stained hands, so long as heaven grants me life to remonstrate. Exert thy fiendish spirit, and cut the thread of existence ; but mark me, minion of Satan, the stroke which precipitates me into the grave, shall rouse the vengeance of a nation, and shall call down upon thy head a tempest of fury." Rage shot from the eyes of his tormentor, and in the excess of his wrath he devoted his victim to the ignominious death of a murderer. "Think," cried he, "on thy doom ; for ere to-morrow's night death shall strike thee a lifeless corpse." Lust and rage alternately predominated. He confiscated.—He besought.—He threatened. A week passed on, and still the sentence remained unexecuted. The stubborn soul and obstinate justice of the old warrior shrunk not, and even while the axe hung over him, he smiled in mockery. A messenger arrives, and brings the glad tidings to the governor's heart that the object of his passion consents to become his bride. The father is released from the cold damps of his dungeon, and is conveyed with marks of honor to his mansion, only to witness the heart-rending parting of a daughter, who sacrificed her happiness to save her parents. Her father denied his consent, though a threatening danger made that disregarded.—

Where then was the sword which should have leaped from the scabbard, self-moved, and laid the monster low? Where slept the spirit of chivalry, whose boast hath been a terror to injustice—the avenger of injured innocence?

This night is the marriage festival; the revelry has already begun, and ere the eastern horizon is tinged with the dim twilight of to-morrow's dawn, unless we nerve our hearts to this desperate attempt, the lawless passion of a cruelty-pampered tyrant will be gratified to the lasting misery of a blooming maiden. What recreant knight will refuse his aid in a cause so noble, or will shrink from the perils of this night's adventure? Back from the ranks of knighthood the dastard catiff shall be driven, and oblivion shall settle over him, forever excluded from the path of glory. The lawless tyrant reels upon the brink of destruction, whence soon he shall be plunged beneath the raging floods below. The demons of blackness have conspired to render him insensible to the wrongs of a nation, whose wrath soon shall fall upon him in awful vengeance. Here I devote my sword, nay, even my life, to the delivery of my country; and the light of the sun shall never illumine yonder mountain, till Freedom's banner float on its summit, and Freedom's holy song arise in solemn thanksgiving. Do gloomy presentiments of death occupy your minds, and do your hearts sink within you, or do they burn to be engaged in the struggle for liberty?" "Death to the tyrant!" burst from every lip, and the fierce grasp of the battle-axe, and the half drawn blade of polished steel, attested the sincerity of that firm resolve. A shrill and deep-toned neigh of a charger came down upon the gale, and his heavy tramp was heard on the distant plain. Firm in their saddles every knight awaited with intense anxiety the approach of some stranger; for nought but mountain beasts roamed nightly through the desert. Suddenly a wild and piercing blast of a bugle rose on their ears, and dying away into a low murmur, closed with the shrill scream of the eagle. A dark form interrupted the hitherto unbroken view of the horizon, and a warrior-mounted steed swept past with the swiftness of an arrow's flight, and wheeling round, suddenly halted in their front. His short and heavy breathings bore ample testimony of the rapidity of his speed, while a gigantic warrior clothed in brazen panoply, on whose arm hung a huge buckler of glittering metal, announced some extraordinary, and to them mysterious occurrence. Awhile he gazed on the troop before him, who were lost in surprise at this unexpected evolution. Perceiving no signs of hostility, the stranger approached the fore-

most of the horsemen, who was their leader, and thus addressed him: "Heard ye not the notes of contemptuous defiance, and the war-cry of the madman Forcal, mocking the vain attempts of a miscreant barbarian and his troop of blood-thirsty hell-hounds, scattered wide over the sandy plain?" A shudder of instinctive fear passed over them as the deep tones of the stranger fell upon their ears, which seemed to recognize them as familiar accents; but when the name of "Forcal" issued from his lips, a yell of victory burst from every mouth, and "Forcal! Forcal!" echoed along the plain.—"Villain!" cried the chief, advancing on the stranger, "defend thyself, or die!" and dealt him such a blow with his battle-axe as to make him reel in his stirrups. He followed up his success, and had well-nigh brought his antagonist to the ground; but with the quickness of thought he disengaged his ponderous steel and stood prepared to ward off the fearful blows of his assailant. Stroke followed stroke, and every one seemed sufficient to annihilate any mortal. During this fierce contest, the stranger appeared intent only upon parrying the weapon of his foe, till the other, surprised at this extraordinary conduct, in one whose recklessness of character, and whose blood-thirsty disposition and habits of life led him to expect far different treatment, ceased of his own accord, and eagerly inquired what he meant by such mysterious conduct.—"Sir," coolly returned the other, "it ill becomes us to waste each other's blood in this useless strife, while the accomplishment of an object more glorious and useful demands the active exertions of every free-born knight in albania. Among the fiercest spirits which have poured their unprovoked vengeance on the devoted plains, I have felt a savage exultation within me at the sight of your castles wrapt in flames, by whose light with fiendish cruelty have I butchered your infant sons and aged sires. Though I never can atone for the injuries which I have heaped upon you, yet justic demands vengeance upon the head of the usurpor. In the hour of danger I have stood by him as a shield, and long have I upheld his tottering throne; but now the arm which has been upraised in his defence shall fall upon his own head and inflict his death-blow. I have had burning wrongs which have roused up my soul to such a desire of revenge, that nought but his blood can give satisfaction. Four solitary nights have I reposed on the damp ground of a dungeon, loaded down with chains, oppressed with pain and hunger, and to-morrow's dawn was to witness my death, because I dared to disobey his infernal commands. But I have escaped, and here on this good

steed, I bid him defiance and scorn the pursuit of his blood-hounds. I apply to you, and, though ignorant of your midnight designs, am persuaded that you have felt the oppression of a despot, till you will rise, and vindicate by your swords your rights and honor." "Ho! base deceiver," cried the chief, "is this the snare you have laid for us, and by inventing a tale of fraud and injustice, is it you design to excite us to rebellion to redress your pretended wrongs, and thus to draw us into the grasp of the man we execrate? Think not thus to impose on us who have already witnessed thy snares for inflicting injustice, thy treacherous disposition, and thy recklessness of character." "Though reckless, yet here I swear on the faith of a true knight that I speak the truth. Strike, if thou wilt, but the death blow will fall unparried, and your honor will be stained in sacrificing to unprovoked wrath one, who though once an enemy, is now your friend." "Madman! Liar! that thou art!

"Aye, strike and bury your axe in my brains. Firmly and undauntedly I receive my death blow; and when the tyrant bleeds by that same arm, deign to think on the death of the madman Forcal."—"Sir knight, we bid you a hearty welcome, and greet you in sincerity, hoping, by your assistance to avenge ourselves of all the injustice we have suffered at the hands of that foe to his race." A cordial salute was now expressed by all; and in a few moments the stranger was made acquainted with the feelings and purposes which actuated the others. But when they mentioned the circumstance of the murder, he suddenly and vehemently exclaimed, "Villain! adept in crime! The same ill-fated peasant I was commanded to assassinate, but my nature, though hardened by atrocities, was shocked at the base proposal; and for having dared to disobey, the sentence of imprisonment and death was passed upon me. Aye! the demon merits a tenfold vengeance. Ha!" continued he in a lowered tone, "the mountain imps are upon the trail, and curse my eyes, if yonder is not Michael riding like a fiend in pursuit of some culprit escaped from his master's hell house. That Michael deserves a sound drubbing at my hands, and he shall receive his due, though his satellites level a thousand swords at my my head." At this abrupt digression the whole party looked, and beheld to their consternation a giant like being astride a white horse, approaching them at the top of his speed. Many difficulties had thus unluckily crossed their path to prevent the execution of their dangerous enterprise. That they were now discovered they were certain, (and many looked with a suspicious eye upon the

madman,) and that they should be honored with the company of the whole gang, let loose upon the sands, to hunt down Forcal.—There appeared no remedy, and the chief was fain to commit this dilemma to the superior sagacity and penetration of the madman, who desired them to commit the execution of an extricating stratagem to him. This request was readily complied with, and the party had the pleasure of seeing their success ensured thereby in the end. Not far distant was a cluster of underwood which they were commanded to gain as soon as the axe of Forcal should reach the dastard Michael, who halted some hundred yards in front, apparently hesitating as to the course he should adopt. At length he applied his horn to his mouth and sent forth a shrill note, which appeared to serve for a watchword. “Now! Now is the moment,” whispered Forcal. “Here, sir Knight, give me your horn, for mine would bring upon us the whole gang from every part of the desert. So saying he returned the sign which consisted of a low hoarse beginning and a close on the highest key of the instrument. “Sir,” said the madman, “this won’t do; the sly dog mistrusts some foul play, and if he be suffered to escape, the enterprise is ruined. He must die at all hazards; else we may as well beat the mountains with a honey-comb, as to attempt to rout the usurper.” And with this he exclaimed, nicely imitating the voice of the butler, “What! Old Michael! thou fool, the devil a bit of reward would you get if the lord suspected you of such courage as this! What! not dare to approach thy own comrades? Out upon you! Come hither, and just break this man’s skull, and silence these cursed foolings. He cries like a child, and is waiting for your valorous axe to do the job for him.” At the same time he added in his own natural, rich voice—“Oh! you wont kill me—Oh, no! I know you wont kill me.” “There,” whispered the chief, “your own imprudence has disconcerted the whole scheme; for if the fool does not detect the fraud, the tyrant deserves censure for keeping around him such senseless blockheads. We had better give chase and cut him down at once;” and accompanying the action with the word, he seized his axe and was about to dart forward, when he felt the powerful grasp of Forcal, who bade him have patience, for the snare had caught the bird. Nor was he deceived in his calculations as to the event; for Michael, upon hearing the voice of Forcal, who counterfeited the tones of a suppliant to admirable perfection, exclaimed, “Well, I thought so;—notwithstanding all his pretended courage and fortitude, I thought they would forsake him when his

hour should come.—Aye, the poor fellow cries like a lubber. Yes, yes, I had reckoned on these things, and now tell me old Michael knows a few things yet.” So saying, and chuckling at the idea of his infallibility in prophecy, he rode up to the party in all the awful grandeur of a monarch of the present day, to whom millions bend the knee, and whose will states obey in reverence. Poor inexperienced simpleton! Little did he imagine that, when he was displaying to the best advantage his empty majesty, he was advancing upon certain death. “To the covert!” shouted the madman, and bold as a lion he darted upon his prey; and with one powerful stroke of his axe he brought Michael to the ground, and despatched him ere he had time to make the least noise. Having then sounded his bugle, he exchanged armour with his fallen foe, and mounting his white steed, awaited the arrival of the other vassals. Nor did he wait long ere from every quarter he dimly perceived horsemen advancing with rapidity, shouting and flourishing their bugles in a most formidable manner. Disguised in the armour of the other, and striding his courser in the other’s haughty manner, together with a close similarity of voice, he doubted not but that he should execute his part of the stratagem to his wishes. “Well, Michael, a hard ride we’ve had on’t,” exclaimed the real butler, “and we might have rode to the ends of the earth, had not that friendly bugle of thine spoke a note or two in our ears. The fellow bleeds well, and no doubt that trusty sword of thine lopped his haughty head.” “Yes,” returned the counterfeit Michael, “by this powerful arm of mine the miscreant fell, and such as he is never finds mercy at my hands. But come, let us back, inform the lord of our good success, and attend the festival.” “Nay, but first it may be well to take that fellow’s arms, for much good have they done although in the hands of a knave; and if Michael thinks them unworthy of his notice, I shall claim the spoils as second in command.” “Infamous cur! how dare you touch the spoils of a traitor, lest thyself be contaminated with them, and their evil influences may cause thee to do evil? Nay let him and his remain a prey to beasts and robbers, since it is not fit the lord should look upon such again. Let us rather return and claim the promised reward of our success.” A tone of remonstrance ran through the company at the idea of forsaking the right of prowess, but a decisive word of prohibition soon silenced them, and they were obliged to acquiesce in the orders and to begin their retrograde movement. Michael was at their head—all sang merrily, and with the most discordant harmony they cheer-

ed the desert road. The noisy cavalcade soon found themselves climbing the rocky sides of the mountain where an impetuous torrent leaped madly along by the side of their difficult path. A few rays of the moon found their way through the thick foliage, and discovered to them a roaring cataract, on whose banks lay the path which the horsemen were obliged to tread. Suddenly the steed of Michael began to rear and plunge in a frightful manner, and threatened to precipitate the rider into the raging torrent below. And he did fall, and his last scream died away as if suppressed by engulfing floods. All were dismayed, and in the confusion which followed, a number of the men were sent headlong after their unfortunate leader. At length, concluding that the deep had swallowed him, they pursued their gloomy course, now more so from the supposed death of their leader. But that leader, a successful imposter, was now upon his steed, flying over the plain, with the Chevalier and his followers all bent on a deed of death and consagrati^{on}.

Assembled around their illustrious chief and ferocious madman, the desperate band, embarked in Freedom's holy cause, silently, though rapidly, sped their way over the sands, while the dupes of artifice, with sad hearts, continued their toilsome way up the mountain's summit, and communicated the sorrowful intelligence to their lord, who in the meanness of his revenge exulted in the death of Foreal, even though others had lost their lives in the execution of his command.

Meantime, the clouds, which at first rolled up slowly and heavily along the vault of the heavens, threw their shadows over all the horizon and intercepted every ray of the full-orbed moon. Far to the south the thunder muttered in scarcely audible accents, and the lightening's flash threw its dazzling gleam amid surrounding night. Alone, in the midst of a sandy desert, our nightly adventurers pursued their way, conducted by a former enemy now reconciled to them by a burning and all-engrossing desire of revenge. Various were the thoughts which agitated their breasts, as they rode on in silence, uninterrupted, save by the occasional neighing of their war steeds, and the low conversation held between the madman and the chieftain. This madman was one of those characters who, during the middle ages, were often chosen by petty lords as the active and most efficient supporters of their authority. Alarmed at no obstacle, appalled by no danger, dark and gloomy in times of tranquillity, and mad in the field of battle, he was chosen by Ali as a fit engine to work out the destruction of all those whom he had devoted

to death, and as a strong pillar to his usurped dominion. Although born and bred amid scenes of blood, yet the charms of a handsome maiden had excited a passion in his fringed breast, and had opened to him new sources of enjoyment in contemplating the scenes of future life, when he should be united to the beloved of his heart. As beautiful as brave, he was not to be regarded with indifference by this beautiful lady. They both loved, and in their retired hours, unconsciously gazing upon each other, and witnessing their mutual perfections, they fed the flame with unceasing fuel. Her countenance was of a lilly white, save the rosy red of her cheeks, which bloomed in all the freshness of health. Her locks shone like the plumage of the ostrich, and her eyes of a piercing blackness gave sure indications of the wildness of her spirit. She was the daughter of a valorous knight, and long did she make the mountain summit the scene where she wooed the breeze with her ardent and devoted lover, until she ripened into womanhood. Yet she proved false, and turned a proud look of scorn upon the partner of her former joys.

The brother of Ali, who had long shone in the Grecian Court, snatched the jewel from the worthy one, and rejoicing in the treasure, influenced his brother to condemn to death his faithful vassal Forcal, on the accusation of disobedience to the usurper. Forcal was seized, and thrust into the lowest dungeon, there to wait until his master should judge it proper to behead him. But having succeeded in liberating himself from the cords which confined his hands, he seized upon the jailor as he entered the prison, threatened him with instant death unless he liberated him from the prison walls and restored him to his arms and to his steed. The trembling keeper obeyed, fearing the threats, and knowing the lion-strength of his prisoner. Cased in armour and mounted upon his steed, he blew his war-blast and rushed down the mountain, followed by a score of vassals, who were deceived, as has been told.

To resume the narrative—they had now reached the foot of the mountain, whose summit seemed clad in the dark folds of the lowering clouds. Here they paused awhile to gather fresh strength, to mount up the toilsome way. This was a scene to heighten the feelings into an enthusiastic zeal, or to depress the courage with the thoughts of the arduousness of the enterprize, and the danger attendant on its ultimate success. Warriors of the present day, enlightened by all the records of the past, would consider this adventure as the fruit of some wild projector, and as having its foundation in the

excitement of those passions, whose legitimate tendency is to plunge the authors into inevitable ruin. Not so with the heroes of my tale. Love of liberty was changed into enthusiasm, hate into ferocity, and all their thoughts and all their desires centred in one object, and that object was revenge. "Time urges!" shouted the leader—"On! On!" "Lead, and we follow," was the reply.—The madman reined his steed to the right, and entered a narrow defile whose sides, on either hand, were lined with huge and craggy rocks, piled one above another in terrific grandeur: but neither rock, shrub, nor tree could be discovered, for the darkness was impenetrable—black as were the thoughts of their own hearts. Here their guide, having dismounted, suddenly ignited a torch, which cast its lurid rays amid the surrounding gloom, like the moon peeping through a canopy of clouds. This action was performed with so much readiness, as to induce the hindermost of the knights to suppose that they were discovered, and that this unfrequented path was the place of the ambush of the traitorous Forcal. "Treachery! Treason!" murmured through the ranks, and the dim gleam of arms was seen reflected from the flambeau. But a word from the Chevalier soothed their fears, and caused them to hasten their tardy progress. At length they approached the governor's castle, when each heart beat high with anxious hopes and fears as to the issue of their enterprise, though there existed in every breast a settled resolve to accomplish their object or die in the attempt. Here their guide informed them it was necessary to dismount, and leave their horses in charge of some one, that they might proceed with greater caution and silence. But who among them would consent to be that person?

"For" was the universal reply "would you have me linger behind inactive while my comrades are fighting for my country and for glory?" Finding no one willing to forego the danger of the meditated assault, it was determined, that, leaving the coursers to the care of the spirits of the night, all should proceed, and meet with glory in liberty, or a glorious death. They mounted a small hillock covered with wild ash, whose boughs were interwoven with the festoons of rank grape-vines. Strains of music floated down upon the breeze, and the fleeting shadows of the revellers were plainly to be seen. Here their guide disclosed to them the stratagem which he had matured within his own breast, and which was most likely to render their victory complete. He declared it to be his intention to march boldly up to the guard, and demand admittance, which he

well knew would not be denied : and having obtained entrance, and saughtily bidding defiance to the tyrant, within his own castle, he well knew that he should be thrust into the lowest dungeon, a receptacle for all traitors and such as were condemned to death for other crimes. With this dismal abode there communicated a subterranean passage, whose entrance it was impossible to force from without, but from within could easily be opened. He then conducted them along a ledge of cragged rocks which overlooked the entrance of this subterranean way, by means of which it was intended to get possession of the fortress. They discovered it mostly concealed with brushwood, whose close embraces hid the entrance from every idle loiterer. "Here," said the guide, "is the beginning of victories, which shall crown my country with glory, and her sons with prosperity and immortality. And though in this entrance you must stoop, and huge rocks lie above you, and darkness surrounds you yet ere the dawn streak the eastern horizon, yonder bulwark shall send forth a broad sheet of flame, which shall be a bonfire, an illumination, a token of the independence of Albania. On ! now, comrades in danger, and let each one nerve himself for the fatal struggle." Obedient to the voice, all prepared to enter ; but just before they left the open atmosphere, the Chevalier laying his hand impressively on the shoulder of the guide, thus addressed him : "Sir, this is a dangerous attempt, and the salvation or destruction of fifty brave knights is committed to your charge ; but I confide in your honor, and if heaven send us success, I hope soon to meet you beneath the flag of liberty, to rejoice in the success of our arms, and praise heaven for its approving smiles."

"My word and my honor are plighted, and I call heaven to witness the sincerity of my intentions, and invoke its heaviest curses on my head if I prove false to the confidence which you have reposed in me. Yet, if my intentions are suspected, let the half of you remain here to watch over the safety of the others, and to counteract all treachery on my part." "Not so," returned the other, "speed to thy work, and we will trust thee and the God of Liberty to crown our efforts with success. God bless and protect you." Thanking him for his benediction, the madman left them and proceeded to the most dangerous and uncertain part of the enterprise.

(To be concluded.)

THE PASSAGE OF THE RUBICON.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

*Scene — upon the bank of the River, with a view of the country beyond.**[Enter CÆSAR in his Camp dress.]*

CÆSAR.

How glorious is this eve! the Lord of day
 Has sunk to rest. And yet the lingering rays
 Gleam faintly in the western horizon,
 As loath to leave the world in the deep gloom of night.
 And gentle Luna, in her viewless car,
 Proudly and slow ascends the welkin's vault.
 From their high thrones the stars look mildly down.
 Nature reclines in blissful sleep, lock'd by
 The virgin air, in chaste embrace.
 O! how inspiring is the breath of eve!
 Its silken breezes playing round my brow
 Relieve the fervor of my heated veins—
 Instil new life into my languid limbs,
 And give new vigor to my care-worn mind.

[Pauses.]

Is this the Rubicon, upon whose course
 Such consequence is set? Is this the bound
 O'er which I must not pass? Shall this small stream
 Now check my march which legions could not stay?
 But thou art low, O Rubicon! thy waves
 Are voiceless, and thy waters feebly flow!
 Well might'st thou foam and roar aloud in pride;
 For now upon thee hangs the fate of Rome—
 Of the wide world, and Cæsar's destiny.

[Pauses.]

Ay, Rome is Mistress of the World: But was
 She so till Cæsar fought? till conquered Spain
 Bow'd at my feet? till Gaul, chastis'd, returned
 To her allegiance? till Cæsar bar'd
 His breast in German woods, and humbled
 Their fierce tribes? until I travers'd Britain
 And gave her kingdoms that she knew not of?
 But what is Rome? what is her Senate?
 A loathsome den where poisonous vipers crawl!
 A race of cowards, base and faithless knaves!
 Who, cloth'd in robes of state, consume and waste
 The people's bread, and suck up the life-blood
 Of the state. Who waste their day in wrangling.
 And their nights spend in vile debauch,
 Oh! shame! how long shall such men rule?

* "No Roman commander was allowed to pass the Rubicon with an armed force as then entered upon the immediate jurisdiction of the Senate."

The Passage of the Rubicon.

21

(*Voices without.*)———Detain me not!
Is this the way? I'll see him instantly.

[*Enter ANTHONY in disguise.*]

Cæsar.—Who interrupts me in my private hours,
And thus abrupt, breaks on my meditations?
Ha! Antony! my noble friends, how now?
Whence comest thou, in that sad garb?

Anthony.—Most noble Cæsar, I am straight from Rome.

Cæsar.—What news from Rome?

Anthony.—Disastrous news I bring,
Both to the Public weal and Cæsar's state.

Cæsar.—And what would Rome of her own General—
Who ever loves her—who for her honor
Pours his blood?

Anthony.—She hates and seeks his ruin!
I flee for life. The hatred of her Senate
Burns now toward me, because I did oppose
A harsh decree, levell'd at Cæsar's head.
With all my powers, as Tribune, I oppos'd,
But all in vain! When your petitions came,
"Cæsar?" in scorn, re-ech'd from the walls.
Pompey said Cæsar was ambitious,
And Tully said that power, in Cæsar's hands,
Was dangerous to the State. And on the spot
It was decided, that thou, stript of thy power,
Should'st forthwith come to Rome—thine army should
Disperse, nor pass the Rubicon, on pain
Of death. Pompey, made sole Dictator,
Now raises arms to put that law in force.

Cæsar.—But 'tis no law, unless the Tribune did
Concur.

Anthony.—With them
That matters not. All law is set at nought:
Justice is made a mock-word. Beyond their own
Caprice and sovereign will, there's no appeal.

Cæsar.—Anthony, there is appeal! (*Drawing his Sword.*)
Justice was

Never sought in vain! The laws of Rome shall
Not be trampled on by slaves;—while Cæsar lives,
Pompey shall learn that Cæsar emulates
The fame of having been the law's avenger,
And the people's friend. Tully shall know
His sad mistake, and equity shall reign in Rome.
But leave me now. Repair unto thy camp—
I'll join you soon, and there consult about
The course to be pursued.—[*Exit Anthony.*]
Can Rome be so ungrateful? Long have I
Fought her battles, and led her troops to victory.
Her arms have carried terror and dismay
To the remotest corners of the earth,—
Brought haughty chiefs to bow the knee to Rome,
And made her name rever'd where she before
Was known not of. All this she owes to Cæsar.
And is this her gratitude? Is this rash act,
This rude affront, the index of their love?

A Legend of Home.

Is Rome, in her affections, thus estranged?
 No! This is not *Rome's*—this cannot be the
People's work. Throughout this whole affair,
 The hand of Pompey clearly I discern.
 Such is his influence, and such his pow'r,
 That, with a stamp, legions he raises from
 The earth;—moulds that weak Senate at his will,
 And makes all Rome his interests subserve.
 But this is well—all well. Let Pompey come,
 And be his hosts as numerous as the stars,
 And be their charge as furious as the storm,
 As the gay horse falls on the strong man's spear,
 So shall they fall on Cæsar. *Fear Pompey?*
 Cæsar fears not brave men—Pompey much less;
 Coward at heart, he should be loath'd by all!
 At Rome, while danger is afar, he stalks
 And struts about—tells of his mighty deeds,
 And boasts how he will conquer Cæsar!
 Yet *this* is well.—It seals that traitor's doom!
 The awful day shall come that will expose
 Him to the world. Yes, in my vision now,
 He flies—my veterans pursue, and the
 Bright day draws nigh which crowns
 My high ambition.——[*Exit.*]

O

A LEGEND OF HOME.

“This life's a canvass, in which passion weaves
 The story of mankind. And would you know
 The history, read the revenging heart,
 The eye of sorrow, and the soul of woe.”

ANON.

The fashionable reader of the present day looks for the wild and mysterious alone. Fancy will not rest upon his own native hills, or in the home sequestered glen, but must fly away with the wild Asmodeus to the hills of Scotland, or clambering, mount the palaces of Spain. ‘Tis distance’ says the Poet, ‘lends enchantment to the view,’ and the passion for distance seems in these bright days of modern improvement, to have changed the taste of the reader as well as the writer, from all the simplicity and reality of home, to the strange unheralded wonders of some far distant clime. And how unacceptable must by a treat from the wilds of Vermont, when compared with a Romance from the dark mountains of the Swiss, or

from the rich scenery of Italian bowers and wide-spread lawns.

Dismiss, I pray you, kind Reader, your wild vagaries in distant climes, and stay a passing moment, with your humble correspondent, in the land of Home.

My native Mountains! Wild and fantastic shades are scattered amid your rugged cliffs; gurgling rivulets find their channels along your forests, and your beds of granite, to the winding stream that curls beneath your mountain tops. The sturdy maple of your fertile turf has long since named you "Green," and waves with the rivalled oak of the south over your swelling sides. Many a wild Winooskie has reposed by the bedded stream, and there, as the white man came, sung the doleful dirge to his dying race. Many a bold adventurer has directed his way from the Land of the Pilgrims, to your peaceful vales, and gazed, like my enraptured self, upon your gentle slopes, precipices and torrents, which, diversified in careless beauty and grandeur, lead the soul involuntarily to believe and adore a Mighty and Merciful Heaven. And many a veteran, blossomed for the silent tomb, now waits at the door of the mountain-hut, and rehearses to the honest but animated soul of the youngest of his name, the varied scenes of days gone by. He has seen the dark son of the forest rush upon his dearest friends, and over his head has waved the tomahawk of threatening death. He has heard the war-hoop and the wild exulting yell as it came in chilling echoes with the rustling breeze in dark and silent night.—He has struggled alone with the wild beast of the mountains, and conquered the lord of the forest. And behold, reader, the enthusiasm of age! A glow of delight hangs upon the wrinkled brow, and his dim eye flashes with joy as he "boasts the proud exploit."

In yonder valley I have a friend. 'Tis the friend who heard my infant signs—who watched over and shielded me when helpless and dependant—who taught me to lisp the name of heaven, and led me along through the untiring pleasures of bright and early boyhood. That friend is my mother:—A mother, whose soul is sympathy, fondness, tenderness, affection—a mother—that is,—that I have—did I say? Would it were true—alas!....she is not. Death has made her his victim, and I no longer have a mother.—She is mantled in the shroud of the tomb—faded and gone. That eye that smiled, forgiving and kind, upon a reckless son, shall weep no more the tear of maternal love. The cares of earth are forgotten, and life—its gayest, brightest apparel, and its darkest shroud—its dreams of joy, and realities of sorrow, are alike changed for the

gloom of the silent grave—ah! no:—changed for celestial happiness, to relume, like the star of the firmament, a brighter and a higher sphere.

A few months since, and I left my wild roving here to visit the lonely but romantic vale of my dying parent. It had ever been to me a beautiful spot, fresh with recollections of earlier days; and now as I wound around a lofty cliff up the winding stream, and gazed upon the silent vale—the home of my childhood—the little world which there lay sleeping between two towering eminences, I was filled with thousand associations, all stirring at my heart, and telling of happiness—happiness alone in romance and retirement. The little river ran along by my side with a seeming look of welcome, now rolling on silent and calm as if proud of its majestic swell—now dashing among the scattered rocks, and chasing redundant echoes from the neighboring forest; and now playing in tranquil eddies below the foaming surge.

I came half round the cliff, and there was before me the small white mansion, which, like innocence seeking protection from the spoiler, rests almost beneath the shelter of the overhanging brow,—yea, reader, there was the seat of home.

I entered, and forgot the scenes without, for all with me was then within. My mother! ah! my kind mother! She stretched forth her withered hand, and the tear from her sunken eye rolled away upon the pallid cheek. Oh! what thus had changed my kind beloved parent! I wiped the falling tear, and I heard in the dying accents of maternal love the thrilling words, “My son—my only son! God be praised that I behold you again.———But I am weak. May Heaven bless you, is all from your dying——dying mother.”

Come with me, gentle reader, to the silent grave! Look down—and as you almost see the form, you hung upon and loved in infancy and childhood, decaying to its native dust—weep with me, and learn to be wise. Think like me you have lost a friend, and then indulge one fond regret—one sad recollection. Call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon you, almost unheeded and forgotten. Dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with its stifled grief—the last testimonies of dying love—the feeble fluttering, and the expiring sigh! How thrilling the last pressure of the hand,—the fond look of the glancing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence;

the faint falling accents struggling in death, to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, come to the grave of buried love. And there, if like me thou hast touched the heart with sorrow at thy neglect,—there settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that being, who never—never—can return to be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true and feeling heart of a mother, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word,—every ungentle action will come thronging back on thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul;—then be sure that thou must lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the groan, and pour the tear—bitter, and more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Pardon me, kind friend, that I have so long lingered upon this unpleasant scene. It is that which lies nearest my heart, and tho' full of sadness and gloom, it is with reluctance I leave it for brighter scenes and livelier meditations.

* * * * *

'Twas evening. The sky was clear, and the placid moon looked calmly over our mountains where all was still save the rustling of the forests solemnly murmuring with the gentle breeze, and the occasional song of the mournful "bird of the evening," from an adjacent wood. I strolled along a winding path, my feelings less harrowed than usual, for it seemed that in the beautiful calm of the hour there came wafted upon the gentle zephyr the spirit of my departed mother, bidding in forgiving love, my restless soul to peace. It seemed too, that with the smile of the evening, there came the pardoning smile of gracious heaven.

I approached the grave, again to renew my frequent visits. Imagine my surprise, when I there perceived the figure of an aged man, leaning silent and alone over the grave of my mother.—Though surprised, I was not intimidated. I approached nearer.—He still leaned, as with his eyes fixed to the earth, and I saw his silvery locks waving in the breeze, and the staff which supported his fragile, fading form. At length he heard my approaching steps, and suddenly raised his head and looked steadily towards me. I addressed him—

"Why lingerest thou here at this lone hour? Your age cannot

endure the chill air of evening. Is this the grave of one thou hast known?"

'Stay, inquiring youth,—ask not why I linger and lean over the silent grave. My words cannot be told. Ask yon moon, that ~~has~~ watched my flight, or the brilliant stars, that know my course; but ask not me.'

This answer came upon trembling notes, and the language with the surrounding sensations of the moment seemed to me strange and unearthly.

"But tell me, Sire, hast thou known her over whose grave you lean?"

'I cannot, Son—enough for you to know that here I wish to remain.'

"What! remain here during the chill dews of night? Come home with me and rest till the morrow. Then you may return, refreshed to the grave."

'Son, the dews of night are vain to me.—Often have I felt them and may feel them again. Your kindness is great, but I will remain. Return alone to your abode.'

"But, Sire, I cannot go till I know why thou lingerest here.—Who canst thou be, thus to cling to the grave of my mother?"

'Thy mother!'—and he seemed to fix upon me a wild and terrific gaze. 'Return to-morrow, and I will tell thee why. Away now—leave me to myself.'

It was with strange reflections I returned home. That old man, his appearance, his voice, his language, his remaining all night at the grave—all these rushed successively on my mind, and haunted my moments sleeping or waking, during the whole night. There was something so strange, so mysterious about it, and in such a connection with other uncommon associations of my mind, that I half thought myself in another world of events.

But morning came, and I returned at an early hour to the graveyard. It was a bright morning. A few thin fleecy clouds alone varied the clear expanse of the heavens, and they rested, like the "cars of spirits," far on the horizon, beautifully tinged by the radiance of the risen sun. The warbling choirs of Heaven were striking their lyres, and seeming unknown to sorrow, were rejoicing in the beauties of the bright and tranquil scene. But the resplendent hues of nature waked not my anxious spirit from the spell which seemed to have bound it.

The old man still sat upon the grave. His locks were wet with

the dews of night, and the rays of the morning sun beamed in vain upon his pallid features. He suddenly awoke from his reverie,—and there was the sunken eye with its staring glassy gaze—the wrinkled brow and thin form of age, wasted almost to a shadow, marked by the ravages of grief, torn by the hand of time ;—and his wild sonorous voice came forth chilling but clear upon trembling notes, and in the silent morn gave a dismal echo from the adjacent forest. I saluted him. He shook the dew from his faded garments, and thus began :

“Hear, my Son, the tale of one, whoso life has been a scene of wo, and whose faltering voice has never before, and shall never again, relate to man his course and his doom. This, sayest thou, is the grave of thy mother ;—for this, then, thou hast thy desire.

Bright were the stars that beamed on my birth, and ushered the dawn of my earthly existence. Doating parents shielded my infancy—pleasures waited around my boyhood, and bright visions played upon the brow of my early youth.

I loved life, but longed for manhood. The warmest anticipations, and hopes the most ardent spurred me on to improvement, and books were my delight. I was ever the subject of passion and the wildest enthusiasm,

I gazed upon the celestial orbs that wheel through the vaulted heavens, and I traced the spirits of the wise as they soared from planet to planet and revelled among the works of God.—Then my soul was wild with desire to range with celestial spirits, and I cursed the body that confined it to earth.

I strolled upon the ocean’s beach, and saw the waves as they dashed along in mountain surges over the mighty deep.—Then I looked upon that surge, and sighed to rove with the monster beneath—along the sea’s wide plain, and visit its coral depths.

I looked upon bright and blooming woman. The smile of innocence left an arrow in my breast, and I thought all nature’s charms were in her united—wrought in one perfect mould. My soul was bound in love. I brought my adoration of the stars, my dreams of celestial delight, my raptures in the grove, my love of books, my wealth, honors and all, and laid them the shrine of woman. She became the essence of my being, and the pervading power of my spirit. Sleep fled from my eyes, and the world was forgotten around me. Every passion was awake, but united and devoted to the one passion of love.

And woman deceived me not. No :—curse her reckless man that will ;—woman is true—she deceived me not.

I still bowed at the altar of Love, and the beautiful Lédura was mine. We lived, and united in all the joys of social existence. A lovely niece, just smiling with the innocence of childhood, whose graceful ringlets played around her face, and whose light heart knew yet no sorrow in life, was left a helpless orphan, and she became the object of our dearest and united care. Her bright eyes sparkled with joy, and her innocent childhood inspired our hearts with affection like that of a parent. My companion smiled by my side and the infant prattled upon my knee, and I said, 'there is no happiness on earth but social. Give me one friend to cheer and to love, and I never will tell of the troubles of life. I would stay on earth forever, for the joys of heaven cannot be richer than the social happiness of the present world.'

Months passed, and we were thus. But the cry of war burst upon our enjoyments. It came in the stirring peals of martial music and the tramp of neighing steeds.

The spirit of independence was aroused in my bosom, and patriotism became a passion. The demands of my country I could not resist. I thought of her wrongs—the justness of her cause—the weakness of her forces. There were the soul-stirring tones of her native orators—the echo of war—the glory of its achievements—the field for fame, and the cause of my country:—then wonder not a wild enthusiasm seized my passionate heart, and that I left the bliss of home.

I received the appointment of a distinguished officer, and soon became familiar with all the dangers of a life in war. My steed trod the battle-ground, and the ball of the enemy whistled by my ears. Faithful friends fell by my side, and I saw their bodies trampled in the dust. I once met in person an officer of the enemy, and our clashing swords glittered in the air—the wild yell was raised by his comrades, and death yawned in terror before me.—A wild passion darkened my brow, and I exclaimed, 'Here then let me die; for I die proudly—I die for my country!' But the sword was returned to my scabbard, reeking with the blood of my enemy.—I exulted in his death and saw the dark gore drenching the earth with a sensation of pleasure.

Two years passed thus in war, and my reckless passion led me on to breast every danger, and I felt almost that I could vie with the thunders of heaven. Yet thoughts of my beloved companion rangled in my bosom, and sometimes my absence sickened me at the heart. Finally I resolved to return.

* * * * *

To woes of mortal life! why saved to wreak your vengeance
aboard on me? Dark ministers of fate! why dash the cup of sorrow
on the brow of him, whose soul must feel deepest the drugs of mis-
ery's draught? I returned. Hope lighted up in my breast the
richest sensations of anticipated joy. ——— Where—where was
my fond adored companion!.....Gone, in sorrow, to the silent
tomb!——But yesterday the sands had fallen upon the sunken cof-
fin, and the wasted form of the loved Ledura had left the scene of
earth!

My soul sickened—I thought it died. It seemed to have gone,
—and I thought the soul of a demon was placed in its stead.

A wild phantasy took possession of my brain, and I turned to the
world. From that time till late, my life seems one dark and fitful
dream. I look upon it, as the man looks upon the last vision of
night. Men called me delirious—distracted. I was spurned from
human society. Those once my dearest friends, seemed now try-
ing to tear away every remnant of enjoyment. That lovely picture
of innocence, that once smiled and prattled on my knee, now turned
from my presence as from a dreadful monster. I attributed my
calamities to an ungracious Heaven, and my withering countenances
told all who heard me pale—shrinking with horror.

I called on the spirit of my departed companion—invoked her
shade in every recess—sought it in every wild.

Man became to me an object of perfect indifference. The ro-
ving beast of the plain—the serpent hissing in the dust—the insect
floating upon the breeze—and man, the lord of earth, were all to me
equally worthless, and were alike disregarded. I wandered in
trackless forests, and held converse with the wildest scenes, and
proudest monuments of nature. And there, on dark mountains,
and brink of frightful precipices, I stood and called on the spirit of
the departed.

‘My loved Ledura! come from the Land of Spirits, and touch
with the torch of life my withered soul. Where art thou?—In pon-
der heaven, or in the depths of earth? Rend, vaulted skies—Ha!
Ha!—how deaf! Rend, cruel heavens, that forth may come the
soul of my dear, beloved Ledura! O! that earth would open its
dark bosom.....would split into ravines.....would rock these moun-
tains from their base, and yield up the spirit of my departed
Lover!’

Thus I cried; but her spirit came not. ——— I sat upon the
brink of a mighty cataract, and the rumbling waters rolled by the

down into the deep abyss. I looked down with a sensation of wild delight, and a strange fancy seized me that there was the shade of Leda. And I said, 'with her will I revel beneath the boiling surge.' I ran up the steep and turned, to make one mighty bound into the depths below. But as I came to the brink, an invisible hand stayed me back, and I could not spring. I tried again, and again was stayed. A frantic rage took possession of my soul.—There I stood—clenched my fists in anger—my veins boiling within me. And O! for an object on which to vent my maniac wrath! I looked around, and I saw, standing upon a neighboring cliff, a red man of the forest.—He was large and muscular, dressed in the Indian's garb of war, and seemed to stand fearless before my demon-like curses, as the mountain oak before the raging elements.

O, passion! how strong thy power, when seated in the maniac's brain! I sprang towards the Indian.—He met me firm, and as wild I rushed toward him, he with one mighty blow of his brawny arm, levelled me to the ground. Instantly I caught him by the feet, and his huge form fell at my side: but he sprang upon my breast with the giant's force, and with the hellish grin of the savage, gazed upon my face. I could not endure it. I struggled—released myself from his grasp, and we fought, reckless and mad—the one the maniac—the other the savage. At length we were rolling upon the brink of the precipice. He saw the danger—sprang from his hold to regain the stand above: At that instant I darted against him, and he fell headlong over the precipice, and with a wild tremendous shriek, sunk into the abyss below.

Years rolled over my head, and darkest scenes alone can I remember. Others have gone, like the dreams of the past, to the land of oblivion. Age spread over me the frosts of its winters, and still I roved about the world, sometimes among the habitations of men, but more amid untraversed wilds and boundless forests.

* * * * *

Hear and believe, my Son, for thus it seemed to me. But alas! I weep that I cannot describe the scenes which presented themselves to my maniac vision. I lay in a reverie of sleep on the very top of one of your highest mountains. It was a barren rock—no tree to obstruct the sight, or hide the prospect. Far as the eye could extend, all was the wide open world—till the plains were skirted by the distant horizon. Scattered villages, varied groves, flowing streams, fields glowing with richest verdure, and yon beautiful lake, extending from north to south till lost in the distance of vision, lay

in bright and delightful variety between that tower of nature on which I rested and the glowing west, where hung the evening sun. Like the lion in his lair, or the wild hawk at rest upon the lofty elm, I lay alike heedless and senseless—that rock my couch, and the canopy of heaven my shelter. Suddenly I thought, as I gazed upon the broad circle spread out above me, the heavens were changed to a vast ocean of blackness, where mighty waves, piled in midnight terror, rolled over and over, in fearful mountains. Presently came howling tempests and clouds which seemed like vast chariots of flame drawn by fiery dragons, and they flew like the vivid lightning over the black extended sea. Then I heard distant rumblings like the voice of thunder; but instantly they were changed to the most terrific howlings of huge unearthly monsters, which rose, each vast as the mountain on which I rested, from the tossing waves, and rushed onward, rolling forth their hideous, astounding yells. The mighty surges of the dark and boundless liquid still dashed backward and forward; and coming nearer earth, I thought soon they would strike the mountain, and wash me into the bosom of Death. I looked—and beheld a cloud of fire coming toward me from the west, which seemed like the sun; but I thought it was the demon of the elements. Swiftly it soared over my head with its broad golden wings waving amid the stormy elements; and it cried, “I am the Spirit, who commandeth the armies of Heaven.” Then with a wand it touched the swelling ocean, and the waves rolled back, and vanished from my sight. I looked—and the broad canopy of heaven, studded with its golden gems, lay again spread out before me.

But anon the spirit cried, and forth came the armies of the upper world. The stars were changed into frightful fiery monsters, which rushed forth from the regions of space, and, as vast armies cover the battle-plain, they clouded the broad circuit above,—far away beyond my extended vision. Brazen shields glittered through the dashing hosts, and I heard the peals of warring armies, a thousand times more tremendous than the roar of cannon, or the rumbling thunder. Balls of liquid fire shot through the heavens swifter than the lightning’s dart; and from the far-off east to the distant west, planets and systems were in wild commotion, and stars flew reckless as the unguided comet.

I gazed upon the scene with admiration, and as yet resisted every feeling of terror. But now clouds of smoke, thick, black, and commingled with fire, played in volumes around the mountain, and

I thought the hosts of Heaven were arrayed in dire revenge—were about to hurl the earth from its socket, and destroy the human race. I began to tremble. The mountain rocked. Ball after ball beat upon its side. The forest shook. The trees quivered, and anon were split into ten thousand fragments.

And I was struck—struck with what I now suppose to have been the seath of lightning in the raging storm. The electric flame touched in an instant every nerve, and I felt as if the cruel steel was searing my every joint. I was overcome—paralyzed—and for a season lifeless.

* * * * *

I awoke. The storm had ceased. The sky was clear, and the air was calm. The sun was sinking, bright as if washed by clear and liquid clouds, and the lucid moon looked out from Aurora's golden seat, and gave a tranquil smile. The air was pure and I felt, though weak and almost helpless, that I was breathing in a new existence. Refreshing gales threw over me an influence gentle and enlivening, and I felt the sensations of gratitude and love.

I thought of my Creator. I adored him—I loved him. 'Twas He that commanded the raging tempest—'twas He that directed the vivid lightning—'twas He that gave me deliverance and now made me happy. I no longer raved the maniac, cursing the hand of Heaven. But even then, though bowed and weak with age, under the cold sky of evening, I sang praises to my deliverer—and calm—composed I sunk to rest with a soul overflowing with gratitude.

Morning came. I descended the mountain and sought my native home. Day after day I pursued my course, and at length came to the beach of the ocean—the land of the Pilgrims. But how great the change! I scarce knew my home, and all had forgotten me. I inquired for my friends, but they had all gone one after another to the silent tomb, and I read their names upon the chiselled marble. Long I hung around them, and read them again and again. I suddenly remembered the lovely niece that prattled on my knee, and hung around my face, in her earliest childhood. I looked for her tomb but found it not. A glow of delight was awakened in my bosom, and my heart leaped for joy—for yet, said I, she may be alive.

I inquired—and was directed away to this silent valley. And O! how joyous the hopes which beat in this bosom at the anticipation of meeting one I once thus loved, and of dying by her side. I

marked my toilsome course over the mountains, and at length have reached this calm recluse. But who can tell the grief that wraps my sorrowing heart? Why could not my best friend on earth have lived to bless my dying moments! Why that form laid in the coffin and sunk in the grave before I arrived! And still deeper the pang, that she had but just—but just departed. But I will not murmur. For the dark wave of life has rolled on to eternity. Richest joys now await my panting spirit in a better and brighter world."

The old man ceased. The cold drops of death hang upon his pale wrinkled brow, and I supported his withered dying form. A few moments passed, and he suddenly opened his eyes, and looked up with a calm broken smile and in faltering accents spoke.—
"Yes, my son, she whom you caressed as a fond affectionate mother hung around this withered form, as around an indulgent father.—That one, whose sparkling eyes in the innocence of childhood looked up to me, has watched your sorrows and wiped away the tears of your infancy. Now let me die, and bury me by the side of your mother. May a merciful Heaven reward you."

And our tears flowed in unison; till no more the pulse renewed its beat, and that spirit of sorrow took its distant flight.

And never—wherever I may be tossed on life's tempestuous sea, or however bitter the grief which awaits my ardent soul—never, though I be carried to the farthest clime, or be left in the distant ocean, shall I forget that aged sire, and the scenes of my last visit Home.

"Go back, wild winds, to the sounding deep,
And rock with your whispers the waves to sleep.
Like the charmless rays of the setting sun,
To the chambers of death, life's scenes are gone!
Look, wanderer, look!—he enshrouded in gloom!
Weep, mountains, weep! at the turf covered tomb!"

ADRIAN.

THE PRECIPICE.

I.

Dread Gulph ! how reels upon thy dizzy verge
 The mastered brain ! the shivering pulses sweep
 Back on the palsied heart ; no power to scourge
 Each recreant sense to dare thy fearful steep ;
 No breath—no life—but a chill, curdling sleep
 Chains all but spirit of the daring one ;
 The panted lip—the bloodless brow—the deep
 Of tyrant feeling in the eye, alone
 Reveal that spirit's might o'er all its being thrown.

II.

Woe to the traitor step—the trembling nerve
 O'er that dark deep ! for here the eagle's wing,
 The rock-goat's fearless tread alone may serve ;
 Weak man ! the brute doth mock thee here ; doth ~~sing~~
 All firmly forth, where thou dost quail and cling
 In grasping suppliance to the rock for aid !
 Thou canst not brace thy clay to this, nor bring
 Thy spirit's self to read the depths outspread
 In shattered crags beneath, the floating realm of dread.

III.

Where is thy soaring, lord of lower earth ?
 For thou dost claim the lineage of the skies :
 Launch forth one thought to prove thy boasted birth,
 And coast the eternal void that round thee lies ;
 Here the spent surging of that ocean dies
 Upon earth's outmost cape, that laves thy home ;
 Gaze upward, trembler ! madly trust thine eyes
 No downward look till thy lost strength shall come—
 Turn from the reeling earth to Heaven's abiding dome.

IV.

Despite its terrors, 'tis a joy to stand
 Thus on the utter verge of all we know ;
 Here spreads the map of matter—little scann'd,
 And there the real nothing. Time below
 Cramps the clogged essence to a feebler flow :
 Here doth it revel free—its kindling eye—
 Its eager wing, with fresh awakened glow,
 Forth on the boundless flung—its quest on high,
 Where roll thy restless swells, deep, dread Eternity !

V.

Look o'er this pendant crag : —how bleak and bare
 Hath left the rush of time its mountain breast !

Still bears it proudly in the fields of air—
 Lonely in grandeur—scatheless in its crest.
 Rave as ye will around its lordly rest,
 Storm—tempest—lightning—idly dash ye on;
 Ages no change—the elements' unrest
 Wasting nor wear upon its brow have won:
 Here fast the eagle's gaze shall read the dying sun,

VI.

As first from his far flight he wheeled him here,
 And couched his pinion in its youthful beam.
 Defiance to the bolt! this rock shall rear
 O'er time entombed its mossed, sepulchral gleam—
 Brief death-light of a world! while fitful stream
 Quick floods of wrath around in living flow,
 Wrapt with red buldings o'er the broken dream
 Of minded matter—historied in woe—
 That, waked yet once again, shall else than dreaming know. H. C. C.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

Our readers are probably aware that the "Circular," which is the subject of the following article, originally made its appearance in the the Chronicle of April 19th. As it is desirable to correct the erroneous impression which the piece is liable to make, it is hoped the impartiality of the Editors will give this article a place in the columns of their paper. The substance of the Circular is quoted entire, that our readers may have fully the views it presents, as well as the data for their correction.

CIRCULAR.

The following Circular, and especially the Statistical Table, will furnish not a little "food for thought," and, to some at least, substantial reason for action.

University of Vermont, Burlington, Jan. 23, 1833.

DEAR SIR: The following facts, connected with the state of education among us, we have presumed would not be uninteresting to you. In their general character they address themselves to all who are concerned for the improvement and well-being of the community, and have at the same time some bearings of a local nature, which we have supposed might render them useful in the form in which they are here exhibited. It may be said indeed, that they relate primari-

ly to the state of College education, and are not a proper index of the general cultivation of the community. Still they are highly important in regard to our liberal professions, our public institutions themselves, and the habits and views of the people at large in different sections of the State. They are ascertained by an examination of the recent catalogues of the several Colleges named in the Table, and probably present a fair average of the number in College for a period of four years. There may be some few students indeed in other Colleges out of the state, whose catalogues were not at hand, but not enough it is presumed materially to affect the result. The annexed Table exhibits at one view the number from the several counties in each of the several Colleges, and the sum of the whole. In the two last columns are the population of the several counties, and the ratio of students to population in each.

	Dartmouth.	Williams.	Bowdoin.	Amherst.	Yale.	Univ. Vt.	Middlebury.	Total in each co.	No. of inhabitants.	No. inhab. to 1 stud't.
BENNINGTON,	0	8	0	0	0	0	0	8	14,470	1,810
WINDHAM,	2	7	0	6	3	1	5	24	28,748	1,193
WINDSOR,	9	0	0	1	3	3	11	27	40,623	1,500
RUTLAND,	1	1	0	2	0	0	25	29	31,295	1,077
ADDISON,	0	0	0	0	0	2	35	37	24,940	674
ORANGE,	4	0	0	0	0	4	3	11	27,285	2,880
CALEDONIA,	3	0	1	2	0	1	3	10	29,976	2,997
WASHINGTON	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	21,394	10,697
CHITTENDEN,	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	6	21,775	3,629
GRAND ISLE,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3,696	3,696
FRANKLIN,	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14,470	2,725
ORLEANS,	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	5	13,980	2,796
ESSEX,	1	1	1	0	0	2	0	5	3,981	796
	24	18	3	11	7	21	90	174		

1. From this Table it appears, that of 174 students, 63, or some-thing over one-third, go out of the State for their education.

2. That from the six southern counties, with a population of 170,052, there are at College 136 students, and from the seven northern counties, with a population of 115,656, only 38 students, while the same ratio with the southern would give them 93.

3. That Addison and Rutland counties, with a population of 56,235, educate 66, while a population of the same amount nearest to this University, including Chittenden, Grand Isle, Franklin, and a part of Washington, educate but 17 students, and that those two counties alone educate nearly twice as many as all the northern counties, which, according to the same ratio, would educate 146. The last column shows in a striking degree also, the disparity in the ratio of inhabitants to students in these districts.

4. Of the 66 students from Addison and Rutland counties, 60 are at the College within their own limits. Did the corresponding district in the vicinity of this institution furnish students in the same ratio, and regard their local interests with the same zeal, the institution would now have from its own neighborhood 53 in addition to

the 7 which it now has, aside from the effect of this, in drawing students from abroad.

5. The friends and patrons of this institution may find in these facts a sufficient reason for the smallness of the number of students, and at the same time encouragement with regard to its future usefulness, if, with increasing wealth and improvement in other respects of the northern counties of the State, such means are used, as surely ought to be used, to promote here the higher interests of education.

JAMES MARSH,

President of the University of Vermont.

For some cause, which it is no part of our present purpose to investigate, the University, though the "child of the State," and from thence deriving a considerable sum, receives but a small number of students, and that number constituting a small proportion of those educated in the State. This might be owing to the fact that her more favored Sister has a location more eligible for acquiring an education, or to the fact that those who annually enter upon a course of study have partialities for the latter, or to a variety of other considerations. In the remarks of the President on the "Table," the patronage enjoyed by the two institutions is considered only as it is affected by the state of education in their respective districts, and they are presented in such a light as distinctly to make the impression, that the difference of number at the College and University, arises from the facts that the northern counties do not educate as many in proportion to their population as the southern. Let the reader cast his eye over the second remark on the "Table," and see whether it is not calculated to account for the small patronage that institution receives, by showing that the southern counties educate 136, while the northern do only 38. Then let the third remark be examined, and the same view will be seen more strongly presented by comparing with Addison and Rutland counties a "corresponding district" in the vicinity of that institution which educate only 17 students, while the former do 66! In allusion to these statements, the President says, "The friends and patrons of this institution will find in these facts sufficient reason for the smallness of the number of students,"—for the 21 at Burlington, and the 90 at Middlebury. Now in opposition to the whole of this, we maintain that the "smallness of the number" at the University, compared with the College, is not owing to the few educated from the northern counties in proportion to the number educated from the southern.

It is evident that, if a district on which an institution was dependent for its patronage, furnished but a few students, it would be a

sufficient cause why few are connected with it; but if of the few which it did furnish, less than one-third attended the College in "their own limits," it could not be argued that this was the real cause of its small patronage, nor that its number would be enlarged with an increase equal to the increase of the students furnished by the district. From the Table, it appears that of the students furnished by the northern counties, only 11 are connected with the University; and will it be said that the reason it has no more is owing to the barrenness of that region, when it sends 38 to College? And moreover, supposing that the standard of education there should be raised to a level with that of the southern counties at the present time, and that these counties, while the northern nearly trebled their number of students, should only double theirs, what would be the relative effect of this desirable event,—one at which the "Circular" professedly looks, on our two institutions? The University receiving 21 from this State, has 30 in the whole, if it receives an equal proportion with the College from the other States; which would, by the supposed rise of education, be increased to 66;—while the College, receiving an equal number with the University from the northern, and double its present number from the southern counties, would have an accession of 116—making an aggregate of 242 students! This, in case the glowing hopes of the President with regard to the "northern counties of the State," should be realized, would, as appears from data furnished by the "Table," be the result.

But on the ground that the rise in education should be confined to the northern counties, and that portion of the State should nearly treble their present number of students without any corresponding movement in the southern part, a thing by no means probable) the *disparity* of numbers in the two institutions would not at all be diminished. Should the "corresponding district in the vicinity" of the University supply a greater or less number, the College would still have a majority of between 90 and 100 students. And upon the fair conclusion that an increased attention there to education, should be attended with an increase here, as above supposed, there would be an increased *disparity* between the two of 175 students! Does this look as though an increased attention to the great interests of education was going to raise the patronage of the University even to a competency? or can it be believed that with this result, one of its officers or trustees would be satisfied? And yet with these data before him, the President remarks, that "the friends and patrons of the institution may find sufficient reason for the smallness

of the number of students!! and at the same time *encouragement*, if with the increasing wealth, &c. of the northern counties, such means are used as ought to be, to promote the higher interests of education"!!! From these remarks it must conclusively follow, that the "*smallness of the number*" of students at the University compared with the number at College, is not owing to the few educated from the northern counties in proportion to the number educated from the southern; and that any increase of students in the vicinity of the University, would not occasion less disparity at the two institutions, but probably greater.

After correcting another particular in which the "Circular" is exceedingly liable to make an erroneous impression, we will substitute an amended commentary on the "Table" constructed by the President. His first remark upon it, would lead most cursory readers to the conclusion that our institutions suffer a great loss of patronage in consequence of the number who go abroad for an education. It will, however, be seen by reference to the catalogue of this College, that of its present number of students, 35 are from without the State; and on the supposition that the University has an equal proportion from the same source, instead of losing 63, the patronage of our institutions suffers only to the number of 19—occasioning a loss not of "one third," but a fraction less than one-ninth by the change. The following remarks, therefore, are subjoined, as a more full and fair commentary on the "Table" contained in the "Circular."

1. It appears that of the 174 students, 63 (over one third) leave the State for their education; not however diminishing the patronage of our institutions in that proportion, as they receive from other States the number of 44, and consequently are losers, instead of one-third, of less than one-ninth by the exchange.

2. That from the six southern counties in which the College is located, there are 136 students, while from the seven northern about the location of the University, there are only 38, when the same ratio to their population would give 93. Should, however, the interests of education be so advanced in the northern counties as to produce the above ratio, of the 93 thus raised, it appears that Burlington would have an accession to its present number of 16—Middlebury the same, while 39 left the State.

3. Of the 66 students from Addison and Rutland counties, 60 are at the College within their own limits. Did the northern counties furnish students in the same ratio, which would be more than

three fold their present number, while the southern only doubled what they now furnish, its effect on the two institutions would be as follows: The University receiving an accession of 39, would have in the whole, 69 students; while the College, receiving an addition of 118 students, would have in the whole 244!

4. Hence the friends and patrons of the University may see that the low state of education in the northern counties, is not the *real cause* of the smallness of its number of students; and if they would take "encouragement" with regard to its future prosperity, they must do *something more* than raise the standard of learning in that part of the State.

These remarks we think put the "Table" in its true light, and the light in which it should appear, if it must come before the public in a form to show its bearing upon our two institutions. Such a form was given to it and the "Circular" in which it appeared, that it could not fail to have such a bearing, and make a wrong impression with regard to the true causes of the relative patronage of the University and College; and since under these circumstances, it has been thought proper to lay it before the patrons of the Chronicle, it cannot be considered unbecoming or rash in us, if with these strictures, respectfully made, we place it upon the pages of the Philomathean. And yet, it may be thought "needless, and relative only to that which had better be let alone before meddled with." But was not the "Circular" characterized by the Chronicle as affording "food for thought," even under the circumstances in which it there appeared? and is "food" needless? If the "Table," with the erroneous impressions it was calculated to make, was of so much importance, can it be doubted that with a correct view, though perhaps less palatable to some, it will still be quite as good "food" for the relish of others? And as to its "relating to what had better be let alone," it should be remembered that we were not the first to meddle, and have only requested the *audi alteram partem* of a discussion which others began.

CRITIQUE.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

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Byron.—WHAT IS WRIT IS WRIT. *Pope.*—PRITHEE, TAKE IT—
I'M ALL SUBMISSION—WHAT YOU'D HAVE IT MAKE IT.

LAKE SACRAMENT.*

I.

Night on the drowsy lake : no stir of air,⁴⁴
To rock the ripple in its sullen lair ;
The murky heights that cradle round its rest,
Bend sirelike o'er, and frown, as in its breast
Too truly aped, their own rude selves they see,
And read their mimic steeps writ o'er with mystery.

II.

How palls the fretted sense of that tired moan,
On midnight's deadest hush a deadening tone !
It seems the wail of waters for the strife
That kindled last their curdling depths to life ;
Or of the dead these storied shores entomb,
Some ghost low muttering from the den of doom :
For thou, Lake Sacrament, on hill and plain
Hast seen war sepulchre its shroudless slain—
Their bones are in thy deep—their dust where'er
+ The vulture bore it, or thy tempests bear ;
Thy red wave, cleared, lures deep the erring day—
Glad homes are on that plain—flowers root in perished clay—
But eyes that looked of yore—hearts throbb'd—Oh ! where are they !

III.

Where yonder height, with dwarf-pines darkly crowned,
Shelves o'er the muffled waters of the sound,
A ruined hut, with beacon gleaming, guides
The nighted fisher as he homeward rides ;

* The old Catholic name of Lake George.

Lake Sacrament.

Its lamp, the moon-ray on the mouldering pile,
 Heaped o'er the grave of him, who bade it smile
 With hermit fires, through night and storm afar—
 The wanderer's waymark—the wrecked sailor's star.
 Long years have been since up that moated cliff
 First trod the stranger; his deserted skiff
 Lone seaward sweeping from his quick leap flung,
 As on the rock his footstep wildly rung,
 Full up the ledgeway of the dizzy steep
 Fearless and firm: such nerve doth strangely keep
 With the wild tracery of that haggard brow,
 Of years historic, or unworded woe!
 For each hath might of its grim self, to wring
 The mastered feature to its imaging—
 Each whites the shredded locks; but for the eye
 Those bring a slumber—this the gleaming high
 Of the wrought spirit, that its craven clay
 Must bleach o'ersmitten from the strife away.
 There may ye read, as in that strange one's then,
 If 'tis of sorrow, or long dates with men,
 Ye see the wreck. Quick on the height he stood,
 While a strange freshness of the mantling blood
 Woke, as from toying with their waves, the winds
 Strolled by, scarce motive of the drowsy pines;
 Then thus, with gaze upon his lone barque flung,
 While buried things to quick remembrance sprang,
 O'er thy hushed waters then, loved Sacrament,
 His gushing heart poured forth its wild lament:

1

"Oh! ne'er again let fancy's wildest wing
 "Wake the worn passions from their slumbering!
 "Oh! let them sleep—nor from its record scroll,
 "The past preach frenzy to the writhing soul!
 "Yes, they be kind to tell of madness now,
 "And palely pitying, read it on my brow—
 "To deem this harrowed brain shall throb no more,
 "In conscious torment for the heart they tore!
 "Yet, while the flame of life burns fitful on,
 "Itself a triumph from the waster won,
 "Reason shall barb my latest *maniac* scorn,
 "And roll this torture back—their *wrongs are borne!*

2

"Alas, for him who hath no mask of soul!
 "Who will not make of his own breast, the goal
 "Of his own being; veiling from the eyes
 "Of curious men, self's treasured mysteries!
 "Who hath no heart, than that he is, to seem—
 "Trusting man's look no lie—man's trust no dream:
 "For him, the brotherless of earth, a woe!
 "Till he shall scourge to modish ebb and flow
 "The pulsings of his spirit; learn to feel
 "By rule of circumstance; as fits, to kneel,

" Or to enact the tyrant; if amiss,
 " Discuss the import of his curse or kiss :
 " A task I might not learn—and so am flung
 " Back on myself, and here—the wreck of wrong.

3

" I breathe the air of my first home again !
 " Its hills are round me—bright—but not as when
 " I trod them once in boyhood's merriment,
 " Freely and wild as their own breezes went.
 " Yet are they beautiful—wreathed smokes are peering,
 " Even as then, from roofs I knew, uprearing
 " In sluggish foldings to the cloud o'erhung;
 " And voices too—Oh ! were they those that rung
 " With mine in childhood's bowers ! but they are not—
 " And thickly clustered in that burial plot,
 " Gleam frequent piles sepulchral, where alone
 " When last I lingered there, was reared but one !
 " All—all there now—the cherished names of Earth—
 " And alien tones are in my hall of birth !

4

" Oh ! I have wandered long and madly hence,
 " To dream in other climes, and gather thence
 " Experience of Earth, that might not come
 " Learned where such loves had place, or smiled a home.
 " I have no home—the bands of heart are rent—
 " No sympathies to meet—no love to taint !
 " And yet this soul were not a thing unblest
 " Save in itself: its hate—its death, was rest !
 " Each scene of stir—whate'er of power to wake
 " Its inmost Being up—where'er did break
 " An element most fierce—wrought ocean's boom,
 " When flings the sentient keel phosphoric foam—
 " Where coiled quick thunder on the mountain's head—
 " Where flashed the banner o'er destruction's bed—
 " There was its life—and there has been my home;
 " And thence, outworn, to learn a rest I come,

5

" That other land—its tones are in my ear !
 " Too sweet to word the guile they bid you fear.
 " Yet with those tones are memory's treasures blent,
 " Of wo—hate—loves and passion eloquent;
 " My thoughts are clad in them—forever springing
 " Unbidden to the lip; though breathed not, ringing
 " To the mind's sense of thoughts that will not sleep.
 " Woven with itself essentially and deep.
 " They come, as then, to stir once more the soul
 " With tokens of gone smiles and tears—to roll
 " The memory of the past and perished back,
 " And act the torch o'er life's retravelled track.

"Land of my heart, farewell! if but to name
 "No more what thou hast taught me—if to blame
 "Not thee for what I am, but feel self-cursed,
 "And bide the wasting that myself have nursed—
 "If to be with thee when the heart holds power,
 "And feeling rules us, at the blending hour
 "Of night with day—or when the fancied seems
 "Almost the fact, in almost real dreams---
 "If this be not of hate, my land, farewell!
 "And be thou loved, 'not wisely,' but full well.'"

IV

He turned---the bearing of his pride was gone---
 The frail, bowed thing of tears was there alone.
 He seemed to struggle with stern thoughts, that fled
 The grasp of utterance; too deep to wed
 The chill set phrase in livery of breath;
 So festering voiceless on, like cherished death.
 Words for the freightage of the brain—they cannot token
 The funeral of first hopes—the warm heart crushed and broken.

V

He found another home—soon rose the pile
 Upon that lonely cliff, within the smile
 Of his first home; from the low strand he drew
 Its rude material, when tempests threw
 Their wave-worn driftings from the eddying sea,
 Girt round with bleaching wrecks on every lee.
 With man he drew no mutual breath; but lone,
 His life unfathomed and himself unknown,
 He found a grave there, scooped by his own hand;
 And when his fires no longer from the land
 Gave guidance on the deep, men sought, and found
 His corpse self-laid within, and raised the pious mound.

THE ROMANCE OF OUR COUNTRY.

If it were necessary that Romance should retain its primeval character ; if it could not be supported without the sickening appendages of chivalric trappings, deserted castles, daggers and trap doors, with all the marvellous crosses and trials of sighing, raving, dying lovers ; if its heroes must be, like the redoubtables of the " Arabian Nights," continually meeting with numerous unexpected and unnatural accidents and escapes, outstripping reality and eschewing probability—if Romance cannot be sustained without the aid of any of these supports, we should hesitate, yes, utterly refuse, to be counted among its advocates. But the examples of Scott and some of his contemporaries afford sufficient proof, that probability need not be outraged, nor nature belied, to make their writings both pleasing and impressive.

These emperors of the mind, whose dominion over the civilized world is undisputed, have taught us, that the character of the works of imagination may not only become changed in its nature, but that the very definition of the term Romance may undergo a striking alteration. That it should no longer be used to signify the detail of the wild and extravagant alone, but rather the grouping together of incidents interesting, but not inconsistent in themselves, and the delineation of characteristic manners, drawn from nice and critical observation ; that, however false in point of fact, they should not be amenable to the charge of impossibility or absurdity. Thus allowing the writer of Romance no greater license than that practiced by the artist, who borrowed from the person of each graceful woman that came within his observation, some delicate line, or surpassing colour or shade, some form or expression, to complete that statue which personated his *beau idéal* of a perfect beauty.

The great question whether works of fiction may be safely and profitably read, we may consider as already settled by the voice of the community, if their favor, yes, their almost adoration, may be considered as indicative of their opinion. And who will deny their wide extended influence over the general taste, or that they contribute to the happiness of mankind, and consequently render them better and more virtuous ? Indeed we believe, notwithstanding the numerous faults by which they are too often burthened, although

they are *sometimes* fraught with the most mischievous tendency, yet, if they were at once struck out of existence, and all their influence upon society destroyed, we should find that we had relapsed back a fearful distance towards a state of unfeeling reserve and savage coldness; that many of the finest affections of humanity, and most valuable refinements of society would be entirely obliterated; and ourselves forced to join with the poet in the declaration, that "*this is a cold, calculating, and selfish world.*"

The people of our own country, who, the English reviewers tauntingly tell us, have no literature of their own, have too long depended upon their transatlantic friends to supply them with works both prose and poetic. Indeed they are wonderfully encouraged by our tacit submission to their *kind* interference, and have the audacity to carry their officiousness so far, that they would fain act as critics, recommending this and interdicting that work, as their prejudice and caprice may preponderate. But why is this so? We cannot allege that we are unsupplied with natural resources, for in this respect we have a decided advantage over the Europeans. Their field for Romance has been drained and exhausted, while ours lies before us in its original and luxuriant state. They are obliged to resort to obscure and unfrequented corners for novel subjects and characters, but those are continually springing up in our way, replete with interest and fraught with abundant instruction.

There are a few of the English authors who might be cited as exceptions to the general remark; but a vast majority of their modern productions are so shaded by the colorings of affectation, that they would compare with what might be produced by our own writers, would they but sketch their pictures from real life, and copy from the abundant originals before them, like the fashionable belles of Paris with the unpretending fair ones of New-England—*Those* exhibiting beauties of a bright and dazzling appearance, yet, while they please the eye, sicken the heart, for it is too apparent that art has lent its aid to adorn or rather to deface their native complexion. While *these*, although less brilliant, are more pleasing, since the charms in which they are clothed are unborrowed, and their blooming graces the indices of their native innocence and aversion to the character of a dissembler.

Surely it behoves our men of genius to wake up and avail themselves of the unequalled privileges with which they are favored.—The materials are ready before them. From our mountains they may borrow their sublimity—from our prairies, their conceptions of

immensity—from our watchless rivers, their majesty, and from our lakes, indeed from our whole land, the beautiful and picturesque.—Let the work which Cooper has so happily commenced be ably continued—the brave and untameable Indian, the hardy and adventurous emigrant correctly portrayed. Let the peculiar and original characters which abounded in the infancy of our Republic, and are still multiplying in almost endless varieties, be delineated by those who are competent to the task, and their labors will be duly appreciated. American authors, if they are really deserving, need not fear that they shall be suffered to starve in neglect, or compelled to regale themselves, with the swine, upon husks, while thousands are feasting on delicacies served by their own taste and prepared by their own hands.

With all these facilities and encouragements in view, why is there such a tardiness manifest? Why is Irving suffered to stand, on his self-reared pyramid, at such a lonely height above his countrymen? Let us hope that those may soon arise, who will prove an honor to their country, throw a thousand charms and attractions over its scenery, reap for themselves the laurels of immortality and transmit to posterity something, that shall remind them of the age in which their fathers lived.

J*. J*.

THE MADMAN'S DOOM.

(Continued from No. 1, page 19.)

As he approached the outer works of the castle, he distinctly heard the shouts of boisterous merriment, and the lively strains of musical instruments. "Such," thought he, "is the fate of man; one moment he riots in luxurious conquests, and becomes intoxicated with the pomp of greatness; the next, death aims the unerring shaft, and strikes the victim to the heart, and triumphantly bears away the spoils, undisputed, and unquestioned." His meditations were broken by the voice of the guard, who hailed him with the customary interrogation—"Who goes there?" At this moment the whole heavens were illuminated with the lightnings flash, which

revealed to the astonished sentinel the person of the regretted Michael, (for it must be remembered that Forcal was clothed in the armour of that unfortunate dupe.) "What! Ho! is it you, most valiant Michael, beneath whose arm the traitor Forcal fell?" "Ay, ay, my friend, meantime just open the gate, and give admittance, which I claim as the reward of my services: for great must be he whose arm has contended successfully with the giant strength of that Madman. And I also have intelligence of an extraordinary nature to convey to my lord of the fortress." Amid exclamations of wonder and astonishment at the supposed escape of Michael from his reported death, the unwary sentinel opened the gates, and admitted his counterfeit friend, a messenger of death, within the walls of the castle.

Rejoicing at his success more from a proof of his power of deception, than from any necessity, he passed the other guard where his lord was keeping the festival.

A shriek from the affrighted maidens directed all eyes to the cause of the interruption, when was revealed to their astonished view a majestic warrior clad in complete armour, grasping in his right hand a huge battle axe, and in his left a shining shield, whose polished surface reflected the rays of the thousand lights with which the spacious hall was illuminated. A silence like that of the house of death pervaded the whole apartment, even the musicians held their half spent breath, and the lightsome feet of the dancers passed the floor with the noiselessness of a feather. All gazed in astonishment, and silence reigned absolute. The frowning brow of this unwelcome intruder seemed full of fate, and dread retribution flashed from his eye. Thousands had turned pale beneath that frown, forever fraught with wo and death. Now the hardened soul of Ali, and his desperate courage acknowledged its influence, and bent in fearful apprehension. He cast a look of wildness around upon his vassals, seeking for some one to solve this enigma; but that one was not to be found, for all their powers were locked in chilling fear, and all stood pale and motionless as statues of marble, before the imagined ghost of the Madman, in the armour of Michael. The usurper cast a look at his intended bride. Her countenance was colorless, her limbs were motionless, her eyes were lifeless. "Vassals," cried he in a voice of desperation, "what means this? said you not, ye lying hypocrites, that yonder plain had drank the life's blood of that cursed fugitive; and yet do I not see him here armed with the implements of my trusty Michael?

Answer for your lives, and reveal to me this conspiracy, that he and his associates may die the death due to their crimes." "Ursurper, behold me here, stained with the vital blood of a duped courier, thy most loyal vassal Michael; on whom has fallen the wrath of my arm. Him I allured within the reach of my steel, which never fell unstained; and you, ye base flatterers and adorers of the tyrant, and defenders of his powers, you I deceived and led along the mountain torrent, down whose sides I leaped, while ye thought that the faithful Michael had sunk beneath the flood. I passed the gates of the fortress, and now yonder sentinels are rejoicing in his escape. A little more and I have fully glutted my revenge. Fell destroyer of human happiness, I come to defy thee, mock thy rage, and curse thee. Rack thy brains in devising unheard of tortures to destroy this unfeeling body, for 'tis better to die beneath a tyrant's scourges, than to see the withering pains of the victims of thy wanton passion or to hear the groans of the devoted. Call upon the ministers of thy rage, and bid them to their duty. Come ye, for I am ready and wait the trial." "Vassals" cried the enraged Ali, "seize the caitiff, and crushed beneath a double weight of chains, cast him into the dungeon of the devoted." He immediately submitted to superior numbers, after a slight show of resistance in order to banish all suspicions; was stripped of his arms, and hurried away to the prison, whence he had so forcibly made his exit, a short time previous. As he left the hall of the revellers, "On with the dance" fell upon his ear, as the words broke from the lips of Ali. Alas! thought he, fearful retribution must soon burst upon this devoted receptacle of crimes, and waking justice slay its chosen victim.—The door of the prison swung upon the hinges, and a grating, hollow sound was reverberated along the opposite walls. The faint rays of a taper, resting upon an oaken stand, revealed the blank countenances of two occupants. Bowing before an aged priest stood the former jailor, who had been thrown into prison for having suffered Forcal to escape. He had confessed his crimes to the aged father, who, having absolved him, was about to pronounce his benediction, when the entrance of the madman interrupted the performance of the duties of his sacred office. The holy father paused awhile, but, without being diverted from his design, he finished his blessing with a fervent "Amen." Then turning to the intruder he said in a mournful tone: "Alas, another son of sin is condemned to depart this life with a fearful accumulation of unpardoned guilt. Bow down thy head to the image of the cross, and confess thy

crimes, that they may be forgiven, and thy heart, now hardened in iniquity, may be softened by the vivifying influences of the holy spirit." "Thou damned hypocrite, full of pretended benevolence, yet—Oh! Sire, I beg ten thousand pardons," said the now propitiating Forcal, as a sudden thought flashed upon his mind. "I beg pardon indeed; I am truly irritable this night, from the ill treatment I have received from the usurper.

You yourself know and have felt his wrath, Reverend Father, and daily witness the effects of his sweeping vengeance in the apprehension and violation of unprotected innocence. Yes, sire, you were once a lonely tenant of these dimly lighted walls, and the subject of these damp exhalations; and still do you call all those sinners who are compelled to set foot within these massy gates? I confess my crimes, but do you rather censure the violent and unrestrained passion of an imperious lord, and let your anathemas fall upon him as the cause of so much misery and crime. He defies the power of God, and man; beheads with pleasure the innocent victims of his cruelty, and even the sacred persons of the fathers are not exempt from his wanton ferocity." "I very well recollect; and I daily witness the scenes of wo of which you speak, and even this moment feel a chill of horror, and abhorrence run through my veins at his misdeeds." "Misdeeds, Sire!—Do you apply to his actions no harsher epithet than misdeeds? They are worse even than the pandemonium of hell ever thought of." "Peace; bridle thy unholy tongue. Such unhallowed words grate as harsh upon my ear as the deeds, which that language execrates, grate upon my heart. My own sufferings I recollect with malignity no more, but the sufferings of my fellows I lament, and long for their mitigation. I daily bend the knee before vindictive justice, and hope that these evils will soon be removed and my countrymen be free. But it becomes us now to seek peace, and to use all manner of gentleness and forbearance, hoping and resting"—"This from you, Sire! Now oblivion cover all my thoughts but this, that I had thought you to be a man of spirit and of too much resistance to submit tamely and criminally to the arbitrary will of the tyrant, who but for his avarice and pride, would thrust your sacred person within these walls, and would behead every priest in his power." "I know his disposition, and have felt his fierce anger; but in the plenitude of my mildness have forgiven his crimes. But now it becomes us to submit, and in all conditions to trust to the protecting spirit of the holy order of saint Benedict." "By heavens! Sire, your mildness pier-

ces me with ten thousand daggers, and makes me boil within to give the death blow to that scourge of scourges.

Just recall to mind the former cruelty which he exercised upon your kindred and yourself, when your wailing sister hung with the closest embrace upon your arm, and when, torn from the idol of her affections, she saw you dragged from your home by the satellites of the monster. Tell me, Sire, will you uphold him in his unheard of atrocities, and are you so foolish as to make the futile attempt to defend him against the curses and denunciations of execrating thousands? Will you forgive his crimes against man and God, and attempt to extenuate his guilt? Tell me this, and for once let strict justice direct your determinations." A tender cord had been touched which vibrated through his whole soul, and roused by the stern calls of justice, and vindictive feeling of human nature, he trembled beneath the internal struggle between justice and forgiveness. The latter gained the ascendancy, and calmness succeeded to violent feelings of indignation. "The time was," said he, "when among his execrators I was the severest, and among his enemies the most implacable; but now mutual forgiveness has been cordially exchanged, at least so far as depended on me, and if he is guilty of insincerity, he has that to answer for, before the judge of hearts, to whose unalterable decrees we must resign ourselves in all meekness, and humility; and we must overcome those rebellious feelings of ours whose fruit is misery here and death hereafter.— Again, I say, we must submit—for the usurper lives."

"Nay, Sire," rejoined the other, "there is a way and means prepared, by which I may regain my liberty, and with your cooperation may revive my country with the spirit of freedom." A look of surprise and incredulity, which played upon the melancholy countenance of the father, plainly told the effect of this strange declaration. "How,"—"Release me from these degrading chains, and with the assistance of these once free, now confined limbs, I will show you the way, and teach you what human daring can effect." "By what means," said the holy man after a short pause, "dost thou purpose to execute thy designs, the offspring of a disordered imagination, to set at liberty thyself and to perform the glories of which thou boastest. Tell me these, that I may more efficiently assist you in this work of glory and liberty." "First promise thine assistance and thou shalt know all, and astonishment shall seize thee at that knowledge.

"Madman, thou art much mistaken if thou suppose that thou

canst seduce me from my sworn allegiance, and duty to my lord, and persuade me to violate my plighted honor : but since thou speakest with so much confidence of secret means and resistance to the present government ; I think it my duty to make report thereof to the governor, that he may see well to it, that no lurking enemy bears the steel that shall lay him an assassinated corpse. I go, and soon thy vain boasting shall meet the sure reward and thy body writhe in tortures not to be endured." "The curse of curses be on thee, and all of thy calling. Go, thou hypocrite : do your worst : and may you and your lord have it to boast, that a chained arm disturbed the rest of you both. I can endure tortures till man's brains are racked in inventing them, and when torn in pieces, when nerve is severed from nerve, I can smile in mockery." So saying, and seized with the strength of a demon, he exerted every energy, and burst the bands from his fettered arms, and hurling a fragment with a deadly force, laid the priest a prostrate corpse. Lost in astonishment, at such unlooked for success, he stood gazing on the motionless body of the murdered hypocrite. A scream from the terrified jailor aroused him from his reverie of wonder, and the knowledge of his dangerous situation stimulated him to immediate action. He flew to the secret door, grasped the bolt, and with a sudden wrench drew it from its socket. The bars of the prison gate were withdrawn. The gate opened and a bulky knight entered with a drawn sword in his hand and a breast-plate on. This was the moment for action, decisive action. The Madman seized the bar which secured the trap-door of the subterranean passage, bounded upon his victim and closed with him in deadly strife. The lion strength and boldness of the madman prevailed, and his adversary closed his eyes in endless night. The struggles of death were followed by the last long groan of the departing spirit, and the soul fled to its maker. Black gore gushed from his severed skull, and his life's blood flowed in effusion from his heart, and ran along upon the cloggy pavement. The chevalier was by his side and with him his nightly rovers.

What a horrid sight ! A heart sickening spectacle ! Low in the shades of death lay the black invested priest, still exhibiting signs of the shock of the separation of soul and body, and by his side a mangled and heart-pierced tenement of clay, black with blood. In a distant corner, pale as death, sat the former jailor, whose senses "terrified had fled," and spared him the painful terror of seeing two murdered men fall in horrid strife. The lamps last

flickering rays disclosed the gloom of the apartment, and scarce revealed the dark visages of fifty enthusiastic zealots, and one whose blood stained chains clanked with the writhings of rage and madness. The foulest passions of degenerate man, mingled with the most exalted virtues of patriotism and heroic devotion, animated their breasts. They gazed on the scene before them, looked in each others faces, and gazed again, and seemed armed with vindictive justice, and ready to emit the dreadful passions of murder and illimitable vengeance. The deep rolling of the thunder, and the crash of its bolts upon the towering rocks aroused them from their silent wonder. The Madman, having torn the chains from his limbs, buckled on his own armour, grasped his shield, flourished his ponderous axe, and exclaimed in chivalric enthusiasm:—"Knights of Albania, defenders of the helpless, authors of my country's glory, and future pillars of this state, the time has come, that time which shall be remembered by posterity, and celebrated by our offspring, when we must strike the blow, which shall rid our country of its curse and many a disgrace. Hazard surrounds us, dishonor is behind us, but glory invites us onward, and commands us to our task. Follow me and renown shall cover you." He then threw open the gate and grasping the Cavalier by the shoulder led him along a narrow winding passage capable of admitting only two abreast, and terminating at the bottom of a spiral staircase. Up this they ascended and entered an apartment adjoining that of the revellers. They listened, but the noise of laughter and music had ceased, and nought disturbed the deep silence save the distant thunder. They listened again, and heard the solemn tones of an abbot of a neighboring convent. Forcal's hand was upon the bolt. Each tightened his buckler and clenched his weapon with a firmer grasp. The door flew open and Forcal entered, entered alone and long surveyed the apartment and its wine steeped inmates.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE CHOICE.

I would roam far away on the Mountain's side,
 Where Missouri is pouring her infant tide;—
 Where the hunters dwell in the deep old wood,
 And Nature reigns in her wildest mood :
 We would hunt the wolf and the wild-cat fell,
 And tame them with death's sempiternal spell;
 We would climb the crag to the eagle's nest,
 Where never mortal foot has press'd ;
 And view, from the sun-girt height around,
 The far-spread, undulating ground :
 We would tread the vale, so deep of shade
 That one continuous twilight's made,
 Where Superstition, in solemn vest,
 Calls up the forms of the dark unblest'd.
 O'er hill, through dale we would roam away,
 Till the King of the sky should close the day,
 And resign to his sister Luna the reign
 Of the high-arch'd heav'n, and the wood-clad plain :
 With the soft-far hides of the prowlers wild,
 We would then return, like nature's child,
 To our barken hut's unassuming roof,
 Where envy and malice stand aloof,—
 Where no citizen has ever trod,—
 Where no fall Pope, in the name of God,
 Has broil'd the flesh of the living man,
 Or tap'd the veins where the life-blood ran.
 There, there we would light up the crackling fire,
 And sing down the panther robb'd of his ire :
 And the feast of the roe would be sweeter by far
 Than the banquet to him of the diadem star :
 And when it was o'er, we would sing a glad song,
 That should echo around in the wood-lands long,
 Till the wolf of the wilds should forget his fierce howl,
 To complain to the moon, with the night-singing owl;
 While the flame of the cedar should gild the dark trees,
 And the noise of the riv'let be brought on the breeze,
 We would gaze on the stars in the ether so bright,
 And think of the Great One who gave them their light;
 And join in the chorus all nature doth raise
 To the God, who is pleas'd with the heart's silent praise.
 No cares should distract us, no hatreds divide,
 Remov'd from Ambition and Envy and Pride.
 When the Hand that had made us should call us away,
 We would quit the green earth and relinquish the day,
 For worlds that are brighter, for being more blest'd,
 Where sorrows come not, where the weary do rest.

PHILOMUSUS.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

It is usual, on this side of the Atlantic, to speak of Russia as not being entitled to the least pretensions to letters. It is looked upon as a vast, frozen region, whose inhospitality of climate is only equalled by the frigidity of the intellectual powers of its inhabitants ;—as embracing a population of 40 millions, sunk in the deepest ignorance, and without a single genius to send forth his cheering beams upon the mental waste, the wide chaos of intellect, that every where surrounds him.

It is true, that a majority of the inhabitants of this mighty empire are still but little exalted above the uncivilized and brutish state, in which they grovelled, previous to the time of Peter the Great. There is nothing of that extended information, and general diffusion of all-enlightening intelligence, which are exhibited in our own country. But it is nevertheless true, that there are, among their higher grades, many learned men ; so far as relates to national lore and original literature, which shall descend to posterity and serve to elevate their rank among the nations of the earth, they are not only in advance of our country, but likewise of their European neighbors.

The American, who should attempt to argue this point with a subject of the northern Tzar, would be reminded of certain undeniable facts, which could not but prove extremely humiliating to his national pride. He would be pointed to the learned and eloquent historian Karamsin, and asked to produce his parallel on this side of the Atlantic. Washington Irving would undoubtedly be selected as our most able competitor for the historical palm. Irving is an American, and richly deserving the praise of his countrymen ; but it will require something more than his much admired Columbus or history of New York to entitle him to a precedence over the powerful and energetic Karamsin.

In poetry their claims to superiority are still stronger.—

We have some poetry that is deserving of the name ; neither is it confined to any particular species, but widely variegated in its nature. Yet it is like the minstrelsy of the mocking bird, consisting in imitations of all our neighbors and perhaps equal to none ; while theirs is native, and characteristic of their genius. They did not arrive at their present excellence by slow and progressive steps. Lemonosov, the father of Russian poetry, stood forth at once, like the newborn Minerva, perfect and complete—the model of grace, beauty and harmony. The constant theme of praise for his countrymen, he remains the object of imitation to all his successors.

There is one consideration which gives their school of poetry a peculiar interest. Several of their authors discover a greater similarity to the poems of Ossian, than do those of any other nation whatever ; exhibiting the simple and pathetic effusions of Nature—poetry in its primitive state, untrammelled by the stiff and formal etiquette which too often results from nice and critical study ; and, above all, unpoluted by that gangrene poison, which flows from a morbid imagination, and is so widely diffused through the modern writings of the English. Whoever has read the bold epics of Derzhavin, or the sublime and thrilling dramas of Sanorokov ; whoever has listened to their plaintive lyrics, or revelled amid the flowers of poesy which are thickly scattered through their pastorals, cannot but believe that the muses have left their native abodes, among the green hill tops and cool fountains of Greece, to dwell in the wild and picturesque forests of the north. The productions of their fabulists, and their romance, are, to say the least, respectable. And in historical romance, the most unexceptionable species of fiction, they particularly excel ; although our modern critics might possibly censure them for adhering too closely to the style of the type of ancient romance ; but their tales of the marvellous are ably and cunningly executed, while their delineations of valiant knights and warriors are sustained with becoming force and spirit.

When we consider the short period that has elapsed since

the dawn of letters upon this country, we are amazed at their rapid strides towards excellence. And whoever should undertake the task of translating the works of their best authors, into our language, would throw a flood of light upon the internal state and affairs of a nation whose importance is daily increasing. He would also contribute to the gratification of his countrymen, and perhaps aid in the growth, or assist in forming the character of our own infant literature.

A a.

ITALY.

THIS wonderful country seems to be the field which capricious Fortune has chosen, as the scene of her wild game with the destinies of man. The fine climate which this country enjoys, the romantic scenery with which it abounds, and the fertile soil with which it is blessed, give it an air of beauty, equalled only by the famed quiet which reigns throughout the fabled Elysium. Such is the enthusiastic strain in which this country has been described, that it appears to the reader, it should be the habitation of beings perfectly wise, just and good. Yet, instead of finding beings unanimous in their desires to promote the welfare of man, the advancement of the arts, and the distribution of justice, we find a heterogeneous compound of wisdom and ignorance, justice and tyranny, virtue and vice. Indeed, whether we view the acquirements of this country in a political, literary, or religious point of view, we are struck with admiration of the eccentric character which they have ever borne. The ancient political government of this country was not only enthusiastically admired by the statesmen of her own time, but has received the praise, and in many respects been the model, of modern and professedly improved governments. The

various changes, which have taken place in the government of this country, show its inhabitants to be fruitful, if not fortunate, discoverers of the mysteries of political economy.— Her statesmen have legislated with equal success for the republic and for the monarchy. They have entered the senate-chamber, and astonished the world with the wisdom, coolness and independence of their deliberations. The success, which has ever attended their attempts to accomplish their designs, shows their practice to equal their theory.— They compounded the wisdom of the Greek, with the subtlety and enterprize of the Italian. They taught the inhabitants of Crete the fallacy of their hitherto unrivalled laws.— They laid the boasted wisdom of the Amphycions low, before the shrine of their deliberate policy. We have no doubt that the march of jurisprudence can ascribe its first advancement from the monotony into which it had fallen among the Grecians, to the impetus it received from the stroke given it by Roman policy. In fine, she showed to the old world the faults of its boasted perfections, and set to the new, an example worthy of its noblest emulation. In later times, her politicians have shown to mankind the weakness of honesty and virtue, when contending with artful policy, and diabolical intrigue. The dark and wily intrigues of Machiavel not only gained him honors in his own age, but his plan has descended from generation to generation, from court to court, until it has at length dared to pollute, with its unhallowed footsteps, the sanctity of a republic: the noblest talents of Europe have been enrolled upon the list of his followers, who sacrificed honor and principle upon the altar of self-interest. The high stand which this country has taken in the literary world, is equalled only by the superiority which it maintains in other respects over the governments about her. In ancient times, her philosophy drank deep at the fountain of the mysterious sciences. It ascended the Palatine, and speculated upon the mysteries of creation: it studied the laws of mind, and taught mankind a lesson of themselves. Without revelation, they formed their opinions from blind reason.— They studied the laws of nature with intense application, and

formed from them their theory, which, in so many respects, agrees with our own. Her orators stand unrivalled upon the rostrum, in the logic and rhetoric of their discourses: and as they have been unwearied in their researches, so have they been successful in their attempts to bring to perfection the art of moulding the opinions of their hearers into whatever shape they desired.

In later periods they have left wandering in the dark and intricate labyrinths of philosophy, and attended with their accustomed enthusiasm to the fine arts;—painting, sculpture and music, have engrossed their attention; and even in their present degenerate state, they still maintain their superiority in those branches. Indeed, her children have shone in the literary world, while the brightest ornaments of other countries have only, like mirrors, reflected the splendor which they threw around them. Her religion has ever been of the most singular cast: they have changed the idolatry of Polytheism for Christianity; they have seen the pure doctrines of Christianity defiled by the base errors of Catholicism.—As heathen, they maintained the tenets of their religion with enthusiastic zeal;—as Christian, they mingled with the humble and restrictive mode of worship adopted by the primitive Christians, the magnificence of the heathen rites, so well suited to the proud nature of the Italian. As Catholics, they have continually enlarged the privileges of the clergy, and their liberality of sentiment, until the church is little better than a speculative concern; and Rome has become a rendezvous for political intrigues—a scene of mysterious cabals, and a school to perfect men in the diabolical art of becoming sanctimonious hypocrites. We cannot enlarge upon the character of this church; it is in itself one of the most grand and lofty structures of human invention,—and a subject worthy the speculation of the most talented historian. Were this all that could be said of this land, we should regard it as an earthly paradise. But, while we are charmed with the policy and learning of their ancient statesmen, we are disgusted with the caprice of the people.—While the ear of the traveller is charmed with music, and

his admiration excited at the sight of paintings and statuary, he is disgusted with the sounds of debauchery, and the cries of drunkenness. Indeed, the character of the Italian is truly diversified: their superiority in music is contrasted with the dissonant cries of the debauchee,—the effect of the skill and fine imagination of the painter, is destroyed by scenes from real life, which the traveller has every moment presented to his view.

CRUSEAR.

THE FOREST GIRL.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—The Palace of Powhattan—Pocahontas watching at the door—Powhattan enters.

POWHATTAN.

What, ho! my girl!—hast thou been watching all
The day, and anxious waiting my return?

POCAHONTAS.

Ay, more. I watched the sun rise up midway
His daily course. Till then, better I thought of thy
Exploits of yesternight, and fondly dreamed
That some great enterprize would crown your toil.
But when I saw the sun yield up his throne
To brooding darkness—when no sound was heard
Of thy return, I fear'd some foe had learned
Thy well-dissembled arts, and captives made
Of thee and thy brave men.

POWHATTAN.

And didst thou fear?
Didst tremble, lest Powhattan should be slain?
I, whom Virginia's fleetest men cannot
Overtake—nor wisest statesmen e'er confound
With argument—nor bravest warrior can
Disarm?

POCAHONTAS.

Nay, father! It would ill become
Powhattan's child to tremble, as may do

The frighten'd hare!—For dangers yet unknown,
Still weaker is the fear. It was the love
That burns within a daughter's bosom, made
Me anxious wait ~~for~~ ^{for} father's fond return.

POWHATTAN.—[*Embracing Pocahontas.*]

My child! Thou'rt worthy of a father's love.
Thy heart, a warrior's hand shall yet obtain.
I've seen my coward foemen shake with fear,
At thought of danger. Firmly would thy heart
Withstand e'en danger's frightful self.

POCAHONTAS.—[*After a pause.*]

Father!

Where have the warriors led the captives? Where
That one of haughty look and stately form?
This side of yonder thicket, I beheld
Him when the moon shone out, and mark'd his mien.
'Twas worthy of a red man's high intent.
Is he not brave?

POWHATTAN.

Ay: brave! But while he lives,
We are not safe. Soon hangs doom'd to die!
Too long and well he 'scaped my arts, and now
I'll feast my savage vengeance on his death.

POCAHONTAS.

His death! Is he condemned to die? Can I
Not speak with him, and win him to our cause?

POWHATTAN.—[*Angrily.*]

Speak with him? No! Forgive the wrong he's done
My peaceful tribe? 'Twould seal my deep disgrace!
Your heart is falling from that lofty tone
To which it rose.—[*Disdainfully.*]

You sympathize with foes?

Dishonor not Powhattan thus. My hate
Is fixed. With savage skill, I'll torture him.
I'll teach the whites to fight, and bravely die,
Sooner than yield themselves an easy prey
To my control.—[*Capt. Smith enters, conducted by a guard.*]

My fiendish pride shall soon

Enjoy a rich repast. I've labored long
To snare my foe; now my reward is come.
Rise up! thou spirit of vengeance, t' enjoy
Thy triumph. See the miscreant tremble!

* * * * *

Warriors! the hour is come! Waste not your time
In high anticipation of this sweet
Revenge. For e'en enjoyment then would yield
But half its hoped-for pleasure, to the heart
That's longing to retaliate with death.—[*Smith placed upon the block.*]

POWHATTAN.—[*Addressing him.*]

Hadst thou opposed me with the honor'd war

The Forest Girl.

A savage loves, I would have spared thy life.
What sayst thou to thy fate? Art thou prepared?

SMITH.

If in my warfare I have been less arch
Than thy insidious band, by willing death
I'll show, that I am not less brave, than great
Powhattan, who alone would dare a host.
I've tried the fortune of the field, and found
Myself thy captive. Now I wait thy doom.

[Powhattan orders the clubs to be brought.]

POCAHONTAS.

My father! O my father! Stay thy hand;
Can pleasure dwell within the heart that's fill'd
With bitterness like thine own? Fain would I
Become the sacrifice, and save his life.
Is thy decree forever fixed? Hear me,
O, my father! For thy daughter's sake, O! spare
His life.

POWHATTAN.

Away! For I'll no longer waste
The time in childish dalliance. My rage
Has long since reached its acme. Now it seems
To wane, as if 'twere cheated of its prey.
But yet I'll nerve my courage up, and give
The fatal blow.—[Brandishes his club.]

POCAHONTAS.—[Rushing before him.]

Stay thine avenging arm!
Is there no mercy in thy bosom? Nought but dire
Revenge?—Thy bravery is but madness, wrought
Too high for e'en a *savage* heart to bear.
But from the *captive's* eye there beams a look
Of heavenly resignation, braver far
Than all the haughty frowns that rest on thy
Revengeful brow. And as the sun outshines
The distant stars, so now the victim's heart
Is braver than the murderer's hand.

[Addressing herself to Capt. Smith].—Is there
Within thy power, no means to reconcile
My father, and preserve thy life?

POWHATTAN.

No more!

For he *shall die*, a sacrifice to that
Revenge which lives in mem'ry of my friends,
By white men's treason slain! But callst thou me
A *murderer*? What means this bold reproach?
And yet you have not the courage to see
A *rebel die*!

POCAHONTAS.

Courage! 'Tis that which makes
Me importune thee. 'Tis the love I have

Disappointed Genius.

65

For thee, makes me request thy mercy. But,
Since I cannot prevail on thee, I will
Persuade the captive.—(*Addressing Smith.*)
Rise, and say you've wrong'd
My father—promise peace; and you shall live!

POWHATTAN.

Be silent! else thyself a victim falls
To coward fear.—(*Raises the club to strike.*)

POCAHONTAS.

Forgive! My father! O!
Forgive thy daughter!—(*Falling upon Capt. Smith.*)
But, THOU SHALT NOT DIE!

POWHATTAN.—(*After a pause.*)

My child! His life is in your hands. Full oft
I've met my foes with bold intent, and fought
With desperation. But *never* did I
Relent, or find my courage fail. But now,
I've met a *braver* one. Thine is the power,
My child! to move the heart to fear unknown.
—(*Addressing Smith.*)

Arise! All is forgiven! A better friend
Than thou this day hast found, the world knows not.
Not all the whites, that tread Virginia's soil,
Could rescue thee from death.—Thy life is safe.
As brothers—friends, hereafter let us live.
But shouldst thou lift thy hand against the race
Powhattan rules, the Great Spirit will guide
My arrows to thy heart. Depart in peace.

SMITH.

With joy I hear thy peaceful words. I go;
But yet convinced, if *one* is found more brave
Than great Powhattan, 'tis Powhattan's Daughter.

X.

DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

"Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arrived;
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours."

It was on one of those bright mornings of Spring, when nature is newly clad in her resplendent beauties, and the glow of animation in the world of matter sends abroad its halo, and wakes to life and action the empire of mind, that I left the beautiful village of

S——, to return, after a three weeks' absence, to my "Alma Mater." The bustle of the stage-house was gladly forgotten,—and once more I inhaled the mountain air, pure as if an angel of love had, with the wand of Heaven, driven pollution from earth, and spirits of peace had wafted their balmy breezes up the broad, and beautiful and far-famed vales of the bright land of the Jerseys.

Among our fellow-passengers there was one gentleman, distinctly marked by his noble and commanding mien, in whose appearance there was something singularly interesting and attractive. His manners were the most dignified and graceful—his language the purest and most exalted, while his dark penetrating eye carried in its glance a look of mystery and a soul of energy. As our conversation naturally turned upon the various objects of a handsome country and a morning scene, he would occasionally break forth in the rich and studied style of the Novelist, evincing the highest powers of description—a soul warm and vivid, subject to a lively imagination, and perhaps to a fevered excitement. But there were occasional spells in his remarks, and he would now sit as if unconscious of all around, with his dark eye fixed, and every feature unmoved,—then again would start up—look quick about, and go on in a strain, which was indeed that music to me the most enchanting—the music of the imaginative orator. I observed every movement—heard every account, and should have loved and admired to the extreme, were it not for that fearful eye, which now glowing with energy and life, and darting the now fixed—then rapid, changing glance, carried to my bosom a kind of revolting terror.

A day had passed with all its changes of passengers and scenes, and I was sitting with my intelligent companion on the promenade deck of the "North American," now launched upon the swelling bosom of the broad and beautiful Hudson. Like happy spirits, the mists of the morning were floating away, and the spires of the proud City of Commerce were receding in distance, while the towering Highlands gradually arose to view, distinctly arrayed in all their wild magnificence and grandeur. The picture of the scene is still fresh on my memory, and the proud intellect of my associate seemed to exult in the feeling and enthusiasm of poetry.

'What,' he exclaimed, 'is like the intoxication which enwraps the soul, and starts to life its latent energies—when the eye gazes upon the distant mountain and the silent landscape,—when the bosom of earth is spread out, in its varied loveliness, beneath the brooding wings of the Universal Spirit of Heaven! It is like the rousing

of the dead from the darkness of the grave—it is a semblance of eternity, of the land of enraptured spirits, where eternal day is contrasted, in all its splendor, with the volumes of darkness that roll beyond the parting gulf.—Were this spirit of mine as light within—were this heart as free from pollution as is surrounding nature, now showering its beauties upon us, with what rapture would I hail the dawn of this beautiful morn ! The mightiest of my hopes would be accomplished. The dread of immortality, that now and then haunts my anxious soul, would be converted to a joyous, glorious hope. And my turbulent senses, now scattered and tossed on the waves of a reckless ocean, would rejoice in the loveliness of virtue—united and calm, would meet in kindred alliance with the spirits of the wise.—But oh ! the past ! destroying youth ! reservoir of sin and temptation and death !

Such were the mysterious outbreakings of a brilliant intellect, which awakened in my bosom the strongest feelings of sympathy and interest : and by continued effort to gain his confidence, I finally obtained the few following incidents, which, as originally written in language near as possible like his own, I now copy from my private journal.

“In the year 18—,” said my fellow-traveller, “I entered the University at C——, flushed with the highest hopes of youth—the warmest anticipations of the future. Behind, I left the pleasures of bright and buoyant childhood—before, I saw the proud but baseless fabrics of distinguished, exalted character. All above was cloudless sky—all around was bright and glowing sunshine.—I became the room-mate of Charles Wallingford. He was, like myself, young and spirited, but more mutable of disposition, and more easily affected with surrounding attractions. He was however the subject of ambition. And this soul-stirring power would now and then grasp that soaring genius and vivid imagination, with a force that would drown every baser feeling of the man—level every obstacle ;—and before its influence my spirit would feel a blasting, a shrinking to insignificance and shame. Ambition ! I too felt its thrill, and bowed at its deathful shrine. But mine was a steady, constantly increasing flame, that never knew rest or cessation. His was a flickering blaze, that now darted forth like the vivid lightning—then fell back into a careless indifference and a reckless ease. Like the imprisoned eagle, I was continually panting to rise to something higher and nobler—ever restless and unsatisfied, while the master spirit of my comrade would wheel away at his command—then

yielding to the baser passions of soul and sense, would leave him exposed to surrounding temptation and the wreck of an unconquered passion.

Time and society soon changed our comparative characters.—The fickleness of that exalted intellect darkened the dreamings of hope—thwarted the spirit of ambition—polluted the soul, and threatened to extinguish the last spark of its brilliancy. Associates older and distinguished for talent, but debased in character, under the garb of secrecy, led him into riot and debauchery—stamped his soul with the dark stains of guilt, and erased that name forever from the tablet of fame. He still preserved an exterior which commanded attention and respect, and his friends, knowing not the viper that was gnawing at his vitals, and about to undermine that monument of intellect, and destroy all their ardent hopes, still cheered him with the approving smile and the warm expression of attachment.

Charles was an only son. His father was a clergyman, who resided some forty miles from the University,—a man of exemplary piety and distinguished talent. Ardent in his affections and anticipations, all his hopes were centred in this promising youth. The day passed not, but to Heaven was wasted the prayer for a blessing upon the absent object of his anxious love. And indeed the life and energy of the father seemed to rest in his prosperity.—I was an orphan, but born to a fortune which gave me the greatest advantages, and supplied my every want. But now, while my friend was sipping from the cup of passion, I was cherishing in my own bosom the seeds of a corruption more withering—a death more terrific.—Envy was burning my soul in torture, and infidelity led me to sport with the Arbiter of the Universe, and my spirit recoiled not,—yea, I laughed at the dread name of Eternity. As disappointment met me, I called my life a curse—and invoked the dampness and silence of the sepulchre, and even anticipated without a dread the cold unbroken sleep, and the slow wasting away of mortality!

The last year of our course had commenced. The habits and characters of young Wallingford and his comrades were discovered, and they were arraigned before the College authority. The accusations against them were proved, and immediate expulsion was threatened. Information was sent to the Rev. Mr. W. respecting the circumstance, who came immediately to the University. He was presented to the offending son; and the parental heart, breaking with disappointment and sorrow, suppressed the utterance of language. The stern reproof hung upon his brow, marked with all

the fondness of affection ; and the quivering lip seemed exclaiming, ' why !—why !—and yet bestowing forgiveness.——The light burst upon Charles. The delusion fled ; and he saw the fearful steps he had made to the brink of ruin. As the careless youth pushes his light bark from the shore, and returns not, unmindful of danger, he had glided on, and on, and on, till now he was left in a wide ocean of " waveless, bottomless despair." He shrunk back, and uttered a death-like shriek. Conscience wrung his soul in torture, and the presence of an anxious, indulgent father pierced his very heart.——Minutes passed before his motionless features were again recovered. Confession, weeping and forgiveness succeeded,—and the pardoning affection of a kind parent was again restored for the promised reformation of the returning prodigal son. Like the rainbow of the west, smiling amid the crystal tears which drop from the morning cloud,—parental love here beamed amid the tears of ardent affection, and the wayward Charles once more felt the calm of a conscience returning to peace,—a soul again springing to life—again blooming in a joyous existence.

But a stain was fixed upon that character which could never be entirely erased. With the admiration of friends there was mixed a checking distrust, which known to Charles, was withering in its influence upon his soul. Yea, more ! that heart itself was in part consumed. The reformation was a transient spell, and the wayward spirit, lost to decision and every nobler influence, rushed reckless into the arms of goading despair. The debasing infidelity, which I was cherishing, hurried him on, and I called him coward at every returning step—at every repenting thought. The envious spirit of my bosom exulted in his fall, and we were alike left the wreck of principle—of opposite, but equally destructive passions. His mighty talent, strong enough to carry him on in a career the noblest and proudest—his genius rushing at command, like the wasting whirlwind—all were struck by the blasting scath, and left withering upon the burning desert. My soul, though enjoying the reward of application in the character of the scholar, was living with a dying heart—every social feeling, every affection was rapidly changing to a misanthropic nerve, which darted an electric flame into the bosom of every associate.

Charles and his companions were finally expelled from the University. Soon my course was completed, and I bid farewell to the scenes of my four-years' residence, and was now left upon the wide open world to seek my fortune and make my fate.——I resolved to

leave awhile my native country, and was soon ready to embark for England. The degraded Charles, now lost to energy or enterprise, unmoved by the dying, withered heart of the father, and the blasted hope of the friend, learnt my intentions, and solicited my aid, with me secretly to leave the land of his home, and visit a foreign shore. I heard his proposals, and granted him the assistance.

The proud ship, commanded by the skilful pilot, was ploughing the waves of the mighty deep,—rushing onward, swift as the soaring Albatross, toward the bright land of learning and commerce. Evening had come, and the stars seemed like islands scattered as brilliant gems in an ocean of light spread out above us; and their pure reflection studded the swelling main, over which our light ship flew, with the coral beauties of Heaven. All was clear and calm, when we resigned our heaving bosoms to the care of sleep, disturbed alone by the silent pang of a reproving conscience, that now and then came in the transient vision of night.

The cry of fire was heard! ‘All hands on deck!’—but wo! to the proud ship ‘Atlas.’—Her cordage was breaking like the brittle string—her sails were enshrouded in flame—her masts were falling, and death in all its terror spread out its wings upon the bosom of the deep! Shriekings of despair came upon every side, and pealing orisons ascended to Heaven for mercy. The vessel was dissevered! and the swelling tide was wafting away the scattered fragments, to which a hundred and sixty individuals, the crew and passengers of the ship, were clinging in the last breathings of hope.

But the flames had been seen by a distant vessel, which came like an angel of mercy, to rescue us from a dreaded fate. Only a part of the crew however were saved,—among these were my comrade and myself. Amid these scenes of dissolving nature, I gazed in horrid anticipation upon the dark world of undying existence—my boasted skepticism for a moment betraying my spirit to the dread realities of an eternal death; but the feeling was transient, and soon again my hardened soul could indeed exclaim, in the horrors of the moment—

“Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!”

(To be concluded.)

THE DEPARTURE.

Adieu, dear companions,—the tie that has bound us
In social connection, no longer remains;
Yet the tie of affection, entwining around us,
Will ever endear to my mem'ry your names.

I oft shall remember the scenes of my youth,
When gay friends were smiling, and friendship was true;
When fair and unclouded were my visions of truth,
'Mid the circle I now have to greet with—adieu.

I fain would be with you, your sorrows to share,
If aught should e'er chance to disquiet your lot;
But a voice whispers calmly and kindly—"forbear—
'Tis *yours* yet to linger awhile on this spot."

If duty and interest both bid you depart,
O stay not, of friends and their friendship to tell;
And though 'twere like rending and breaking the heart,
They cannot but wish you—farewell....fare ye well.

When the high swelling canvass is fill'd with the breeze,
And white-caps are urging their way to the shore,
Then think, as you float tow'rd your haven of peace,
Of kindred and friends, you may visit no more.

Then think of life's ocean on which you are borne,
As islets appear and then vanish away,—
Fit emblems of pleasures that rise with the morn,
To live but to linger, and die with the day.

And when at your stations you safely arrive,
With hearts full of vigor your schemes to pursue,
Let anthems of praise to the Great Author rise,
Whose goodness and mercy have carried you through.

Then mount on the pinions of genius away,
To Fame's fairy temple on Science's mount;
Yet remember, each moment, each hour, and each day,
Is adding fresh items to life's dread account.

As oft as you hear the sweet carol of spring,—
The glad song of the minstrels that soar in the sky,—
Then think of the millions that cease not to sing
Hallelujahs of glory to the Ruler on high.

When the angel, commission'd through heaven to fly,
Shall with his loud trump rend the blue vaulted sky,
May virtue then serve you as a passport above,
Where fountains flow freely of infinite love.

Pose.

STRICTURES ON POETRY—No. I.

PERHAPS no subject coming under our consideration, has been burdened with such an innumerable multitude of definitions and epithets, as poetry. As each of our readers will recur to some one of the many definitions already given, as best suits himself, we shall not pause here to satisfy his curiosity, or establish our own fame for originality, by giving another.

Poetry, while it has, by some, been extolled as the high and impassioned language of powerful and discriminating genius, it has, by others, been decried as the effusions of crack-brained enthusiasts, lovers sick at heart, and moon-struck sentimentalists. While, on the one hand, it has been represented as the instrument of awakening the finer feelings of our nature—calling forth the sympathies of the heart—touching the springs of action—portraying nature in its bloom of loveliness, with the ever variegated hue which it may put on—its joy and wo—its sunshine and its storm....presenting life in its beauties and deformities—its romance and reality: it has on the other hand, been considered as skimming over the surface of things—calling forth passions injurious in themselves, which else would, and in truth should, have slumbered on, unlocked from their hidden recesses—as falsifying nature, and presenting life itself, as a night of dreams, restless and perturbed—a vision of unreal things—and in fine, its whole fascinating power, as but the wild conjuring of a maddened brain, fit only for a tenant of some air-built castle—too high for earth—above our comprehension.

Though we pretend not to depth of philosophy or acuteness of reasoning, yet, in investigating this subject, should we materially differ from the one, and not wholly agree with the other, we hope that charity, which suffereth long and is kind, will throw its mantle over us, and shield us alike from the charge of enthusiastic admiration or cold-hearted indifference. We know there are those who hold that *poets* are a privileged order of beings;—that they are permitted to write without *ideas*—to introduce *figures* of speech irrelevant to the subject, and palm them upon the public as the brilliant efforts of immortal genius. The truth of this assertion, we are disposed to question: yea, we absolutely deny. Does the mere fact that sentences are thrown into metrical form, so blind the community that they are unable to judge of their merits? Are such the

charms of poetry—such its powers of persuasion? Or is the taste of the age so perverted, that the moment a piece appears, if it be but clothed in the garb of rhyme, whether wise or nonsensical, it must receive commendation? Facts, exemplified in the whole routine of newspaper and quarterly criticism, speak a different language.—Rhymsters are far different from poets, and poets from poetry. Yet how frequently is the one substituted for the other—the shadow taken for the substance, and our judgment formed of the one, by the disgust raised at the recollection of the other!

That there are those who go the eternal round of rhyme, and deem their object gained, if, at the close of each, the last words jingle, we are willing to admit; but that they are poets, we do deny. Those, who become prejudiced against poetry in itself and in its tendency, while pausing upon its merits, have perhaps called to mind some poetaster with whom they are acquainted, or whose works they have read, and from considering an art, have viewed it only as connected with this living libel upon its nature. And considering this the divinity at whose shrine they must bow, would they reverence poetry, they shrink from it as unworthy their adoration, scatter their incense, and neglect the worship. But such is not the medium thro' which it should be viewed—nor such the shrine at which its votaries may pay their homage. The spirit of poetry is awakened by a purer breath: it inhales the atmosphere of Heaven: its flame is lighted by a holier torch—the torch of intellect.—The fabric rests upon a sure basis—imagination, guided by reason and judgment.

What though some have prostituted those powers bestowed upon them by Providence—have wasted their energies in giving false colorings to nature,—portraying it in the gloom and sullenness of their disordered fancy, and been “damned to everlasting fame” through their abominable vulgarities, and their more abominable principles? Does all this militate against poetry? Should we think the less of an exquisitely wrought picture, because another, unskilled, has, in his attempt at imitation, mangled and distorted its representation, and left it in all the hideousness of a half-formed, half-risen spectre? Besides, the objection raised against poetry, because some pieces have been written, profuse of imagery, barren of thought, and detestable in principle, is no less applicable to prose writing. Look at the press—glance over the columns of our daily papers—behold the thousand slanders and calumnies with which the political articles teem,—the sickish, silly, amatory productions of this one, and that, and we say he must be something more stable than human, who will not blush

for the honor of his species, and those pigmies in intellect, who, considering far-fetched allusions as happy illustrations, and the froth and foam of their jaded fancy, as the real ornaments of style, have tho't to erect for themselves a citadel of fame into which they might flee and be safe; while in fact, they were fast soaring out of the reach "of little mortals," in the mists of their own obscurity. What has been said with regard to newspaper productions, may, with equal propriety, be remarked of the thousand anonymous authors and their works, that grace (or rather disgrace) the present age. Why are not these men and their works brought forward and held up to public ridicule, as an accusation against prose-writing? and, judging from these, why is not prose itself abominated? The simple reason with regard to the men is, they cannot be found. They remain under the garb thrown around themselves to screen them from the world. They feel of the public, and if its touch be repulsive, they skulk within their lurking places; and from those lurking places, which, like the darkness of a subterranean cavern, yield them a clear view of surrounding objects, but are impervious to all vision in return, they send forth, with an audacity not to be confronted, their unhallowed and unsavory trash upon the world. *E*.

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps we may be indulged a word on our own affairs. In establishing this periodical, it was purposed from the first that it should be *literary*. Such was the profession of the prospectus, and such has been the aim of its conductors. How far that profession has been redeemed in our pages, depends wholly upon the definition assigned to the term, *literary*. With the latitude, in which it is almost universally used in its application to periodicals of a kindred stamp, we imagine our error is not yet beyond reach of pardon. To assume for it an unaccommodating strictness, and bring to it, as the standard, all works professedly literary, would be to exclude many of the ablest publications of the day. While then there is permitted variety in the character as well as style of our productions,—while our work may be strictly literary, and yet contain else than the crusty prose and black-letter of science, it will be our design to remain guiltless, at least of the charge of being illiterary. Notices, and occasional reviews of new publications, will hereafter be one of our first objects; and we hope, by the statistical and general information, which it may be in our power to give respecting the popular works of the day, that our numbers will be found useful for purposes of reference. We ask that our correspondents will bear this in mind, as it is, of course, in reliance on their support, these promises are hazarded. WE.

ERRATA.—Page 64, line 19 from bottom, for "*account*" read "*accent*."
do. do. do. 13 from do. for "*American*" read "*America*."

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

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"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike,—yet each believes his own:
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

STRICTURES ON POETRY—No. II.

And why are not such works detested? Coming from unknown hands, the community knew not how to censure. The works, crippled though they be, cannot be blamed for appearing at the beck of their author; and the community, in attempting to whip an unknown author over his works, are beating but the shadow of a shade. There may be another reason. The passion for writing has become so prevalent of late, that it seems, to any man, almost a disgrace not to be an author. And the majority of readers supposing whatever was written, was written to be read, devour, with an eagerness equalled only by that of Pharaoh's lean kine, whatever is thrown in their way, and yet themselves remain lean as ever. And there has been recently, such a heterogeneous mass of folly and nonsense written, that it seems rather expected—passes off as a matter of course, and being read, is thrown aside with scarce a censure, to grace by its utter worthlessness the rubbish which has disgraced ages now past. Otherwise, how can we account for the inconsistencies manifest in the judgment of the public in the two cases? That lenity manifested towards those works, shows not itself in favor of poetry. While one is warned by the whisperings of reproof, the other is scourged with a rod of iron;—while to the one, it is hinted that something more severe may come, the other is lashed with a whip of scorpions,—while one is left to rise or fall, according to the caprice of public

opinion, the other is degraded as synonymous with rags and the garret.

Thus the rod of criticism, the severest and most foul, suspended alike over prose and poetry, touches not the one, while it falls with its full weight of vengeance on the other. Thus prose writers, ridiculous and absurd in their views—whose works show forth their littleness of brain—whose thoughts declare the sterility of the soil whence they sprung, though perhaps not encouraged, have been permitted to write on, uncensured; while, on the other hand, many of the noblest geniuses who might have shone as beacon-lights in the literary horizon, have been blasted in life's earliest spring; and instead of leaving their names

"As lights, as landmarks on the cliffs of fame,"

they have "withered from the world" under the wanton and malicious attacks of men who should have been the last to discourage the efforts of youthful genius. Do you ask for an example? Go—read your answer on the tomb of Keats, whose sensitive heart, torn fibre from fibre, lay mangled and bleeding under the scorpion stings inflicted on it; and who, from viewing what he might have been in comparison with what he then was, when the lamp of life was nearly extinguished, in the bitterness of a bruised spirit, penned his own epitaph:—

"Here lies one, whose name was writ in water."

We do not inveigh against criticism: it is the medium through which writing must, if at all, be brought to purity and perfection.—But we do protest against charges palpably false—bearing in their very expression the mark of their own injustice. Instance the case of Byron.—Perhaps no author ever received a more severe training in the school of criticism, than did he in the earlier part of his career. Yet even here the censure was misplaced: It was not the infidelity which his writings breathed forth, against which the reviewers pointed their bitterest invective,—it was not those detestable principles so artfully diffused through his writings, calculated beyond all other species of composition, to undermine the pure principles of virtue and happiness, against which they aimed their keenest satire. But in the point where he least of all came short—in his *style* of writing—in the expression of his thoughts, he was held up to public ridicule and public abhorrence.

But perhaps enough has been said to show the absurdity of the objections brought against poetry, and the fear of exhausting the patience of the reader who has borne with us thus far, will lead us

to conclude, without entering largely into our original design, by remarking briefly what poetry is, and what are its peculiar advantages, while we leave the *minutiæ* to be supplied by his own imagination.

Poetry then, is peculiarly the language of feeling—the language of the heart. Whatever excites in us fear or hope, joy or sorrow, wonder or astonishment, pity or disgust, love or despair, is said to come to us in the language of poetry. Would we pour forth our feelings in the bitterest contempt, poetry is the medium through which it must be done.—Would we give vent to the direst feelings of revenge, and imbue others with a portion of our own unhallowed spirit, we must call poetry to our aid.—Would we paint in their own native loveliness, the milder passions—the charms of nature—the winning graces of those around us—or would we excite to “deeds of noble daring,” we must do it in the thrilling, touching, and yet simple language of poetry.—Not always in language moulded to the harmony of metrical arrangement, but in the poetry of *feeling*—when the deep foundations of the heart are moved—when the whole energies of the soul are thrown forth in one impassioned strain.

Poetry is also the language of imagination. It represents life as it should be—stretches far into the depths of future years, and brings events yet to come, before the mind, as present realities—causes us to lose sight of present suffering, in the contemplation of joys yet to come—brings up the past with all its living witcheries, till we fain would forsake

“Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.”

And where is the mind that can be confined within the narrow limits of the present? Where is the individual who would spell out his existence with his views, feelings, and interests centred in the passing moment? It is natural to man to ponder upon the past, and hold converse with the future. Yet every such movement of the mind is a tribute to the worth of poetry: and those, who the most condemn it, are the very persons who do it homage.

The advantages of poetry are these: It conveys instruction to the mind, and especially to the mind of the young, in a manner calculated to make an impression when every other method would fail. It is a fact which needs not proof, that truth, clothed in the novelty which poetry throws around it, will be retained in the mind, which, when brought forward in the cold phlegmatic language of prose, would be unheeded, or soon forgotten. So while poetry pleases, it also instructs—while it delights the fancy, it improves the understanding—while it interests the feelings, it serves to cultivate the heart.

After all that has been, or can be said against it, or in its favor, it stands upon its own foundation,—and that foundation is *immovable*. The earliest dawns of society saw its beauties, and the latest generations shall behold it—untainted in its character—unimpeached in its designs—unsurpassed in its benefits conferred upon man.

They are gone—those mighty ones, whose skilful hands once touched the lyre, and roused the dormant energies of a slumbering world! Milton, Shakspeare, Virgil and Homer, are sleeping in the stillness of death! They lived....acted their part gloriously in the drama of life;—death came.....where are they?—They still live in the immortality of their works.—Poetry, through them, speaks in language too pure—too eloquent to be despised,—too powerful—too persuasive to be rejected. Coming from such a source, it finds its way into the recesses of the heart, and works its will upon the feelings of the man. While such men shall have a name, poetry, however much it may be despised—however much it may be contemned—however numerous may be the jeers and scoffs lavished upon it, shall live, when all these are forgotten—are “mere oblivion,”—live in a remembrance, such as the breath of scorn cannot contaminate, nor the hand of time efface. *E*

THE MANIAC.

He was the maniac. The gleam
His eye shot forth, and his wild scream—
His writhings, as of one in hell,
Were demon-like; and in his cell
Immur'd, he seem'd outcast by heav'n,
From self, and social nature driv'n,
In clanking chains condemn'd to lie,
To live for vengeance,—then to die.
Yet he would smile so sweetly sad,
That e'en he seem'd with reason clad.
Such melting loveliness, and tears
Of sweet compassion,—such strong fears
Of some calamity, and sighs
Of deep regret, o'er broken ties,—
The care-worn brow—the brow of tho't,
Betoken'd reason's reign, methought.
Forgetfulness of his sad fate,
Would rouse outbursting scorn, and hate
At him who kept him; with his chains,
His with'ring cell, and all his pains,
Him we could curse. But ere the tho't
Was past, with guilty vengeance fraught,
He was himself—the maniac
A fiend, and writhing on the rack
Of rending agony. His breast
Seem'd bursting with the inward hell,

And deep convulsions, seem'd to wrest
Life from its seat; and a farewell
To torture, man, and nature. Then
His glazed eyes did fix. Again
His clanking struggles did exhaust.
His ling'ring mite of strength, and lost
Was ev'ry sense; and seeming dead,
He sudden fell. Was his soul fled?
Or did it linger yet a space
Without its consciousness? His face
Was purple blackness, and his blood
Ooz'd from his mouth, and sweat-drops
stood
Upon his clammy brow, and cold
Quiv' rings ran o'er his sides, and told
His groaning sucking-in of air,
That suffering life still linger'd there.
Then did his uprais'd eyes ope wide,
And quickly; fix'd, and terrify'd,
They gaz'd as at a vision dread—
Perchance some spectre of the dead.
Then with wild shriekings of despair,
He rent his flesh and tore his hair—
Leap'd from the staple'd stone, his
lair,
Far as his chained strength could bear

His weight. Then with convulsive
 might,
 As if before his 'stonish'd sight
 Annihilation yawn'd, his chains
 He grasp'd, and hugg'd that cause of
 pains,
 As if it were his hold on time—
 A refuge from some vision'd clime.
 Then, as with madden'd fiends, he fought
 In deep despair—Oh! bitter thought,
 That empty space to him should seem
 Thus fraught with foes—a waking dream.
 When midnight's pall had palsied
 The world, and like the buried dead,
 In sweet oblivion lay the race
 Of captive mortals, and no trace
 Of Nature's former being there
 Was seen; then on the hollow air
 Came noises strange—so piercing, deep,
 The jailer started from his sleep,
 And wonder'd long, in pale affright,
 What fiends disturb'd the tranquil night.
 Such noises seem'd the wails of woe,
 And cursings of the world below.
 Familiar shrieks now pierc'd his ear;—
 Oh! horrid was the truth—'twas clear.
 The maniac, by fury driven,
 Had burst his chains—his door-bolts
 riven;—
 Scorning all covert save the heaven.
 Escap'd, he curs'd, in mockery,
 His cell's pent-space. That he was free
 He joy'd.—High on a mountain-pile
 That frown'd afar, he cheer'd the while
 With screams. From crag to crag he
 leapt
 With fearful bound;—the eagle slept
 Upon the tow'ring pines;—the deer
 Had pillow'd there his head, and fear
 Disturb'd them not. But as his cries
 Fell on their ears, swift through the
 skies
 The eagle sped his aimless flight:
 The deer rush'd headlong, in affright,
 Unseeing. And the still retreat
 Re-echo'd shriekings, that did greet
 The thicken'd gloom, and wak'd from
 sleep
 The jailer, whose sad trust, to keep
 A maniac-minded skeleton
 In chains, was broken: a deed was done
 Whose consequence would be perchance
 E'en death,—to whom?...unknown!—
 The glance
 Of thought might picture, but not say,
 What rock-torn limbs should lifeless
 lay,—
 What coursing blood should dye the
 clay.
 An hour pass'd on; a quiv'ring light
 Was trav'ling o'er the mountain's height.
 New o'er the crags, the torches bright,
 Flung back surrounding gloominess,

The rock is dy'd with vital blood,
 And mangled limbs oppress the sod;
 The soul is blasted in the bad—
 The spirit hastens to its God.

The maniac once could boast a giant mind,
 That wielded men with unresisted sway—
 Now he has left a mangled wreck behind—
 A feast for worms that suck his kindred clay

And lit the scenery. Can ye guess
 The scene that's acting? View with me
 The maniac's final tragedy.
 Whence they of boldest spirit shrink,
 He stands upon the dizzy brink,
 With flashing eyes and fiendish grin—
 Oh! who can tell the soul within?
 His panther eye-balls' glare imparts
 A terror to the sick'ning hearts
 Of torch-lit men, who cluster nigh—
 Who shrink to meet his blazing eye.
 Look round; and see in ev'ry cheek,
 A kindred fear, at ev'ry shriek,
 That rings from cliff to cliff, and shakes
 The distant silent air, and wakes
 The startled echo's shrill reply.
 Have ye no life—no courage high
 To dare the peril? Can ye fling
 Forth from your hearts the fears that
 cling
 In paralyzing power there?
 Group ye in terror pale! despair
 Of hope! and seek your coward lair!
 Hold! one is on the pass: His hand
 Uplifted bears a blazing brand,—
 Unnerv'd, he treads the utmost verge
 That frowns above the dismal gurge;
 And glitters in his hand, a steel
 For dread emergency. Now reel
 His giddy brains; and terror seems
 To master all his strength. The gleams,
 The fiend darts on him pierce his heart,
 And hollow, gutt'ral laughings dart
 Cold chills upon his vitals. Mark
 The lip now press'd—the deep resolve
 To grapple with the maniac.—Hark!
 How fierce that cry!—Those eyes re-
 volve
 Most wildly.—Now, both mad, they
 spring,
 And gripe each by the throat, and cling
 With iron grasp. They fall. No sound
 Is heard in th' gloom that throws around
 A solemn awe. No sound of strife!...
 No breathings heard!...No groans!...
 Is life
 Extinguish'd quick as thought?—A cry
 Of deepest mortal agony
 Uprushes wildly to the sky—
 "Help! Help!—I die!" No aid is nigh
 From that pale band. The torch-rays
 glance
 Forth from the fatal steel; and chance
 Directs the random-driven knife
 Unto the maniac's seat of life.
 That stroke imparts a lion's might
 To th' demon; with a grasp not quite
 Almighty, he his mard'rer flings
 Far from the dripping verge,—then
 springs
 In headlong madness down.—That yell,
 So fearful, is their fun'ral knell.

DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

(Continued from page 68.)

The ship, by which we were rescued, was destined for Gibraltar, and thence our course was directed. We arrived, and soon my companion left me, to visit the coast of Africa. Time passed on, and I remained upon that barren rock, against whose fearless sides, ever since the world was called forth from chaos, or the fountains of the great deep were broken up, have dashed the rock-beating surges of two mighty seas. Nature had there left a grandeur, that fed the meditations of my soul—that made my home, though drear, yet lovely, and full of interest and inspiration. On the Mediterranean side of this immoveable fabric, there was left, down the side of the rock, a moss-covered cleft, where, retired and alone, I loved to recline, and gaze upon the wide waste of waters, now spread out in their beautiful calm—now rising into mountain-waves, and rushing by me, onward to the sandy coasts, where sweeps the blasting Monsoon. Over me hung the cliff, and on its top, moved the branches of a few strong trees, moaning in the sea-breeze, and throwing out a music, in delightful harmony with the fitful waves that dashed beneath. I love music; but richest to me is the “unwritten music” of nature. And there it was, a music which seemed to unite the fearful tones of the distant thunder with the fairy melodies of the harp, that blended the grand and the terrific with the soft and the charming—the roaring of the wave with the gentle rustling of the leaf. And were there no guardian spirits that hung around—that joined in the sweet concert of voice, the various and delicate harmonies of the playful breeze and eddying surge? Did no such spirits immortal live, with me to feel a momentary love,—that could recline upon the sportive gale, and revel unconfined with the songsters of joyous nature? No! my skepticism answered, ‘No!’ But sometimes I doubted the answer, and felt that the world was a world of spirits, and that after all, this soul was indeed immortal.

Ten months had passed since the departure of my companion, and misery and disappointment had met him at every step. He returned—related his story of adventures, in which every surrounding circumstance had turned a curse, and he said his heart was withered, callous, dead. We sat together upon the moss-bed of the

clest, conversing upon our miseries and misfortunes, and thus my comrade spoke :

“What is existence, but dark and dreadful fate? Doomed to sorrow, how worthless is hope—how vain is effort! Genius, intellect may aspire, but passion will conquer. What am I ?.....The chain of idea and action shattered into atoms,—the fountains of tho’t broken up, I exist a dissevered wreck on the turbid and stormy billows of life. Learning, enthusiasm and hope, are all plunged into the chaos of events, to come forth still more bewildered, restless, and deadening to the soul. Happiness, serenity and love are shadows that cloud the vision of the idealist, but become to man the waves of endless despair. Detested life! Let us close this scene of woe,—let us stop the exultings of avenging spirits, by putting an end to our base existence. Here let us leave these vile, worthless carcasses of flesh, to drench in the briny ocean, to serve as food for the devouring monsters of the deep!”

‘Stay,’ I answered, ‘speak not thus. It cannot be. Man is not the creature of circumstance. He has a power that almost commands the elements, and bids creation yield. Look forth upon the heaving waters. Man has made them to subserve his interests,—his coffers of wealth are wafted over the world by the breeze, and the elements all submit to bestow him happiness. Wide-extended fields glow in verdure, to crown his enjoyments,—the animal submits to the yoke to make him blessed,—the forest falls beneath his stroke, and the wild beast shrinks away at his coming. Say not that outward circumstances are combined for your destruction. My case is far worse than yours. I could breast the unkindness of a frowning world—I would exult in the beauties of nature, and they should add to my interests, and promote my bliss. But it is the world within, this withering soul—immortal, or not immortal?—Heaven answer,—that seals my misery—that makes my fate!’

‘Then,’ returned he, ‘Die!—Die for what cause you will, but let us die together. My soul curdles within me;—I will no longer live. O! that this spirit may be annihilated, and this body be mangled and torn to infinite atoms!’

Thus continued my companion, and my own spirit now caught the maddening rage. Reason tottered on its helm, and I too resolved to die. We solemnly took our oaths in the name of Deity, if Deity there was, to leap, one after the other, headlong from the rock on which we rested. He volunteered first to consign himself to the bosom of death, and plunged beneath the rolling tide! I saw his body

once wafted to the surface of the water, but anon it was buried forever. Thus at the closing hour of day, when the broad west was glowing like the gates of Paradise, and the silvery waves of the ocean were buried in the rich light of sunset, Charles Wallingford departed!—the wreck of passion—the child of misery and misfortune. Sorrow was behind him—the blackness of darkness before him: that better land, if such land there be beyond the valley of death, shrouded forever from his vision!

I hesitated—then cursed my cowardly, dastard spirit,—hesitated again. ‘What! shall I thus launch into the dark unknown---thus leave earth, with all its scenes? never again to converse with nature---never more to rejoice in her beauties? I will not.---Will not? Coward! will not? Hast thou not sworn in Heaven’s name, and by your own sacred faith? Ah! yes; but why thus rush, uncalled for, into the dread bosom of death? Why sacrifice a life given me in kindness---a life given me to love?-----But stay these throbbings. Vile tempter, away!’ I sprang forth with a wild scream---I banished all thought and reflection from my bosom---stifled conscience, and stayed my breath---leaped, and sunk beneath the surge! O! Death! death!

* * * * *

“I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o’er.
A slender girl, long-hair’d, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage-wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought
For ever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me,
With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gaz’d and gaz’d, until I knew
No vision it could be,—
But that I liv’d, and was releas’d
From adding to the monster’s feast.”

Yes; like the Mazeppa of Byron, this body, unworthy of existence, was rescued to live a new---I hope, a better life. I reflected on my situation---I forgot my infidelity, and I felt for the first time in my existence, the glowing of a passionate love. There were

charms in that lovely one, whose eyes first met me, that I had never seen in all the beauties and varieties of nature. Yea, there was a gem brighter than the stars of heaven---richer than the gold of Ophir. Tell me not of the reward of Ambition---of the riches of science, or the worth of fame. Tell me not of the pride of independence, or the glory of learning. Happiness is love---pleasure is society---music, poetry and learning are the soothings, the affections, the love of the devoted friend.---I no longer courted death, or shunned existence. All nature was glowing with the richest beauties. The mountain and the landscape---the mead and the forest---the tree and the flower,---all spread a calmness on my soul, and left in my bosom a sensation of delight. I bowed at the shrine of beauty---I kneeled before the loveliness of virtue.---And could the past be forgotten, and could the hope of the Christian---the hope of an eternal, blessed existence be mine, what rapture would swell this bosom,---how would my turbulent senses be changed to the extacy of feeling---the enthusiasm of hope !'

Here my Journal ceased. My memory, however, tells the sequel. Our former misanthrope, who had once consigned himself to death, became, it seemed, the devoted lover ; and his fair benefactress, 'so charming, and so coy,' was soon crowned with the bridal wreath. Her parentage, and accomplishments, and other like trifles, I did not learn. Suffice it to say, she was the object of his love, and with her he returned to America. A large patrimonial estate here surrounded them with the richest comforts of life, and they were living in the highest connubial felicity. Their chosen seat was secluded---their society limited---their study, nature. Some few friends of the regretted Charles were yet living ; but they had retired to the Canadas, whither our traveller was now going to relate the fate of that subject of bad example, and ill-directed passion. May the tempted youth take warning from the history of the ruined Charles, and be saved from the destiny of a disappointed genius : And may our intelligent traveller find that hope, which is peace on earth, and bliss in heaven.

ADRIAN.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF MILTON.

HUMAN character abounds in materials of thought. Where an ordinary eye sees nothing but chaos, the man of reflection finds a realm for intellectual action. What to one appears the sudden out-breakings of feeling and passion, affords, to the intelligent, food for serious and profitable thought. The one looks upon the bare action, as it bursts out in the world, and no further;—the other loves to search for, and trace out the golden link that unites it to the man. He finds the original of all actions in the man's training—that they gather their character and complexion from modes of thinking long-continued—that it is the habit and temper of the mind and soul that breathe in every act. The intelligent mind loves to follow up, and fathom the great chasms of thought and feeling—particularly in men of great genius and learning. Here we are introduced to the sublime of our race, and exult in the grand traits of thinking and passion, of which our nature is susceptible—the restless swells and currents, that agitate and disease the bosoms of little minds, and disturb the repose of society, are not found in the sublime heaving of mighty intellects. There is a pleasure in discriminating how far great men are moulded by circumstances—how much vigor they gain from the rough handlings of time.

Stirring scenes call into action smothered and dormant energies—give birth to noble and sublime thought—as the sea burns only when the tempests rage. It is wonderful how the intellect shoots out a stem of nervous thought to meet the exigencies of the times. Great minds collect and put forth their energies, where the winds are wildest; and curb or guide the fury of the elements. We are astonished at the secret but mighty empire,---the man of deep and daring thought holds dominion over the whirlwind. He governs it at his will. He throws a spell upon the spirits of the storm, and society settles in the mould this master genius had prepared for it.

Milton is, without a question, one of the greatest characters the world ever produced. In the higher walks of intellect, he remains unsurpassed. The wonderful variety and extent of his information---the wide compass and profoundness of his thought---the great skill, with which he could bend and mould the materials of his learning, to advance his purpose---the facility with which he could trace the dependencies of thought on thought, and throw

an intellectual gleam between the narrow intervals of an argument, and lighten up his whole subject with the clearness of intuition---strike us with surprise and admiration. He had surveyed and traversed the wide empire of thought, and whatever was valuable in learning he had gathered in the ample chamber of his mind. The grand and elevated thoughts with which he was ever familiar, and which he courted and delighted to cherish, infused their spirit through whatever topic occupied his mind. No subject ever left his hand without bearing away the image of his intellectual mightiness. His productions need not the signature of his name to point out their author and original. The royal stamp is upon them. The witness is there---a profound soul breathing through all. There is pleasure in watching the motions of so mighty a spirit, through the wild and stirring scenes through which he was called to pass---to see how the deep lines of his character were drawn, and his strong features developed; and how the moral man bore up through his perilous adventures.

Milton was conscious of his strength, and felt the worth of his various attainments. He knew himself a prince in the world of thought and mind, and was well aware that the realm, where he presided, was far more pure and noble than those for which earthly potentates were contending. This high and proper estimation of his dignity, and the profound consciousness that he had strength within to maintain the empire he had gained, inspired a certain independence of thought and action that shines pre-eminent in his character and writings. His opinions were formed in the solitude of his own mind. He gave them such a hue and shape, as best suited his ideas of truth and virtue, and never altered them to please the popular taste, or to meet the wishes of any in authority. This independence is the legitimate offspring of a vigorous and well-informed mind---the peculiar inheritance of genius. The weak alone lean on a foreign arm for aid---the ignorant are checked by the old landmarks of the world; but he, who feels in his own bosom the stirring of a profound intellect, will not be led, when he should command. He does not fatter and cripple the freedom of his thoughts by the current maxims of society. He listens to the promptings of reason and truth. He reads the deep principles of mind and nature throughout, and fixes himself on that sure basis.

Milton's companions were not the wise and learned of the seventeenth century only;---Homer, Plato, and the master-minds of antiquity were in constant fellowship with his thoughts. He felt

the bond of a brotherhood more sure and sacred than the ties of common country and kindred. Great minds have a magnetism that others know not of. It annihilates all time and space, and unites congenial spirits with a silver cord that cannot be loosed. It is plain that the mind of such a mould is not likely to pursue the great highways which the multitude throng. The path he treads will be a path of his own---paved with his own mighty thoughts, where his own sublime genius alone can travel. Like the causeway, which his fallen seraph builds over the abyss of chaos, its frame must be the chief of spirits.

There was a unity and integrity in Milton that is worthy of notice. He passed his life in widely different circumstances, but he is the same in all. His opinions are not to be fashioned by the finger of circumstance. His spirit was of too deep a tone to bend to the rule of community. His firmness did not spring from an obstinate temper, but was just such as we should expect from a man who builds his opinions on thorough investigation. Cicero, with all his philosophy, is wanting in this firmness of purpose. He can cheek and smother all thoughts of the republic and liberty when Cæsar is in the senate-house. Milton was more true to himself and his principles. It commands our willing praise to see how fixed he is through the variety of his fortunes. The weapons he had hurled to so much purpose against the church and monarchy, were turned, in like manner, against the Presbyterians and Parliament, when they left the ground where he had defended them. On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, he is the same advocate for liberty---the same upright, mighty man. There is delight in studying a character, that presents integrity while all around is rapidly changing. There is in it something allied to Deity, who, while decay and change are continually wearing away the original figure of the universe, remains unaltered---the same Eternal Spirit. This unity of sentiment, when opinions are undergoing rapid and most important revolutions---when long-settled principles of society are overturning---this fixedness, when all things else are drifting about, loose and wanton---points out to us a mind of maturest strength. Milton's grasp was upon the immoveable rock, and amid the wreck and overthrow of opinion and principle, he was firm, scorning to be driven by the torrent he could not guide.

The high temper of Milton's mind may be gathered further from the manner in which he bequeathed his poem to the world. He knew the men of his age and country would not discover its gran-

deur and beauty, with a spirit that evinces the profoundness of his soul, he leaves to the judgment of posterity, what his own generation could not value. From the height he had attained, he looked down the steep of time, and placed the foundations of his fame in the depths of the future. Time has proved the correctness of his reckoning, and as it advances, Milton will be regarded with increasing respect and veneration until the whole race has found its sepulchre.

—C.—

THE DYING YOUTH'S LAMENT—A FRAGMENT.

'Tis well for him whose many years have shed
 Life's little all of joy upon his head—
 For him whose being is a blasted thing,
 On which no hope may bud—no pleasure spring;—
 For him of frenzied head—of heart forlorn—
 The favored child of bitterness and scorn:
 For such 'tis well, that in the grave may be
 A first, last rest, from all their misery.
 But when the eye hath yet the glow of youth,
 And first wild hopes seem yet as things of truth,—
 While cluster round the heart the loves of life,
 Oh! Death, thou hast a barb—a deep and bitter strife!

Yet even then, if this fast-glazing eye
 Might fix its last look on its kindred by,—
 If but this hand might feel—this spirit know,
 That those it loves were sharing in its woe,—
 And more, if, knelt around my couch of death,
 Believing friends might pour submissive breath—
 'Twere all my parting wish, with one kind smile
 Of Him who died, scoffed, taunted by the vile:
 This quivering lip and writhing brow would wear
 A sweet triumphant smile, when death had settled there.

Yet will they weep, that o'er their cherished one
 They might not bend, ere yet his race was run;
 That, for my dying words, they might not hear
 Their lov'd names breath'd with mem'ry's latest tear:
 Oh! let them grieve not then, though fast and faint
 Once throb'd this pulse, with feverish poison blent;
 And brow, and cheek, they once had deem'd so fair,
 Burn'd with dark venom, rankling cureless there;
 While but one wish, one plaint the sufferer sigh'd—
 "Oh! were *they* here—and yet, I would not *thus* have died."

What though shall gather not around my tomb
 Kindred and friends, in sadness and in gloom;
 What though by hireling hands, in hasty fear,
 Pass to its home this corse without one tear;
 Oh! say—will then my parted spirit mourn,
 That all unwept my lonely bier is borne?
 Or will it stay its new seraphic song,
 Though, circling round its dust, may wail no funeral throng?

**r——n——.

A BRIEF EPISTLE

FROM YOUNG MR. ORNITHO-FLORIO ENTIBOTALOGICO,
TO THE MOST ERUDITE PHILOMATHESIAN.

Most learned Sir, why may not I—a man of parts, I trow,—
One who has often heaved the sigh, and felt the burning glow,
Within whose bosom rests a heart, that beats and pants anon,
When beauty's form goes flitting by, and waves her lovely wand,
Why may not I—but Heaven forefend, I will not ask the favor:
Curs'd is the name—the poet's name, a hated name forever:
Ay, vilest of the human race, that motley-looking tribe,
Who shave their pates, to wear more brow than all their face beside.
See one.—Beneath the shroud of night, he'll gaze upon the moon,
Then weep, and silver stanzas write, about his dreadful doom!
His doom? Why yes; a maid he loved, and long he thought of getting,—
Ay, labored long to get, and sighed, and got—Why what?—*the miffen!*
And now a lone, lost one he lives! yes, now he lives a Poet!
Ye Muses, come! O! bless his fate; and all ye stars, shine o'er it!
But rather careless I've become, in these last lines inditing,—
Most wond'rous news have I for ye, for which I now am writing.
But, noble Sir, just tell me first, (my news I'll give you soon,)
Just tell me, (for I'm sober now, as if I saw the tomb,)
Just tell me, if this mighty mind—this genius soaring high,—
Now grasping all that's great and grand—now melting to a sigh,
Is not a genius Heaven made to rise supreme, a Poet?—
Come tell me this, most learned Sir, for surely thou must know it.
Thou! noted, skill'd, and honor'd high, by old, and young, and fair;
In many a hand, on many a stand, from Maine to Delaware.
I would not flatter, but, ye gods!—why go to the post-O.
Swelled o'er the floor, and cramm'd in bags, with mails away to go,
Ye rise as vast as mountains rise—but stay exaggeration,
Ye rise just like a stack of hay, one mighty coagregation!
And all the literary maids, and all the sighing misses,
From village belles, to modest girls, that *sometimes* blush at kisses,
Will by their windows pensive get, and turn the green Venetian,
Look out and in, and secret sigh, and read the Philomathesian.
Yes, learned Sir, I see you wave your banner floating high,—
I see you mount on glory's wings, and kiss the azure sky:
The learned e'en their lore resign—their Latin and their Grecian,
And kneel devoted at the shrine, of far-famed Philomathesian.
Then kindly deign to answer me, ere I these lines must close,
If I had better soar in verse, or tumble down to prose.
A paltry fame the Poet's sure, but then O! 'Thesian,
I write to win you glory, Sir, and win sweet Julia Ann.

I promised you important news—'tis merely a suggestion,
And as my Julia made it, Sir, most modest be the question—
Since at Commencement you shall be, a neat, spruce-looking fellow,
Will you resign your coat of blue, and come again in yellow?
For ladies throng the galleries round, and gaze upon your covers,
Alone regarding your outside, as they regard their lovers.

Excuse me, Sir, and please accept this hasty *billatdoux*.

From

ORNITHO-FLORIO ENTIBOTALOGICO.

THE MADMAN'S DOOM.

(Concluded from page 53.)

The first object on which he bent his frowning brow was the tyrant, majestic in mien and stately in stature, on whose countenance played the smiles of sincere pleasure, though it was deformed by the ferocity of the soul within. None approached him but with awe and servility, and all on whom he frowned quaked with fear; for the lion in his rage was not more terrific---no tiger more fierce. By his side stood a model of beauty and an ornament of perfection.---None could look on her, and not be enchanted by her loveliness or dazzled by the splendor of her beauty. A tear stood in her eye, and paleness sat on her cheeks. A hoary-headed priest pressing the sacred volume of the Scriptures, stood before them, about to pronounce the bond of union. The hated rival of the Madman sat near, on whose arm hung in fairy gracefulness the former partner of his joys---the blaster of all his schemes of future happiness. This tormenting sight inflamed him to downright madness, and banished every other object---every other desire from his mind, but that of revenge. "Hell-deserving seducer!" cried he, fiercely, and rushed madly to the contest; but the tyrant's broad shield, interposed between him and his brother, brought to Forcal the recollection of his scheme, and raising his arm in token of silence, he thus addressed Ali: "Tyrant! in the name of liberty and fifty good swords, I demand the surrender of this devoted castle!" "Hell, and darkness! devoted by whom, thou accursed fiend?" "Devoted by fifty brave knights, ready to die in freedom's holy cause, the clash of whose arms shall ring through every vault of this fortress, unless it be surrendered immediately and without resistance!" At this annunciation, a smile of joy played upon the features of the filial Elvira, whose heart beat high at the thought that some still lived, in whose bosoms pity at languishing helplessness, and indignation at wanton cruelty glowed with stimulating energy. But the usurper, with a countenance pale with rage, exclaimed in the madness of his soul, "Ye dastard knights! will ye see your sovereign mocked by the insolence of a vassal? Seize upon the madman! down with him! strike him down!" "Back, villains! ministers of a demon! Avaunt! else vengeance shall burst on your heads, and eternal night shall settle on your eyes!"

Overawed by the gleam of his eye and his menacing attitude, none dared approach within the sweep of his terrible weapon, for they were entirely unarmed except with a small dagger which they usually wore about their persons. "Valiant brother," said Ali, turning to the rival of the madman, "chastise that insolent villain, and teach him more civility than thus to insult his lord." "Fool, begone; I shall chastise thee ere long."

"To arms, all, and cut down the traitor!"

"Death to the tyrant!" shouted the madman. "Death to the tyrant!" burst from fifty knights. "On to the combat!" echoed through the fortress, as the Chevalier and his comrades burst from their concealment, and rushing into the room, secured every door to prevent escape and exclude all succor. Sad sight it was, to see some scores of mighty warriors arrayed on one hand threatening death and vengeance, while on the other hand was double their number of miscreants trembling before uplifted battle-axes. Ali, whom nought could deter or appal, spake the notes of war through his trumpet, which sent its shrill tones from room to room, from hill to hill, and the echoes rolled along the mountain.

Obedient to the call of their warlike chief, his vassals poured in from doors unseen before, and stood by their lord, shielded as effectually as any of the adventurers. Perceiving a continual increase to the tyrant's forces, Forcal once more raised the din and uproar, and demanded the surrender of the castle without the least resistance. "For," cried he, "unless you instantly comply, this revel shall be converted to a merciless slaughter, and this place shall smoulder in ruins over your butchered bodies."

"Never! Never!—I defy your force." "Strike, and stay not!" shouted the chief and madman at the same instant. Then commenced the desperate strife and the loud din of clashing arms, (for the principal knights had been supplied with arms by his inferiors.) The chieftain fought, the bravest of his band, clad in terrors and dread retribution. He rose in might, as danger thickened around him. He thinned their ranks, and at each blow gave death a victim. Terrible was the clash on his right, where Forcal heaped the slain, and like a whirlwind 'mid the oaks of some wide forest, rushed in the midst and hewed down all opposition. Fearful was the shock which shook the castle's broad foundations. Ali fell—fell by the hand of Forcal, who swept on, and dashed his hated rival to the floor. A shout of victory, loud and long, rose from the victors.—

The contest ceased. The madman was grasping his victim, and holding over him his blood-dripping weapon, demanding of his trembling bride if he was the choice of her affections. "Yes," returned the beautiful, though perfidious Lucretia, hanging upon the powerless arm of her husband. "Then heaven forbid that I should destroy your happiness, if happiness there be in seduction and perfidy. But down, both of ye, and beg for mercy—for life from him ye have wronged, deeply wronged." They both bent themselves before him, and humbly craved the boon of life, terrified at the fierceness of their enemy, and almost unconscious of their humiliating posture. "Lucretia," continued he, "once beloved of my heart, in you I have seen faith broken, birth dishonored, in having associated yourself to a vagabond seducer, a counterfeit of dignity, and a stain on his profession. I forgive you: but mark me! if you would preserve that life which has just been spared, fly far from this country, else you will feel the rising wrath of my countryman. And thou, vilest of worms! fly for your life, and never more breathe the free air of Albania."

Let us now return to Ali, whose fall ended the strife. He fell, yet not fatally. In the midst of the contest, heightened by rage and madness, Forcal had felled the tyrant, and swept on like the tempest: but the Chevalier spread his broad shield before the filial maiden, and protected her from all injury, warning every intruder, and slaying all those who had the presumption to disregard his menaces, and rush madly to their fate. Now that the strife was ended, with the generosity of a noble victor, he sought out Ali from the heaps of his butchered vassals, in order to save his life, if his spirit had not already taken its flight.

Restored to consciousness, the still haughty Ali demanded by what right they had dared to raise the standard of rebellion against their lawful sovereign. "By what right dare you infringe the laws of humanity, and wring with agony the souls of your hitherto loyal subjects?" "Do you question the deeds of your lord?" So saying, and collecting all his might for one desperate effort, he seized his sword, drenched in his own gore, and rushed furiously on the noble chief, determined, if he lost his kingdom, not to die unrevenged. But the terrible battle-axe of the knight did its fatal work, and stretched his headless trunk prostrate on the floor. "Vengeance was due, and vengeance is discharged," groaned the adventurers simultaneously, and a shout of victory interrupted the deep pealing thunder.

Pale and exhausted, the maiden, just rescued from a life of misery, fell upon her knees, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, thanked her deliverers in the name of herself and her sorrowful father. "Oh! my father—my father!" cried she with tears of joy, "would that thou wert here to thank my deliverers in thy own name, and to express what thy daughter would express, could she find utterance." "My courageous confederates deserve your highest gratitude," said the Cavalier, "but as for myself, heaven would never have granted me one moment's repose, had I not come to your rescue and that of my country. That I have conferred a favor on you, and snatched you from the jaws of a monster, is sufficient recompense for the toils I have endured, and the dangers I have undergone. Their good swords achieved all—thank them for your deliverance." The now blushing maiden complied, and poured forth her heart-felt gratitude for her rescue. "You all are strangers," continued she, "yet as brothers I shall honor and love you, and as defenders of innocence shall feel a deep and lasting gratitude." "Elvira!"—She started; for it was a familiar voice, and she trembled as her name was repeated by the Chevalier—"Elvira, do you know me?"

"Frederic?"

"Oh, welcome, dearly beloved of my soul! and rest assured, that, though all others had submitted, there beats one proud heart here inflamed with love of her, whose melancholy fate roused the energies of these my honored knights. Oh! come and bless me once more with those heavenly smiles, which thou hast oft bestowed upon me! Forget thy sorrows past, and lean on me for aid and defence; and, though my arm is feeble and my blood-drops few, yet both shall be expended before aught of mortal shape shall wrest thee from my arms." The maiden leaned on him for support, for the joy of that moment overwhelmed her. Her former lover, Frederic the Chevalier, was her preserver. "My God!" cried she, "now am I repaid. I can live and die in the fond embraces of my Frederic." Exhausted by the fearful forebodings of her future destiny—shocked at the violence of him with whom she was about to unite her gloomy fate, and grieving for the sorrows which her fond parents endured on her account, she scarcely sustained the shock of the intelligence that she was set free from an unfeeling tyrant.—She swooned in the arms of her lover. What a change! The cheek which once vied with the rose in loveliness, was now sunk and colorless: the eye which once gleamed with delight, plainly told that

a settled melancholy was gnawing her very vitals. Once dissolved in innocent gaiety, she was now the image of blighted hopes and despair. Without a solitary friend to soothe her distressful moments, or to lighten her load of woe, she was fast sinking into an untimely grave, on whose verge she seemed to hover awhile, till a guardian angel recalled her fast-fleeting spirits to life and unspeakable happiness. But the strife ended not here; for the echoing notes of the bugle had aroused from their various retreats a desperate band of vassals, whose mightiest efforts were directed against the gate of the castle, in order to force an entrance to assist their lord. "Stand firm, and grapple with the foe!" shouted the madman, as he hastened to unbar the huge gate. "Stop!" cried the chief, grasping the other's arm,—“for God's sake, sir, keep out these blood-hounds, till this maiden and yonder lady are provided for in a place of safety; and you, sir,” said he, speaking to the brother of Ali, “must be content to receive a separate apartment. Now,” continued he, when all things were in readiness, “now for the final struggle. Unbar the gate.” An hundred burst in at once, and began the work of death: but their numbers were soon thinned by the firm and steady blows of the knights, while the strokes of their antagonists fell at random, often giving the death-wound to some of their own party. One, a gigantic warrior, who had hewn his way through the opposing shields, and who was about to commence a struggle with the madman, his equal in size and superior in strength, suddenly lowered his weapon and bade the contest cease. Obedient to the command, his followers ceased; and as a gleam of recognition crossed his countenance, he embraced his brother in the person of Forcal. “Heavens!” cried he, “how is this? I tho't that thou wert lying on the distant plain, a prey to wild beasts and hungry vultures! Where is the lord?” “The tyrant, did you say? Look you all, and behold him weltering in his gore, gashed with wounds from the weapon of that noble knight yonder, the deliverer of his country.” All were wrapt in astonishment at this bloody scene, and that astonishment was heightened as they listened with all-engrossing interest to the narrative of the madman, as he explained to them the means by which so glorious a work had been accomplished. “And now,” said he, “since we are once more free from oppression, and possess the power of conscientious action, let us evince our gratitude to our deliverer by appointing him our ruler in the place of that monster, till some one shall be named by the choice of the nation.” “Nay, sirs, this may not be. Others,

whose experience has taught them more caution, and whose abilities far exceed mine, must sit on the throne of my country." It was all in vain: He was appointed by the universal acclamation, and his feeble refusals were drowned by the noise of the shouting.

But I must end my tale. Suffice it to say, that the Chevalier became the governor of the province, and ruled his subjects with moderation and equity. Secure in their affections, he was intent only on the increase of their power and happiness. He soon led his beloved to the marriage altar; and there they pledged their vows of love and unshaken fidelity, amidst every vicissitude of fortune. Her father was made chief counsellor, and fulfilled the duties of his station with ability and success. But tragical was the fate of Forcal. He saw the fleeting blaze of the tyrant's castle shoot up into the heavens: he saw smiling freedom's banner curling on the breeze, and heard with enraptured soul the loud huzzas of free-born men rejoicing in the prospect of happier days. He stood beside the Chevalier, and pressed his hand in expressive silence. "Sir, this is the night that shall make glad thousands of hearts, whose first effusions shall be praise, exalting their deliverer almost above humanity. But Forcal, the madman, will be forgotten, unless infancy snatch him from oblivion, and make his name a word of magic and dread. You will enjoy the affectionate wishes of all your happy subjects, flourishing in peace and power; but I shall make the mountain rocks my midnight haunts—the mountain beasts my companions in solitude, and the lofty soaring eagle the soother of my cares. I might have been happy, and had a partner in my joys; but the foul seducer came, and in my absence poisoned the mind of her I loved, and still love. May you live happy, and die regretted by all. Farewell." The thunder burst—the lightning flashed, and all was—darkness. Forcal was not there. The morning sun rose on Albania free.

Years passed on, and Forcal's name was scarce repeated. Oft upon a summer's eve, when all nature was pleasure, a passing traveller would rest upon the mount, and view the ruined fortress, and wonder what was the fate of the madman; and as he sat in silent thought, he would hear a shriek of wild despair echo along the mountain torrent, or, shooting up, it seemed to fly upon the air; and as it ended, a moaning sound would be heard—a sepulchral sound, as of spirits just departed. Some said it was the spirit of the madman, revisiting the scenes of his former love and cruelty.

It was a day in spring. Frederic, the Chevalier, rode forth up-

on his war-steed, to visit the spot where first blazed the beacon of his country's liberty, where curled upon the gale a nation's banner proudly, inviting liberated thousands; and as he climbed the toilsome ascent, he heard the faint groans of distress. He cast his eye upon a towering rock, and there beheld a horrid being in human shape.—He paused and drew his sabre. "Amid my haunts thou needest no sabre to protect thee from harm: none dare here intrude for dark designs; and none ever came this way, unless guarded by virtue's shield. These twenty years I've roamed forlorn, a lone inhabitant of these awful precipices and deep chasms. The mountain bear has fled from me as from something horrid and loathsome; and all, man and beast, have shunned me and my habitation. God's wrath is nearly expended, and his last vial is now to be poured out upon me. Ay, vengeance has its victim.—Forcal, the madman, dies!"—Awhile he hovered over the cragged brink—he reeled—he plunged headlong—and died!

L*L.

B. Washington Lomere

"OBSERVATIONS ON PROFESSIONS, LITERATURE, MANNERS, &c.
IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, MADE DURING A RES-
IDENCE THERE IN 1832, BY REV. ISAAC FIDDLER."

WE do not profess to belong to that band of literary monsters cycled Reviewers, nor is it but rarely that we wield the critic's pen; it is sufficient for us to set quietly down, content with what opinions are flung out to us from the great guns of literature, the reviews,—never once questioning their validity or fitness. Nor is it with that intention that we have now sharpened our pen to the dissecting of this bantling of the Rev. Mr. Fiddler, but merely that we may add our *quantum* of obloquy to the mountains which have already been heaped upon this unfortunate gentleman's head. And we have been assured in this, inasmuch as it cannot, by any ingenuity of malice, be considered presumptuous in us, while the whole pack, with full-mouthed bayings, are in hot pursuit, that we should add our own feeble yelpings, to aid in crying down the game.

The Rev. Isaac Fiddler, a clergyman of the established church of England, came to this country in 1831, in the full faith that he was coming into an earthly Paradise, where all that was necessary

for him to do, in order to obtain both wealth and honor, was merely to signify that he would be pleased, in his wondrous condescension, to accept them from the hands of the generous Americans; who, simple, good folks as they were, would conceive that the honor he had been pleased to confer on them by accepting their gifts was recompense enough for all the fat things they should bestow upon him. But herein, as has been the case with many others of his interesting countrymen, he was mightily deceived; for it so occurred, that instead of being received with all pomp and glory, after the true Lafayette fashion, and instead of being toasted up and down the country, and finally made, without any effort of his own, a great man in the land, as he had very rationally expected, he was, to his most excessive astonishment, left to grope his way to competency or poverty, just as Fate and himself should agree. The Rev. Mr. Fiddler, immediately on the discovery of this strange neglect of his merits by the barbarians, seems at once to have opened his eyes to their moral degeneracy, and shocked at the nakedness of the land, to have with all convenient speed retired to his native home, and there compiled the very veracious account of our blessed country, which bears the title placed at the head of this article. We had, upon perusing the first few pages of this work, determined to apply to its author all those agreeable "sobriquets" and pleasing epithets, with which all classes of community have been for some weeks past so industriously honoring him, viz: such as "infamous slanderer," "liar," &c. &c., through the whole chapter;—but as we read on, and became a little more accustomed to the tune of our Rev. Fiddler, instead of being angry, we felt ourselves marvellously inclined to smile; and finally caught ourselves in the very act of wondering, whether it might not be that some one had let off this squib, to see how great confusion he might create, or how much money he might make, by a book of travels. And this opinion indeed is not without some foundation; for any one can see, with half an eye, that it is far better than a chance in a Georgia gold mine, to be the happy publisher of a "Journal," in this country, so it purports to be written by an Englishman, and is abundantly interlarded by such outrageous and palpable falsehoods as have lately been spawned from the press. But now, having looked the book through, we honestly confess, that we hold this to be the genuine, *bona-fide* offspring of a true John Bull; since a Yankee *manufacturer* would never have dared to publish so bare-faced mistakes (!) very naturally supposing his quick-eyed countrymen would easily have detected his imposture.

through so flimsy a veil. We have not time or space to make quotations from this work, and had we, it is a great matter of doubt if we should even then. Many have probably read the work, and to those who have not, we will barely remark, that it is not *worth* reading;—it is but a reiteration of all the libels that have of late been heaped upon this country, given out according to the true English rule, viz: by premising, ‘that he came to this country entirely unprejudiced, or if any thing prejudiced, in its favor,’ &c. &c.; and finally winds off by saying, in effect, if not in so many words, that America is the choice den, where dwells the bundling, gouging, swearing, thieving, spitting spirit of democracy—a sink of iniquity, full of all abominations—the recipient of the off-scourings of the whole earth. As a single specimen of our author’s ingenuity—his almost miraculous quickness in discovering the designs of our government, we will barely state one case: ‘It seems that owing to sundry impostures having been palmed off upon the Episcopalian Societies in this country, it has become a rule with them, that ministers coming from abroad, are not admitted to preach, until they have remained in the country one year.’ But the wonderful sagacity of Mr. Fiddler has discovered something of far more consequence than the mere design of detection, by a certain society, of a religious imposter, but to use his own words, it is a “deep-laid policy of the American government, which has the peopling of the country for its object!”—’Tis but a few lines above he complains bitterly of there being no national religion. Such instances of our Fiddler’s sagacity are common through his whole work. He discovers, amongst other things, that the reputation of being a villain is, amongst the Yankees, equivalent to wealth; and in case of a marriage, a fair set-off against riches, if not superior to them. But we have not room for more of this gentleman’s ludicrous blunders, although his book abounds in them. We have selected the above instances, not as the worst the book contains, by any means; but because we have not seen *these* particular ones mentioned any where else, and we have seen many of his others. Finally, we will say that it is not at all strange that our Rev. Fiddler, and others of his ‘genus,’ publish such works: the only real matter of astonishment is, that Americans should notice the pitiful complainings of these upstart scribblers, who, too lazy or too ignorant to succeed in gaining a miserable subsistence in their own country, fly hither to write a “Journal,”—curse the land, and go back to have their pockets lined, for having so notably decried our country. We would also advise—if

advice may be given by such beardless youths as ourselves—that our circulating libraries and library gentlemen should purchase useful and wholesome works; or if they must needs have “*Travels in America*,” that they would obtain such well written and agreeable books as that lately published by Mr. Stuart, and not lumber their shelves with such useless, unprofitable and mischievous publications as are continually coming from the pens of such creatures as Halls, Trollopes and Fiddlers.

S.

THE BURIAL GROUND AT BUNKER HILL.

I.

Yes, stranger! let thy quick and measured tread,
Press lightly on this peaceful spot of ground,
For here do rest, undreamingly the dead,
Nor list they to thy gentler footsteps' sound;
But ever, as thou still dost pass around,
Mark where they lie, the noble and the brave,
Beneath each sod, each hillock, and each mound,
With scarce a stone to mark their humble grave,
While o'er them softly murmuring, does the green grass wave.

II.

This is no common burial—it is one,
Where many of the noblest blood are laid
In the cold tomb—without a warning gone,
Obedient to stern fate's command, which bade
Them hie to their home, “the pale realms of shade.”—
Such is the place which I have called my home,
When frequently I deem the power that said,
Haste ye all, and seek ye here a tomb.
As suddenly, may bid me meet my final doom.

III.

They sleep. Oh, yes—they sleep all quietly,
As does the babe upon its mother's breast;
The gentle moanings of the calm bright sea,
Whisper a lullaby, soothing them to rest
Upon their clay-cold bed—may not the blest
Watch o'er the slumbers of a fallen friend?
Keep nightly vigils as some heavenly guest,
Till their pure spirits shall together blend,
When time, which was, and is, shall have its final end?

IV.

Once on this spot, deep in the noon-tide's sun,
Bayonets and swords, innumerable were gleaming;
And their strip'd standards, loosen'd one by one,
Came dazzlingly upon the soft wind streaming,
All deck'd with stars, which, from their portals beaming,

In splendor glitter'd o'er the encamped host,
Armed for the conflict—that host now seeming,
In their array, the triumph, and the boast,
Of nations on the tide of doubtful empire tossed.

V.

Here too, once roll'd the signal drum of war,
Speeding its thousands to their deeds of blood;
Here the loud trumpet pealed its notes afar—
“On to the charge—for freedom and for God!”
Firm, undismay'd, that little phalanx stood,
Even in despair—for what, to them, the hour
When death should call them home, thus brave, thus good,
If freedom came not, with its arm of power
To break their thrall—itsself to be their richest dower?

VI.

The sun had set—night rested on the world,
But not in peacefulness—the sulphur-smoke,
Above the wave, and on the mountain curled,
And one by one, the pale dim stars awoke,
And glimmered o'er, where fell the battle-stroke,—
Then wept themselves away—the cannons' roar
The dreamless slumbers of the dying broke,
And many a warrior, walt'ring in his gore,
Slept his last sleep—no more to wake—no, never more.

VII.

Go, look the wide world over—go and learn
That lesson which should be above all price;
Range through the eternal city—lamps still burn
Over the brave, who as a sacrifice
Pour'd forth their heart's blood, bidding freedom rise,
And reign forever—view the expell'd goss,
Their worth was writ in tears, and groans, and sighs;
But not more worthy they, who press that bed,
Than those, who on this humble spot repose their head.

VIII.

Sleep on, ye brave! oblivion shall not throw
Its pall of darkness o'er your honor'd dust;
Your names, yea more, your glorious deeds shall glow
In their own brightness—not this marble bust
Alone shall tell where lie the brave, the just,
For that shall crumble—as the hand of time
Shall touch it, it shall moulder 'neath the rust
Of years—but ye shall be, as in your prime,
Remember'd for your deeds, illustrious and sublime.

IX.

Sleep on, ye brave! no more on you shall dawn
The beauteous morn, or rise the glorious day;
No clarion's note, no martial-sounding horn,
Shall rouse you from the slumbers where ye lay,
To stand again, and mingle in the fray,
Where tyrants league, to make an empire slaves!
Oh, no! rest on, uncoffin'd as ye may,
Till time shall pass—earth in her ruin blaze—
Then at the last trump rise, an army from your graves.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

IN calling attention to this very valuable series of works, it is not our intention to attempt any thing by way of review ; that has already been done with a justness that gives to approbation a double value. Nor is it merely to add our encomium ; but there is something in the design of this work, and in its execution thus far, which we would briefly notice. The present is pre-eminently the age of prints ;—all read ; and the author or publisher, who would not hazard his celebrity or his bread, must watch the bias and humor the taste of community. Leaving the strong tide of public inclination in this respect, he must be content with the dull flow and less gallant bearing of a coasting way ; to breast that tide has ever been a hopeless and perilous task. In their attempt, not to oppose, but to guide, and thereby correct the taste of the community, the Messrs. Harpers have evinced a clear head, and, as yet, a strong and steady arm. The demand they found for entertainment and novelty.—Seizing upon this bias of the reading world, and having eminently blended with the entertaining, the substantial of miscellaneous literature, they have effected much for the renovation of the general taste, and given forth a precious series of volumes, of a form and character at once convenient, useful and popular. The subjects selected are such as have interest for all who read—Biography, History and the Miscellany of Science and the Arts. Its authors are among the most eminent writers in our language.—There is no work which can supply the place of the Family Library. The substance of many of the volumes may, it is true, be found in works already before the public, but in such voluminous or technical form that for the mass of readers it might as well not be. It will be found in every Library that is complete. It were singular, passingly so, if, of the 57 volumes of this work, which have come to hand, there were none to be censured.—Such are few however, and owing perhaps to the too great haste which we think has been manifested in the progress of the work. Its conductors should feel that it is not alone a positive failure in any of its numbers that will work essential injury to their enterprise ; they have taught us to expect in them more than mediocrity ; and if there are among the already published, one volume ; and another which we could wish of any other dress, still that expectation can hardly have been disappointed in respect of the

whole. In uniform with it, though not indispensable to the completion of the set, the same enterprising publishers are issuing, from time to time, "The Dramatic Library," "Family Classical Library," and many other valuable works. Notice may be expected of future volumes of the Family Library as they arrive. —V—I.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE aptness with which they accommodate themselves to any emergency which may arise, is an acknowledged trait in the genius of our countrymen. They have ever been celebrated, at home and abroad, for this adroitness, which enables them to turn their whole force and energy towards that point where it shall redound to the greatest profit or emolument. And in conformity to this principle, we see that most of the literary talent of the country is engaged in the service of periodicals; for the prevailing taste of the age seems to relish every thing of the light and ephemeral cast, or at best, that quality of matter which abounds in our highest toned periodicals, in preference to more elaborate productions, such as are the conceptions of genius, and, perfected by assiduous and continued effort, are designed to survive their own era. Hence, while our works of the latter stamp are lost in the bright effulgence of the European classics, our periodical literature is not so vastly inferior to theirs. Our whole force seems directed in this channel, and to so good account, that even the English Reviewers sometimes vouchsafe a smile of courtesy, or bestow a generous encomium upon their suspected rivals, acknowledging that our best publications have picked up some few bright and sparkling gems from the intellectual mines of America.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published at Boston, quarterly, is decidedly the most ably conducted, and entitled to the most distinguished reputation, of all our periodicals. It is now nearly twenty years since this review was first commenced, and it has been conducted, under its several editors, with such fidelity and discretion, that its popularity has been continually on the increase. Unlike many of the English reviews, it is not devoted to a favorite party, or trammelled by any political shackles whatever. Those articles touching upon political topics have been generally characterized by the strictest impartiality and candor. The number of

new American publications which are deserving of a very serious consideration, is so limited, that in addition to a respectable number of reviews, each number generally contains several essays upon subjects of national or acknowledged interest. The last number contains several well-written articles, and among the rest, one upon Phrenology, which seems to be wanting neither in warmth nor bitterness against this new and highly censured doctrine. The writer of this piece seems to have adopted the *no-quarter* mode of warfare, resolved upon the entire extermination of the object of his attack. We know that its professed disciples have been guilty of many incongruities, oftentimes attempting to push the matter too far; but we are most egregiously mistaken, if he succeeds in convincing the community, of what he seems to have attempted, viz. that Phrenology is an absurd foolery, & all its advocates absurd fools. None are so infallible but they may sometimes err, and with all deference to our superior, we believe the North American has, in the case in hand, given striking evidence of this truth.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, published monthly at New-York, is aged just one year and two months; and yet in the short period of its existence, it has effected more—promises, than any other publication in America.—And to do it justice, it has fulfilled some of them. It is the design of its publishers that it shall occupy the highest stand in the arena of polite literature, and eventually assume the character of its professed prototype, Blackwood's Magazine. And present appearances indicate, that it will, if it continues to increase in interest, excel any thing of the kind now published. Many of its contributions are of the highest grade, and well worth the price of a year's subscription. One of its contributors to the last number, has joined issue with the writer of the above mentioned article, in the North American, on Phrenology.—And he comes up to the contest with a spirit of fearlessness and vehemence, that says to his antagonist, "Guard well thine own—no maiden's hand is round thee thrown." We beg leave to make one suggestion to our friend of the Knickerbocker—gratuitous by the way—that he should first examine the *cranium* of his opponent, and if he find him in the same predicament with most anti-phrenologists—a severe sufferer in the opinion of the world, if the doctrine be true—he will be able to destroy the force of every thing he can say, by showing that it is entirely *ex parte*.

M m.

MY HOME AND YOURS.

THERE are certain spots of earth, which, to every one who has the least symptom of a soul, become invested with a sort of hallowed interest. It is not the pre-eminent richness & splendor of their scenery which gives them such distinction: it may be to another's eye they are strikingly deficient in even ordinary attractions. Yet have they a hold on the heart which beauty alone could never gain. There may be scenes of such independent loveliness as, once seen, to hold a permanent print on the memory of every beholder;—they come up before us associated with every idea of the naturally bright and beautiful;—the eye loves them;—they have power over our senses like the spell-work of witchery; yet in all the emotions with which they inspire us, there is not the embracing of the heart. These we admire; while for the places first mentioned, our feeling is a pure and hallowed affection.

THERE is no hotter spot on earth than the home of our first years. Reader, if, like me, thou hast left thine early home, look back, and let memory do its work among the half-forgotten scenes of thy brighter days! Do they not start up before thy spirit's vision, reborn in the rich pencillings of essential beauty? Is not that the tree—the rock—the spring—the bank, which were once as the mists of thy childhood? And there is the hall of thy young days, pictured as in sunlight on the canvass of the soul. It lies in the softened glory of remembered things—a temple for the pilgrimage of the heart. And does it not smile—thy home—though it be beset in a desert? Is there not beauty in the ragged ledge—the grove—the brook—the bleak, gray tops that circle in the back-ground?—It is well, too, to call up the departed years of our purity and blessedness.—Do they not come back on the thirstings and toil of maturer life, whispering mournfully of dead pleasures, like the remembered songs of his land to the ear of the wanderer? We have left the fondest loves—the warmest hearts of earth; we have gained, perchance, the loves of interest—the heart of ice. Those, and a broader grave in prospect, are the boasted acquisition of years.

I know it is not manly, in the eyes of the world, to regret the best charities of the fire-side. I know that, to be a man, man's feelings must be schooled to the notions of men; till the memory of home and early kindnesses—of a parent's—sister's—brother's love, shall

become powerless on the palsied soul. Be it so—I am not a man then :—Heaven grant I may never be. If to meet the fond embrace—the clasp of the heart's affection, with as warm emotion—if to answer, with as ready a tear, the tears that fall for me when I turn from the threshold of my home, as in my veriest boyhood—if these be inconsistent with the attributes of a man, I am yet in my infancy. Years may have wrought changes in all things else ; but in the memory of home—my own, first, sacred home—change is beyond their power. Its idea is a part of me,—itself a spot for the visitings of my purest and brightest dreams.

I can conceive of feelings more bitter—more desperate ; but of none characterised by a more melancholy sense of loneliness and desolation, than those which possess the soul, when, after a lapse of years, we revisit our early home, now passed into the hands of strangers. It is a profanation to which we can hardly become reconciled.——A few years since I returned from a distance to my native town. With what feelings I approached the door of my home after a long absence, you, reader, can better fancy than I can phrase. It was evening ; and, from the window, a lamp threw down the lane its clear and welcoming light. Small change had been done since I was there—new paling had been recently set around the little yard in front, and the marks of decay on the quiet features of the spot were too slight to be evident through the darkness of the hour. I stepped lightly to the door—the tone of the knocker startled me—it seemed changed ; but it may be my nerve was not duly graduated, and my heart was beating almost as loudly within me. The door was opened—my tongue was toiling under its big freight of love—my arms were half around my——madness ! it was not—'twas a stranger ! “What do you mean, sir ?” Where are *they* ? “Who ?” I mentioned my family. “They removed three months since to——.” It was in my heart to thrust the intruder from the spot so exclusively my own. Gone ! and is this another's home ? There was little of the Stoic in my step, and still less in my bosom, as I strode back to the high-road. It seemed as I could better endure that loneliness and desertion should make that their dwelling-place, than that the stranger should call it *his*. Reminiscences of my early days came thronging on my brain ; and every rudiment of my soul, there first fashioned and inwoven with my being, rose against this desecration of its sanctity.

I.

Home of my heart ! once more I would tread
The soil to my visions of bright things wed ;

I would gaze yet again on the scenes that then
Were glad in my gladness as there have been ;
On the loved ones and loving that then I knew—
And feel it may be they are not untrue ;
That the youth of my spirit is not all past—
That its first deep loves may yet be the last.

II.

I feel me a lonely, and outflung thing.
From the soil of my sweetest remembering :
They heed not my sorrow—that, laughing throng,
Of the lightsome look and the soul of song—
Those fair bright bands of the young and free,
Now wild by the stream-side as once were we ;
Where they hide them and whoop, in the willow bower
That I planted there in my boyhood's hour.

III.

There's a scar-grown spot on the beechen tree,
Where I dream'd that my name would forever be ;
But ye scarce might tell what its letterings spell,—
Time hath outnawed it so keenly and well ;
While names that I know not are carved there now,
On that record-trunk, of the sweeping bough ;
And wasted things, and the perished come
On my dreams of you now—my own first home !

IV.

Friends of my first days ! ye are not now
As once ye were, of the careless brow !
Ye have changed since we sported together then,
By the sunny streams of our native glen ;
For the laugh is gone, and the kindling eye,
At the tone of our joyous revelry ;
And the look of love, and the gush of soul,
Are not as they once were, without control.

V.

I stood where that stream in sunlight went,
And aped in its rippling our merriment ;
But a change had come o'er my childhood's home,
And the voices of loved ones now were dumb !
The grave had garnered the spoils of time,
And they slept not all in their native clime ;
And strange-toned voices, in alien mirth,
Waxed wild on thy windings, my hall of birth !

VI.

And yet 'tis well ;—for who might dream
That life's young loves would changeless seem ?
For this eye of light is not as when
It looked, for the first, on the gulls of men :
This brow's young brightness is penn'd o'er
With the tales of all gone things—now no more ;
This cheek hath been bleached by the bitter tear,
And the selves that we once were.....are not here.

Celebration of the Philomathesian Society, TUESDAY, AUG. 20TH.

Orator of 1st Division, J. BATES. } *THEME—Influence of Morality on Liberal Institutions.*

Orator of 2d Division, M. SKINNER. *THEME—Love.*

Poet, J. WALKER. — *THEME—The Moral Sublime.*

Writer of the *Literary Conference*, W. L. G. SMITH.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Belfour—*An Advocate of Ancient Literature*, E. S. WARREN.

Mr. Williams—*An Advocate of Modern Literature*, G. MARTIN.

Mr. Wickliffe—*Editor of the North American Review, "So So."* } W. L. G. SMITH.

Mr. Duponseau—*A French Belleslettres Scholar*, T. H. HUBBELL.

Dr Todd—*A Cosmopolite—An Admirer of every Age and all sorts of Literature,* } C. M. MATTOON.

Celebration of the Beneficent Society, TUESDAY, AUG. 20TH.

Orator, E. S. SAYRES. *THEME—Exalted Nature of Benevolence.*

Speaking for the Parkerian Premiums, TUESDAY EVENING, AUG. 20TH.

COMPETITORS.

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C. H. BLAIR,
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C. E. BOWEN,
Z. JONES,
A. SAMSON,
C. SELDEN,
S. M. WOOD.

¶ We take this opportunity to express the warmest gratitude to our correspondents for the very liberal number of contributions with which we have been furnished. And we beg leave, at the same time, to remind them that the Association stands pledged that nothing shall appear on the pages of the *Philomathesian*, which is not entirely *original*. We are led to these remarks by the discovery, on a re-perusal of our first number, of a too evident plagiarism in the author of the "Legend of Home." To qualify our expression of regret and disapprobation of such an act, we feel would be injustice to our Association, and to the public. But we have not room for superlatives. We are forced to recognize, in a long paragraph of that article, a striking similarity to a passage in the *Sketch Book*; and in several lines, a complete identity. Now we have no objection to *accredited* quotations from Washington Irving; nor are we wanting in gratitude to some of our patrons for their quick preference of our *own* productions to those of even that distinguished author. It *may be* (?) the writer of the "Legend" is culpable only for *carelessness* in adopting the sentiments and expressions of another, which, from old familiarity, had become, as it were, incorporated with his own. But such palpable heedlessness cannot be blameless. That the matter may, if possible, be cleared up, we will cordially give place, in our next, to any explanation of this writer; soliciting, withal, a continuance of his favors by way of contribution. Will not our correspondents be extremely careful? Eds

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

Vol. 1. Middlebury College, October. No. 4.

"NOT FREE FROM FAULTS, NOR YET TOO VAIN TO MEND."

PATIENT THOUGHT.

THESE, says another, are the two simple, but magic words, which, according to Newton's own statement, contain the secret of his greatness. This same remark will doubtless apply with equal force to most, if not to all of those master spirits, and gigantic intellects, which have appeared in different ages of the world, as pioneers in the march of human improvement, and as almoners of Heaven's munificence to the world of mankind. Those men were accustomed to habits of intense thinking, of close and critical examination of things, without which, both their names, and the benefits which their labors have conferred on the world, would have been alike unknown and unrealized, and this exercise of the mental powers, must be considered indispensably necessary to the accomplishment of any thing great, or important, whether in science, literature or art; whether in morals, law, or politics; whether in public or in private life; and whether viewed with regard to the individuals themselves, or with reference to the community and age in which they live.

By industry, and patient meditation, we would not be understood to mean that listless indulgence of the thoughts, which suffers them to wander, vagrant, disconnected and confused; resting

upon no particular object, gathering no instruction from the boundless fields of vagary and phantasm, through which they pass and which deserves no better name than idle musing. Nor do we mean contemplation simply, or an unrestrained license to the imagination, flitting over spaces of unlimited extent, and like the shadows of passing clouds upon the mountains, leaving no impression on the mind. Nor yet do we mean the playful freaks of fancy, darting into the wild delusive regions of speculation, continually departing farther and farther from the truth; and, like the eagle, buried in the distant vault of heaven, in an ocean of solar rays, completely overpowered and deprived of vision, or misguided by the straggling particles of stellar light, wanders forever in the mazy tracts of doubt, without ever approaching any thing like certainty.

But, we *would mean* by Patient Thought, that exercise of the intellectual powers, which requires *effort*, which requires *decision*, and which requires no small degree of *self-denial*;—which shuts out from the operations of the mind, those almost numberless influences, which are every hour and moment, by means of the senses, passions and other causes, making their way into the chambers of the soul;—which blocks up for a time the avenues of communication between the material and immaterial world, by raising an effectual barrier against that tide of sensations which is constantly pressing its way forward upon the mind;—which chains the imagination down to the standard of sober reality, preventing at the same time the mind from feeding upon its spontaneous productions, however sweet, pleasant or agreeable they may be, unless the real essence of truth; and lastly, that effort of the mind which places the subject of investigation in the very focus of the intellect, and brings the collected powers of the soul to act in unison; to act vigorously; and to act without interruption, till the object of its pursuit is fully, and completely accomplished.

A mind thus intently engaged in the prosecutions of its inquiries goes right forward to the accomplishment of its undertaking, whatever that undertaking may be. It penetrates into the most secret intricacies of speculation and the hypotheses of phenomena, developing whole systems, and tracing every principle laid down, up to its source, to its constituents elements, and from thence following out its consequences into all the various ramifications of the most complicated theories, whether in science, politics or religion.

As the inquisitive architect, who is engaged in removing the remains of some ancient structure of curious workmanship, commencing his work at the summit of the dome and proceeding downwards till he comes to the very foundation on which the whole fabric rested, becomes thoroughly acquainted with every part, with its materials, with their form, size and properties, and what was the place that each was originally destined to fill, and whether all the parts subserved the purposes for which they were designed or not ; so those engaged in profound thought, in patient persevering enquiry, become thoroughly acquainted with every part of their subject. And could we but have penetrated into the retirement of Luther, Melancthon, and of others of the great reformers of the 14th century, and became acquainted with the operations of their minds, while they were engaged in examining the monstrous fabric of the Romish Hierarchy, and in removing the foundations of society, of arbitrary power, of superstition and tyranny, and dashing to the ground the laborious superstructure of more than a thousand years ; we might, I doubt not, have witnessed a similar process of careful examination.

We might say the same of Newton, Bacon and Locke. These men, great as they were, could never have risen above the horizon of their own age, in discovery, in philosophy and in science, had they not devoted much of their lives to solitary and patient investigation. The world had never seen Newton ascending into the distant regions of the heavens, passing far beyond the limits of all former discoveries, and like a celestial genius taking his station on a remote point of the universe, tracing the laws which govern the whole solar and stellular system, and making known the phenomena of light, had he not lit up his torch, and prepared his vehicle of discovery, in the tranquil and undisturbed laboratory of his own mind,—in the pure atmosphere of reflection, in the region of humble enquiry and patient thought.

The names of Bacon and of Locke had probably been as little known to this generation, as are now those of any two of the most obscure individuals who prostrate themselves in the temples of Mecca, or wander over the pathless deserts of Arabia ; and their admirable systems of philosophy, and methods of reasoning, had been still buried in the regions of hypothesis and doubtful speculation, had they not applied their minds to this rigid course of labor, and self-denying effort.

We might mention many other considerations showing the greatest importance of profound meditation and patient inquiry ; whether we view it with regard to its effects on the intellectual capacities and habits of individuals ; or whether we consider it with a view to the splendid discoveries, the valuable improvements and the useful inventions which have flowed from it as its legitimate fruits. Let us connect the idea of Socrates and of Plato, of Demosthenes and Cicero ; with that of their habits of retirement and seclusion.—Witness the two former in the groves of Academia, engaged in laborious studies and abstruse enquiries ; and then call to mind their precepts and systems of philosophy, which afterwards obtained such universal domination over all other theories of heathen antiquity ;—let us picture to our minds Demosthenes retiring to his cave and there, for months together, devoting his solitary hours to the labors of the mid-night oil ; and after this, observe the result of his toils exhibited in that display of eloquence, which at once called into active exercise the dull and almost lifeless energies of a whole empire, and which was more dreaded by the hero of Macedon and conqueror of all Greece, than the collected powers of a once great and warlike people ;—again we might associate a view of the garden of Tully, witnessing the meditations of the great Roman orator, with that of a whole senate bowing submissively to the powers of his eloquence ; nay, with that of a mighty empire, the mistress of the world, suspended as it were from his hand, and vibrating with the impulses of his overwhelming oratory.

After a long slumbering of the human intellect, of thought and of enquiry, we might have witnessed Columbus, wrapt in profound meditation and anxious research for proof of western soil, as he walked upon the silent shores of Andalusia, confirming his theory by long and patient observation, and at length, as the result of his labors, privation and great self-denial, bequeathing to posterity and to mankind, the wealth and the blessings of a new world. Could we have followed Franklin into his retirement, we should have there discovered that great philosopher, of whose talents and discoveries Americans shall ever be proud, devoting himself up to honest inquiry and humble investigation, with all the docility of a child, till at length, he was able to master the lightnings of heaven, and direct their destructive thunderbolts harmlessly over the temples and dwellings of his countrymen ; and thus taught mankind no longer to regard this phenomenon as an indication of God's wrath, or as

a precursor of evil to men, but as a necessary agent in the physical world.

Such are a few of the splendid results of patient thought. Yet, we do not contend that this *alone* was the *cause* of all these grand results. Notwithstanding, we do affirm that without this, such men as Demosthenes, Cicero and Columbus, Luther, Newton and Locke, Bacon and Franklin, had never appeared. America, instead of being what she now is, populous, civilized, free and enlightened to a considerable extent, furnishing food, habitation and the comforts of life to so many millions of the human race, *without this*, had still continued to be an unbroken wild. Without *this*, man had still gazed at the concave heavens with no other emotion than, perhaps wonder, at the infinitude of shining points which every where above him meet his eye, and with no more knowledge of them, than simply, that they appear in the nocturnal sky and make an impression on his mind.

Finally, without patient thought, without industrious persevering investigation, the human mind had still been in a state of infancy, imbecile, weak and timorous; but with *this exercise*, it will doubtless continue to show itself possessed of those qualities for which it has always been distinguished,—qualities which exhibit man as occupying a station little inferior to angels, and which assimilates him to his Maker.

P.

IF MEN were jealous of no rivalry—ambitious of no exclusive praise—in fear of no misrepresentations—fretted by no errors of estimation—encumbered by no diffidence (offspring of pride and infirmity;)—if, in a word, they were impelled always by the simplest and most *direct* motives, the minds of all would start up with a new energy, and move at another rate, than heretofore. Signal instances of power and virtue, if all bosoms were purged of envy, would furnish an exhilarating motive, that must at once strengthen and animate all minds :—as the direct rays of the sun on the surface of the earth produce not a warmth so invigorating, as the reverberation of those rays from the sides of hills—rock, and edifices.

Saturday Evening.

The Death of Philip.

THE DEATH OF PHILIP.

A SCENE.

SCENE—*A small opening in the woods upon Mount Hope. Enter Philip—his garments rent and besmeared with blood, looking cautiously in every direction.*

PHILIP *solus*.

My tribe is gone! My warriors are slain!
 Or if a few survive, in vain they seek
 To find their Chief, and bring him timely aid.
 My palace is consum'd, and my broad lands
 The dastard Whiteman treads and calls his own!
 And he, who once was known a mighty king,
 To whom great chiefs did render fealty,
 And whose ancestral line was prouder far,
 Than England's haught usurping lord can boast,
 Is hunted like a prowling beast of prey!
 Yes, I am outlaw'd in my own domain;
 On the same soil my fathers ruled so long!
 O! thou remorseless unrelenting fate,
 Suspend thy dire decree, and place me where
 I stood, before my brave and dauntless tribe,
 With but an equal chance, and the base knaves,
 Who seek my life, shall welter in their blood!
 Oh! had I known of their approach, or had
 A moment's warning ere they struck—but no,
 My doom is seal'd; my kingdom is no more!
 And Philip only waits this body's death
 To soar sublime beyond the winged clouds,
 Where my proud fathers dwell; where coward's ne'er
 Admission gain; but where alone the brave,
 With rapture hail'd, swell the triumphant song
 Of blood and glorious victory!
 But must I leave the kingdom of my sires,
 The Whiteman's cursed avarice to sate?
 Must these rich fields, through which my fathers chas'd
 The timid deer, and undisputed ruled,
 Now fall into the hated tyrant's hand?
 Then rouse, ye elements! collect your strength,
 And on these hills in awful terror burst!
 Roll, thunders, roll; and you, ye earthquakes, shake
 Earth's mighty pillars on their solid base!
 Ye scathing fires of heav'n! flash out, and rain
 Your forked arrows on my wasted lands;
 The limb and root of ev'ry tree consume,
 Leave not a shrub, nor ling'ring sign of life!
 Heave on, ye ocean waves, and 'neath your depths
 These lovely plains conceal; Oh! leave them not
 To smile for Whitemen. Rapacious outcasts
 Of a foreign soil, ye conquer'd Philip?

Phillip still lives, and with as free a heart
 As e'er to battle flew ! But ye have slain my tribe !
 Curses eternal rest upon your souls !
 Your hellish arts have laid my warriors low ;
 And soon their Chief shall join them in the grave.
 But ere this heart is still, and this right hand
 Is cold, your leader falls ! his blood alone
 Can slake my burning thirst. Vengeance I'll have !
 Aye, now methinks I recollect a dream,
 Which in my youthful days came o'er my sleep.
 It was the noon-tide of a summer's day,
 When all was still, and nature seem'd at rest ;
 When birds had ceas'd their song, and th' panting deer
 Had left the grassy plain to browse beneath
 The cooling shade of the wide spreading beech,
 That I reclin'd upon a gentle knoll,
 To gaze upon the gorgeous scene. But soon
 My eyelids clos'd in sleep, and thus I dream'd.
 Methought I look'd upon the Sun. It rode
 Sublimely through the boundless realms of sky.
 Long time I gaz'd upon his glorious disc,
 When of a sudden came a roaring crash
 From the far West. The mountains shook
 On their firm seat of rocks. I look'd, and lo !
 I'the darken'd sky hung a vast sheet of smoke !
 Slowly and like a marshall'd host it rose
 As if to battle with the pow'rs of heav'n.
 Now in deep ight one half the vault it hid
 And seem'd about to swallow up the Sun ;
 And when upon his face again I looked,
 From out that orb, there flash'd unwonted fires.
 Fainting it reel'd, and with a sudden plunge
 Forsook its lofty throne, and shot behind,
 That lurid cloud. And all was dark and black.
 Then burst from out that cloud a transient blaze,
 And murky night hung o'er the world again.
 'Twas that same glorious sun, which, though dethron'd,
 And deep involv'd in rayless gloom, outshone,
 As the dense clouds gave way to shut more close around.
 Such was my dream : In Philip 'tis fulfill'd.
 Although of all authority depriv'd,
 And stripp'd at once of all my influence,
 Still will I be myself, and shew the world,
 Misfortune cannot conquer Massoit's Son !
 Then come on, Church, if you such valour boast,
 Dismiss your men, and match your arm with mine.—
 But Oh ! my faithful tribe ! Who now shall lift
 Th' avenging hand the Redman's cause to save ?
 None ! none ! the wretched Indian flies before
 The tyrant-conqueror.

*(A gun is discharged without the scene. Philip rushes toward the spot whence
 the sound proceeded, another is discharged, he staggers and rests against
 a tree.)*

The Death of Philip.

O death ! I did not think to meet thee now ;
But thou art welcome : for my life has been——

(Enters two soldiers—a Whiteman and Indian.)

Indian.—Ha, ha, 'twas mine, that hit him ; see him writhe !
Ha, ha, ha !

Philip.—Villain ! Who art thou ? Speak.

Indian.—I was of your tribe ; you slew my brother !
Now I revenge his death.

(Enter Church, followed by an Officer and soldiers.)

Church.—What ! lives he yet ? *(presenting a pistol to Philip's breast.)*

Officer.—Hold, hold ; he's well nigh gone, perchance he'll speak.
(taking Church by the arm.)

Philip to the Officer.

I thank you not ! *(to Church.)* Shoot, coward, shoot !

Church (aside to the Officer,)

I was indeed too much in haste, listen.

(to Philip.) Forsaken homicide, prepare for death !

Philip.—Cowards ye are ; ye knew me here alone ;

Nor durst one meet me upon equal ground,

But, hid yourselves to shoot me as I pass'd.

Indian.—Ha, ha, and shot a mighty dog.

Church (to Philip.)

Waste not thy time in words, thou'st none to lose ;

Think on thy life, repent thy heinous crimes,

And make thy peace with Him who rules above.

Philip.—I've liv'd a life of glorious revenge !

Aye, let your smoking houses tell my tale,

Your mothers, wives, and children, slain and scalp'd

By me, and by my followers. My life ——

Church.—Stir not my wrath, lest on your corpse I wreak

My vengeance.

(Philip folding his arms, draws a Knife from his belt unperceived.)

By your mad folly you have brought,

Distraction to your tribe ; and ruin dire

Upon your faithful friends. For once repent and die !

Philip.—Revenge ! *(throwing himself by a sudden bound towards Church with his Knife upraised—he falls before he reaches him.)*

Church.—Inhuman monster die ! *(running Philip through with his sword.)*

(To his soldiers.)

Remove his corpse

To yonder hill ; there let his limbs be torn

From his foul corse, and to the howling wolves

His quarters cast.

(Exeunt, soldiers dragging off the body—Exeunt omnes.)

*. R. *.

WIT.

WIT, commonly denominated a faculty of the mind, has been defined by Locke as "lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." We shall make no farther attempt at a definition of this word, but leave that to our readers, and shall endeavour to treat the subject, as the general acceptation of the word seems to require.

In the outset, we lay down the position, that this faculty may, with propriety, be exercised in every department of life; at the same time asserting, that it is seldom judiciously exercised by any. Our position we conceive to be susceptible of easy proof, should any be required. We assume it in the commencement, because there are those in the world, (and they not very rare,) who are very seldom pleased with wit, let them observe it where they will; and though on rare, and perhaps trivial occasions, they appear greatly to admire it, yet for the most part make their complaints, as though it never failed to disgust and offend them. By the most palpable perversion of language, they brand it with the names of buffoonery, nonsense, silliness, &c. Do they observe it in the minister of the cross? his sacred office is polluted; it never should be permitted to enter the sacred desk. Do they observe it in the counsellor at law? he is no longer a defender of justice; he trifles, while he has to do with the mighty principles of right. Does the physician have recourse to it? he has a heart that does not feel, or he would never introduce that which would excite a smile in the chamber of disease, where death essayed to enter. If the man of labor ever exercises this happy gift of nature, by which he enlivens his fellows in toil, or produces jocularity and good humor; he's a thoughtless wretch, regardless of serious things.

Such are a certain portion of our race; and such their whims and notions, what would they if they could? Suppose them to have the manners and faculties of mankind at their command; and suppose them to be consistent in all their notions, and in what they did; what would be the state of things in our world? The terms

wit, humor, gaiety, all those of the kind, would be forever banished from their vocabulary. Wherever these ingredients of human nature were exhibited, they would receive no better appellations than folly, buffoonery and the like. Nay, these ingredients themselves would be ousted from the soul; and not even the *bon mot* or the repartee, ever be uttered or retorted more among mortals.

Wit, or the exercise of it, being banished from the world—and consistency preserved—all kinds of pleasantry, every thing allied to it, must by a like fate be blighted. The more lively faculties, such as the fancy and the imagination, would become dormant, if not extinct. The more sober would alone be brought into exercise, all time would wear the aspect of the most gloomy sabbath; and all mankind exhibit the character of the most demure religionist.—There could be nothing but the calmest reasoning, and the exercise of the coolest judgment in the ministrations of professional men. All, in every business of life, must maintain the utmost *seclatiness* in all their deportment, superstition and melancholy universally reign, and the world be deprived of half its happiness. Those then who are so affected with the exercise of wit, and express it in such opprobrious terms, deserve no better appellation than mistaken zealots, finding fault with what nature designed for their good.

This faculty must certainly have been planted in human nature for wise purposes. It cannot be said to have been occasioned by the fall, with any more truth than the judgment, or any other faculty; though it is doubtless depraved and liable to frequent perversion. But the same may be said of every other, even the judgment, (which, by the author heretofore mentioned, is defined as the opposite of wit,) is greatly mismanaged by every individual. Why then reprobate the exercise of wit? Why not be alike severe with the more sober operations of the mind? Who, in the exercise of judgment and reason, can term it any thing else, than a happy gift, of nature? It contributes a share in cheering the despondent, in lighting up the face of melancholy, in waking joy in the bosom of sorrow, in giving variety to the feelings of the soul, and in heightening the happiness of every pursuit of life. Not unfrequently where judgment, reason and all the sober faculties of the soul fail to be of service, those somewhat the reverse, as wit and its concomitant faculties, are subservient to the happiest ends.

We conceive then that the faculty in question was implanted in the soul for wise reasons; and that it may be exercised in every de-

partment of life.—The sacred ministry is not too grave for its exercise there, and that not at the expense of its wonted, consequent sanctity, or of the truth it inculcates, but frequently to the advantage of the latter, when managed by a judicious hand. The legal advocate, (if he discern with becoming acuteness, and if he regard his client's rights, and the cause of justice, as every one in his station should,) may, on some occasions, exercise it to valuable purposes, in the discharge of his functions at the bar. Under the management of the physician of sense and skill, it may be a most effective antidote in removing sorrow and despondency, and in producing cheerfulness in scenes of sickness and mourning, and certainly, the more honorable of our race—those who toil with their hands, should be permitted to enjoy this boon of nature.

But no faculty of the mind is more illaudably exercised, or more grossly perverted. While we condemn those mistaken zealots, who reprobate every thing of the nature of wit; we would “in no measured terms” condemn that equally or more numerous class of men who are never satisfied with any thing, unless spiced with wit, or altogether composed of it; and who, forever straining after it in their performances, fall into foolery and render themselves objects of disgust and ridicule. In their vain attempts to be witty, they become silly. They affect to please, but seldom fail to offend. It is the conduct of such wretched mimics, that brings the exercise of genuine wit into ill repute, in the estimation of the sober and calculating.

Why so much mismanagement in regard to this portion of our nature? It is because the injunction “know thyself,” is not properly regarded. Mankind, not being acquainted with themselves, are ever struggling against nature, endeavoring to cultivate and exercise those faculties, with which nature has not, or but sparingly, endowed them, or which circumstances have disfavored; and striving to unite in themselves opposite qualities. Thus it happens, that the individual well qualified to counsel by his wisdom, is weak enough to pervert his powers, in vain attempts at pleasantry and humor.—He that retires in pursuit of science, would also excel in his address among the fashionable and gay. The mathematical genius covets the polish of polite literature; and the serious reasoner, affects the wit.

If mankind studied themselves more, and learned with what they were, and were not endowed, and to what they were suited, the number vainly laboring to be wits in our world would be less; and

fewer would expose themselves to ridicule and contempt. But this not being the case, the number of writers and public speakers is not small, who consider their productions and performances incomplete unless a vein of wit runs through them ; and how many an argumentative, well digested performance has been rendered defective by the introduction of false wit ; without which, it might have done honor to its author, but with it disgraced him.

It may be thought, that this essay is quite too nice and particular. It may be so, yet we apprehend, that it would be well for mankind properly to regard every thing that goes to constitute human nature, and pursuant to the advice of the sagest philosophers, to study themselves, and learn with what they are endowed, and those who find themselves endowed with wit, learn how much, and when to be witty.

DALRY.

CONSUMPTION.

*" They who have looked on death like thine,
No more should fear to die "*

MRS. HEMANS.

There is strange beauty in the dying girl,
Raped by Consumption for the grave ; we look
Upon the fair, young bride, when she hath set
The last gem to her brow, and thousand thoughts—
Love, hope and trust, and tender love's loveliness—
Burn to an eloquence upon her cheek ;
And she is beautiful ; but when we gaze
On the meek sufferer wasting out of life,
With her locks platted anointed o'er a brow
That, on its pale ground, makes them strangely dark ;
When wasted life seems mustering its strength
Brightly though briefly to burn out, and lends
A fearful lustre to the eye, and tones
That are all emphasis to the tuned voice,
And flush hues to the cheek, more beautiful
In their rich mockery than the health they seem ;
Then will the heart bow down, as at the shrine
Of a pure holiness in beauty's robes.

'Tis strange that Death can be so lovely ; we are wont
 To call him terrible ; and when he comes
 Fiercely upon the strong man's nerve, and wrings
 Life with an agony from his ripe heart,
 Men shudder, and have tears for once ; but when
 He masks his barb, and puts such brightness on,
 Weaving the spirit from its clay, and wakes
 But now and then a pang to aid his suit,
 We feel almost that we could die, if so.
 'Twere meet such death should be for those, whose hold
 Is strongest on our hearts ; and so it is.
 We could not bear that, rudely torn from life,
 Earth's angels should depart ; and therefore 'tis,
 In kindness to unweave our souls from them,
 Consumption comes, and with soft argument,
 Yet sure, beguiles them from us ; of our fears,
 And hopes that come to hopelessness, and leave
 No more so bright, paving a smooth descent,
 Down which to slide them noiselessly to death.
 All times give tribute to the grave ; but most
 The lovely perish when the year grows old—
 Falling when leaves fall, and how like to them !
 It was autumnal time, and men had stored
 The ripe fruits in the garner. From the groves
 Wheeled a rich flood of foliage to the ground ;
 And the harse winds, in melancholy mood,
 Went piping solemn things among the boughs.
 It is a solemn time when through its depths
 The forest quits its glories to the blast ;
 Through its bared reach the eagle gives its wing,
 And screams among its tops ; the locust, throned
 On the gray limb, drones dirgelike ; and the air
 Puts on meet seeming for the funeral hours,
 Mourning the twilight year ; though some do praise
 Such deep-hued heavens, and find place for smiles.
 But there was one, who, in the vintage joy
 And music of glad rasps, heard the voice
 Of other things than mirth. For yet a time
 She gave her smile among the sister band ;
 Yet faintly, as 'twere her choice to weep ; but soon
 The leaves that summer nursed above her path
 Came round her to the earth, and warned her hence.
 Flinging the young hopes from her heart, she turned
 Fittingly, and in felt earnest, to her grave.
 The promise of glad years was on her soul ;
 The holy loves of kindred, and the smiles
 Of a bright world to her, and the kind thoughts
 Of a live-hearted girl for her young mates,
 And memory of some few fresh years of love,
 And visions of strange brightness, springing up
 In the far future—these had all been hers ;
 And she had looked upon them, one by one,
 Yielding the tribute of a death-bed tear
 For these sad comforts now ; then tearing them
 From out her being, that she so might turn

Encumbered to the strife, and better die.
 She had been lovely in her life ; and when
 The beautiful went thronging by, I marked
 No eye like hers—so speaking of the soul ;
 But now 'twas more than beauty. Through the hall
 Steps took a desolate hush, and words were breathed
 That were not hope's. With our sad thoughts we come
 To look on haggard misery, as it clings,
 Outworn, to life, and hear lament that she,
 So young, must perish with such hopes of hope.
 But when we saw the meek and holy calm,
 That reigned in her lit eye, and heard of peace,
 And hopes better than earth's, and of a home
 Where she would soon find rest, while in her look,
 All that is this world's beauty took the light
 Of Heaven's irradiance ; Oh ! then we felt
 That Death and loveliness are not sworn foes.
 Then gathered those, who from afar had given
 To the quick summons answering haste, to look
 Once more on her they loved. It was a scene
 Such as will make the memory its slave,
 And sear its imagery upon the soul.
 She knew how wildly to a voice beloved,
 Toned to a farewell bitterness, would leap
 Her fond heart back from its gained quietude ;
 And trusted not its power : for words so well
 Fit not the o'ermastering eloquence of love,
 And the swift tides of feeling, confluent
 In one brief moment to the flooded brain,
 As does the speech of spirit in the eye.
 And this was theirs—the language of the look.
 There came, while yet the parting pang was stayed,
 A brighter hour ; with severed throb no more
 The maddened pulse leapt on its burning way.
 Bright with returning life, the kindled eye
 Beamed joyously ; and Hope half lit her torch
 To mark the welcome change. Delusive spell !
 So brighter beams along the brow of Heaven
 The midnight meteor ere it blend with night :
 With fitful ray, so shoots the farewell flash
 From out the sepulchre of wasted fire.
 In the far cloudless west, with holy light,
 The Sabbath sunset burned—her last on earth.
 On her pale, pillowed cheek its parting ray
 Fell tremulous, and seemed an earnest given
 Of brighter day where suns may never set.
 So calmly turned her reverential eye
 On the fast-fading glow, she seemed to gaze
 On some near seraph band, and hold commune
 With sister spirits of another sphere.
 Her hour had come, and she was of the dead.
 Yet o'er the ruins of her fallen hopes,
 With waning life entombed and loveliness,
 Triumphant was the Christian's faith ; and rose

On Beauty's wreck, like star of morn on night,
Her Hope of Heaven and Immortality.

It may be that the wire my hand hath waked
Gives forth too sad a tone; yet there are those,
Perchance shall find in it no note unknown.
It may be for the theme my heart hath tune;
For I have deemed that in such death were held
The shadows of my own, not all concealed
In the quick method of my youthful blood.
And it is well even thus; for we should make
In life acquaintance with our end, nor come
As the chased victim to the sacrifice.
And if 'tis ours to die; and of that death
Heaven grants to give foretold; why may not
Our thought of it be as of one, who holds
A message forth, himself not well beloved,
For fee of some few tears possessing us
Of a rich good that shall be?

—————y—————c.

HUMAN LIFE.

ARISTOTLE, in his celebrated Criticism on ancient literature, remarks, that in "a perfect tragedy there must be three distinct parts—a beginning—a middle, and an end; which reciprocally sustain such a relation to each other, that, with the loss of either division, no dramatic performance can be complete."

When for a moment we take a glance at the moral world, we find that with equal propriety, we may make a similar division of the time given us to play the great drama of Human Life. Youth, manhood and old age, though so widely different in their peculiar characteristics, are yet all equally requisite to make up the grand sum of human existence. Widely different scenes on life's picture are presented to the view of each. The ardent mind of youth looks only on the future; the bustling man of the world looks on the present hour; but the aged man looks back on the past, and finds food for thought in the dim chambers of a memory stored with the incidents of a long and eventful life.

It is to the youth, whose brow is as yet unwrinkled by the wasting cares of maturer years, that the future presents all that is brilliant and beautiful. Then it is, that he sees before him, none of the black clouds that hang over and darken the bright pathway of life. He confidently looks onward through the long vista of years before him, and discerns nothing in the prospect that can obscure the liveliest and brightest visions of youthful hope. Man, to the eye of unsuspecting youth, seems not the cold and heartless being, which he at last finds him. The world opens to his view, only its fairest and most glittering scenery. Its honours, its gaities and its pleasures appear in unending succession before him.

* * * * *

Years have passed away, and he is now within the pale of manhood. How widely different now, is his sphere of action. He has forsaken the quiet stream in which his former pleasures flowed, and has plunged into the deep ocean of human strife and ambition. He mingles deeply with men and learns to love the noisy din of cities. Ambition has taken possession of his soul, and is the mainspring to his every action. He soon learns the deception of men, and too soon practices their intrigues, and imitates their vices. His soul, once the home of every pure and generous emotion, now becomes the receptacle of all the dark and selfish passions that ever infested the human heart. Those calm enjoyments, which he once regarded as noble and exalted, he now looks upon with hatred and disgust. Those scenes where he once found a pleasing and tranquil retirement, undisturbed by the tumultuous excitements of human strife, he now avoids as intolerable monotony.

But look at him once again—when age has chilled his misapplied energies, and his withered and decayed frame is tottering on the confines of two worlds. He now casts a mournful, but impartial glance over his past life.—Honors he has gained, but still higher remain beyond his reach.—In his long intercourse with the world, he has found the great mass of mankind as they really are—callous to each others miseries, until prompted by the cold and calculating hand of self interest. When unactuated by this motive, the hand of friendship is withdrawn and the heart is forever steeled to the calls of suffering humanity. He now is forced to confess that the happiness for which he had once so fondly hoped is yet unattained, and that the lofty fabric which his youthful fancy had so confidently reared has tumbled into ruins.

X. Y. Z.

PHRENOLOGY ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

WE are fond of dreaming of the future. But our anticipations are usually confined to our own individual careers. We meditate with delight on the future events of our own lives. Inspired by hope and guided by fancy, we picture the scenes which lie beyond our present path of existence, and allot to them such special colouring, as may best comport with our wishes or our judgment. But it is with the past and present that we have most to do. And in looking upon past, and dwelling upon present times, we are all accustomed to regard the history and interests of the great body of mankind.—We are here willing to banish self, and bring to the mind objects of greater compass and importance. We are here willing to merge the *individual* in the *mass*. We can delight to trace the causes which have affected the condition of multitudes and decided the fate of nations. We have to watch the progress of centuries as they move down, like ever-changing undulatory waves, to the vast ocean of eternity.—*Not so*, however, in reference to the future. Here arises a limit to human knowledge.—But though the knowledge of the future is denied to mortals, it still affords inexhaustable material for speculation. Keeping within the bounds of *absolute certainty*, we can indeed only play upon its surface, and now and then take a glance beyond the veil that conceals all but the past and the passing from our gaze.—Aided however by the lamp of experience, and availing ourselves of that stock of sagacity, with which heaven has endowed us, the wide field of *probability* opens for us, sufficient to gratify our curiosity, rouse our fears, or animate our hopes.

Start not, gentle reader, with the fear that I am about to castigate you with my prosing speculations, or catechise you with prophetic preaching. I have indeed made a large preamble to introduce a larger and more serious subject. I have not for you a political essay, or a sermon on nullification and secession—But—startle not at my words—I come forward as the enemy of that species of rant, which claims for its emphatic watch-word—“*the March of Mind.*” When confined within its legitimate sphere, we would be the last to curb that *spirit of innovation*, that *love of Theory*, which has accomplished so much for our race.—But let us request these innovator,

and speculators to look a little to the future. Let us see what would be the effect of accomplishing *that universal resolution of all things into their elements*, which they seek to attain.—Should there not be a limit to our knowledge of many subjects? Is there not a point in the progress of the mind in which the imperfection of our senses becomes a *blessing*?—when “ignorance is bliss”?—Would we wish every fibre of the Heart to be unravelled, dissected and laid bare to the gaze of our fellow-man? Are there not many things about which the author of our Being has wisely and benevolently thrown the veil of impenetrable mystery? Would not the very web of society, the very foundation of agreeable, social intercourse, be destroyed, by perfecting our knowledge in a very few subjects?

These are questions which we would seriously propound to those, who, for the purpose of education, would regulate the mind by machinery; to all those who expect so thoroughly to discover the elements of the human mind, as to obtain a formula for its development; to all those who would convert us into factitious beings.—In this class of speculators we rank *Phrenologists*, as those whose arguments are the most plausible, whose principles are the most sensible, and the most to be dreaded, in their application.—Claiming the aid of *High Philosophy*, sheltering themselves beneath the plea of *Deep Metaphysics*, demanding for themselves the high-sounding proof of *Induction*, they require undoubting confidence in their preposterous theories. We call them preposterous. This sounds like bare assertion. We cannot here enter into an elaborate discussion of the subject; but we can apply the argument *ad hominem*. And, as we hinted above, there are subjects on which we can calculate the probabilities of their future history.

Let us take this vision of the future, and look a century hence into the secrecy of Time. Let us suppose that the science of *Phrenology* becomes established and perfected; that a belief in its truth becomes universal; that all are able to apply it and become acquainted with its practice as well as its theory. *Phrenology* will have become a necessary part of education. The schoolmaster must be an adept, and the stripling must be drilled and initiated into its mysteries with as much care as he is taught his grammar.—All that is desirable in the knowledge of our neighbor's character, will be obtained by a certainty as unerring as Omniscience itself.—Observe now the intercourse of men.—Two men meet. By bumps, each must determine the other's character. There will be an irresistible propensity to stretch forth their hands, and an examination of

bumps must take place. Thus instead of the shaking of hands, the bow, or the kiss, the salutation on meeting will be converted into the *feeling of bumps*—And thus 'twill be

———“a coasting welcome,

“Wide unclasping the tablets of their thoughts.”———

Every candidate for favor must then rest his hopes on his *bumps*. The politician will be elevated to power only by his *bumps*. The Congress becomes a collection of *bumpy-headed legislators*.—The casuist and curio settle their doubts by *bumps*. Hallowed Friendship becomes subject to this tyranny. Congeniality of character is determined by similarity of *bumps*; this becomes the token and the seal of Friendship.—*Sacred Love* does not escape. The lover woos by *bumps*, and on the faith of *bumps*, weds his intended at the altar.

This then is the triumph of induction, of *facilitiveness*, of the “*march of mind*.”—This is sublime machinery,—the noble subjection of the mind to rule.—Our enlightened and prosperous race become indeed, not “*hewers of wood and drawers of water*,”—but *Feclers of Heads*.

Is this the vision of a disordered imagination?—We would not needlessly oppose the propagation of such theories;—we do not pretend to point out their falsity or truth;—we do not pretend to meet them on the field of argument. But in a subject which addresses itself so directly to our own “*business and bosoms*”—which so essentially concerns the vital interests of all decent gentlemen—we trust that we shall be pardoned for thus freely giving our prognostica upon the probable result of their future operation.

SCOTT.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

*" But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 " Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
 " Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
 " A deathlike silence, and a dread repose. "*

ELOISE & ABELARD

What mean these cold and clammy drops, that settle on my brow ?
 What means the black and thick'ning cloud, that's gathering o'er me now ?
 And why this dead'ning pulse, so faint, that like some chord unstrung,
 Swept by the drear and chilling blast, its last, sad strain has sung ?
 Away, thou cheerless, icy world ! I've drank of all thy joys,
 And yet, I would not give *one sigh*, for all thy princely toys.
 There is a cursed, bitter drug, to dash thy pleasures now—
 I would not even taste again, to win a tiarad brow.
 Thy sympathy !—I would not ask for sympathy of thine,
 To gain thy choicest, richest meed, to cheer this heart of mine.
What is thy sympathy to me ? the sycophantic guile,
 That ever on confiding hope would palm the treach'rous smile.
 Of what avail the kiudling smile ? when through your veil I read,
 As with the pointed diamond writ, the last, cursed spirit's creed.
 Friendship, I hate thy sultry breath—'tis the calm, deadly blight,
 That on the morning's beauty hangs the drapery of night.
 Aye ! e'en thou too hast feigned to soothe the swellings of the heart ;
 To pour the oil on heaving waves !—'twas the mockery of art !
 Elsewhere hurl thou the barbed shaft, elsewhere shed forth thy beams ;
 I thought thy rays were warm and bright ;—but all are childhood's dreams.
Ambition's soothing sounds once came like music on the ear,
 And *Hope's* fond whisperings were passing beautiful to hear ;
 But now, *Ambition's* reveries like some lost strain have passed,
 And *Hope's* etherial tints were e'en too heavenly to last
 The past ! Aye, well, I am not now as *then* I e'en *would be* !—
 Oh, memory, thou art doubly curst, for all thou bring'st to me !
 Thou art to me the keenest pain— though pleasure yet thou hast—
 And o'er the harmony of thought, thou aye a gloom wouldst cast.
 Thus when in music's thrilling hour, should some stray note arise—
 Tho' angels touch the inspiring lyre—'tis then that music dies.
 Thus revelling in the dew-drops bright, o' life's fair morning hour,
 And when its beams are cheering me, ah, then will tempests low'r.
 I've seen the best of manhood's birth, lost, to memory save,
 And hopes and joys and happiness, oblivioned in the grave ;
 I've seen, false world, thy soothing hand—aye, soothing as despair—
 Spread its dark, cold pallidness o'er hopes supremely fair ;—
 But why revive the past of years ! experience is nought ;
 It's so with lights and shadows blent, so with illusion fraught.
 Nature, I've bow'd the knee to thee ; I've worship'd at thy shrine ;
 And when I felt thy sacredness, I thought me ever thine ;

But now thy once enrapturing voice, is smothered in its grave,
And thy soft breathing tones are lost, like music on the wave.
In meditation's holy hour, when fancy e'en would wing
From dark reality her flight, and richest treasures bring,
Would virtue, worth and purity, their shadows round me cast ;—
But 'twas a sweet delusion all, and perished as the past.
My passions, like the mountain storm, rush onward to their end ;
'Till bosom'd with the lost of earth with purity shall blend.—
Hail! thou oblivion of the past, where peace is purely shed,
And o'er the passions of the soul the calmest sky is spread.

BRASSER.

THE STRANGER,
OR
A HISTORY OF THE PISCATORIANS.

CHAPTER I.

———“ *And thereby hangs a tale
I could never yet unravel.* ”

It was a raw unpleasant day in April. The sun was sinking behind the Chatagee ridge, which skirts the New-York shore of Lake Champlain, and shone with a pale and yellow light thro' the smoky clouds that drifted along the western sky : while on the east, the heavy fogs hung low upon the Green mountains, and hid their ever verdant tops from the valley beneath. The winds blew from the unthawed snows of the north a damp and chilly breeze. The Steam-boat Phoenix was moving swiftly on its southern course through the Lake, bearing its usual freight of passengers, mixed and motley in their appearance as the spirits of Goethe, and dissimilar in their natures as the cargo of the great father of navigators, whose long-toss'd bark first stranded on Ararat's rocky mount. Some paced the deck in silence ; others stood watching the shore on either side to catch a view of the little villages within sight, where perhaps dwelt some friend or relative. Some remarked upon the gloomy aspect of the scenery, while others, who were not strangers here,

contrasted its present, with its former appearance; such as they had seen it in the glad season of summer. Now the bold and rugged outlines of Nature were alone visible. But when the vivifying influence of a vernal sun should quicken into life the vegetable world; when Flora should have passed this way, to breath her grateful zephyrs across the broad valley, and throw her soft mantle of verdure over the face of creation, then would this Switzerland of the North blend with the lofty and the sublime, the beautiful and the picturesque.

There was, however, one passenger on board who little heeded the beauty or the dullness of the scenery—a small lean old man, with dark eyes and a saffron colored visage, whose locks were thinned by age but had not yet lost their original colour—a glossy black. His accent bespoke him a foreigner. Clad in a suit of blue, rather neat than expensive, and wrapped in a weather beaten camlet, he lay reclined upon his side, and resting on his elbow upon the baggage on deck. Is any one so fastidious, as to be ready to exclaim: “an awkward position in which to introduce a hero!” Permit us to plead, as an excuse for this evident breach of etiquette, the manifest illness of the good old man; for his ill-suppressed groans, his difficult breathing and incessant coughing gave ample proof that he was laboring under a fit of the phthisic. As evening came on and the fogs were beginning to settle upon the Lake, most of the passengers left the deck, when the old man whispered, (for he was unable to speak aloud,) to a humane young man who stood regarding him: “Oh! the horrors of strangulation! I shall die—certainly if I stay here.” “What shall I do to relieve you?” said the other, deeply moved by his situation. “Get me to land—for I shall die here.” “Die!” said the Captain, who was passing at the moment, “so will the ——— egad! he will go for it,” suddenly checking himself, as he discovered the truth of his condition. “I was never so bad,” he continued, “this damp air is choking me—I shall die—and all that is in my boxes will be scattered and lost,” turning his eyes mournfully upon three little iron-bound chests of oak, that were snugly packed by his side; and for a moment it seemed as if he must have been strangled by the workings of his disease. A bystander hearing him mention the contents of his boxes, even at a moment when he seemed to be gasping for his last breath, forgot the solemnity of the scene, and most uncharitably smiled. But he wronged the poor man if he accused him of avarice, for he had no beloved gold to tax his last hours with solicitude and despairing regret; and the chests,

ah! little did any one on board know of their contents. "If I die," said he, "give the chests of the poor Italian Stranger to his friends." "And where shall we find them?" asked the Captain. "You know as well as I do—Oh! yes, the Piscatorians are almost every where—in America"—his utterance ceased, and he was unable to speak another word. "The poor fellow's sufferings will soon be over if he remains here," said the Captain; "lower the jolly boat, and put him ashore on Syeamore Island." On this Island, which is situated a mile or two from the Vermont shore, stands a small neat looking dwelling house. The Stranger, with his ponderous baggage, was soon landed on the grassy bank, and almost as soon led by Mr. Aubury to his hospitable house; where the hand of kindness administered the grateful opiate, and strove to avert the calamity which seemed so near its consummation.

Attended by the assiduities of this humane family, the sufferer soon found that his situation was far more comfortable among his new acquaintances than on board of the boat. Yet the struggle was long and doubtful; during two whole days he was unable to speak, and every moment it seemed questionable, whether the next would number him among the living. At the end of that time he began to mend, and in a few days was able to walk about the Island. Still there was a veil of mystery thrown over this foreigner, which even the inquisitive spirit of the Yankee could not penetrate. He frankly told them that he came from Italy, but when any enquiries were made concerning his name, he would jocosely answer, that it was sufficient for him if they would call him *Stranger*. Why one so advanced in years had undertaken a tour across the Atlantic, or what his business in this country might be—he alone could tell.—He seemed a curious compound of gravity and eccentricity, and related so many wonderful stories to the girls, never making any mention of himself, that he soon became a favorite with the family. "I am poor in gold," said he, "but suffer me to remain with you, until I can discover my friends, and *they* will amply reward you; for when they learn the contents of my boxes they will not value their weight in gold, especially if they have any of the true Piscatorian blood in them." Now this was all *Greek* to the good family, but they were kind souls and disposed to benevolence. Mr. Aubury was a sedate man—a Frenchman when young, and when he lived an hundred miles farther north; but having married a Vermonter and settled down on rather doubtful ground, near the confines of Vermont and New-York, as it were on the fence, and throwing the

weight of his political influence, alternately into this State, or that, as their party revolutions coincided with his own orthodox views, he had become naturalized—a downright Yankee, and was possessed of the generosity of a Yankee. Mrs. Aubrey, however, acted as a kind of generalissimo, in their domestic concerns; not that she wished to domineer over her husband, but because *she* was competent, and *he* was a still body, and had no objection to her ruling the roost. Besides, the leading strings, which she used in all her gubernatorial manœuvering, were of so soft and silky a texture, that they seldom gave him any pain, or even reminded him that the bit was in his mouth. Madam was desirous that the Stranger should tarry with them, as long as he pleased. For there was something so dark and ambiguous in relation to him and his, that it roused her curiosity, and every time he chanced to drop any obscure hint, she felt more than compensated for all her trouble, by being permitted to know so much concerning that, of which she understood not a word. And notwithstanding his apparent poverty, who could tell but that his chests were filled with gold or Golconda diamonds; or that he would not, at his departure, by way of surprise, make her such a present as would raise her to unbounded opulence.

It was about this time, that young Logan availed himself of a short respite from his studies, to spend a little season at the house of a friend, who resides in one of the most retired towns on the eastern shore of the Lake. As Grassy Mount, the verdant promontory on which the dwelling of his friend was situated, chanced to be nearly opposite to Sycamore Island, this latter spot soon became one of his favorite resorts. How his first acquaintance with the Aubury family commenced, it is now difficult to determine; but since he had no other employments to engage his attention, than rambling in the forest, on the Lake-shore, or sailing on the Lake itself, we may at least suppose, that it was the result of accident. Mrs. Aubury was a kind, talkative woman, and what is more, had three lovely daughters; and as the whole family manifested a disposition to render his visits as agreeable as possible, it is not wonderful that he should have been pleased with their civilities, and availed himself of their company. He had here fallen in with the Stranger; and they were often seen strolling about the Island together, scarcely knowing why they were pleased with each other, but gradually contracting a closer intimacy, until the old man seemed to derive a pleasure from answering such questions, concerning the land of the Cæsars—the home of mighty poets and orators, as were suggested by the inquir-

ing disposition of the younger. He had no great claim to the rank due to scholastic acquirements; but he came from a land fraught with those associations most interesting to a student. He had slept within the walls of the Eternal City, had sailed on the bosom of the yellow Tiber, and gazed on the terrific flames which were emitted from the parched crater of the groaning *Ætna*. Numerous were the adventures he related, always exhibiting the same inflexible air of gravity and ascetic cast of mind, but often times there would escape from behind his sanctimonious phiz, something which seemed to indicate that he might have been more gay in his younger days—perhaps facetious. But his name and object in coming to America, were topics it was useless to broach; topics, that seemed to be located in a kind of forbidden ground, well guarded against the manoeuvring attacks of the inquisitive youth, by the bulwarks of cunning secrecy and reserve. All he could learn on this point was, that he was endeavoring to establish a correspondence with some one, as appeared by his entrusting divers letters to the hand of Logan to be deposited in the Post Office, but with a thousand injunctions never to reveal to any living person the superscription.

They were one day sitting under the shade of the great Sycamore, which has given its name to the Island, and whose giant dimensions have raised the wonder of many a passing voyager, each apparently absorbed in his own reflections, when the Italian abruptly broke the silence: "Logan, you are a good young body, but you know nothing of the Piscatorians." "No indeed sir, do you?"—"Do I? do I know any thing of the Piscatorians? do I know any thing of myself!" And he spoke with such an air of earnestness that Logan was startled. "Come" said he, "some day when I am able to converse, and I will tell you a long story of me and mine. Come, and I will tell you what few in this world know—none save myself. It might not interest you—yes it *shall* interest you. Eternal secrecy, you know, and you shall understand what mean those letters I have given into your hands." This was uttered in a manner he had never before assumed; and with such an air of dignity that his auditor, as he gazed upon his venerable features, no longer deemed that he looked upon the same old poverty-stricken emigrant as formerly; but his fancy was busy in conjuring up many an important personage, with whom he might at last identify the little man of the brown camlet and olive wood cane. He thought of the wandering Jew, an Italian Prince in exile—perhaps he was the last survivor of the De Medici family. The suspicion of some repentant

pirate, or desperate leader of a lawless banditti—fie! his very physiognomy gave the lie to such an ungenerous thought.

The furlough of Logan had well nigh expired. It had rained incessantly for a week, for it was one of those long windy storms which generally bring a fit of ennui upon the idler, and cause many a harbourer of the *blue-devils*, who never prays at any other time, to pray most heartily—for fair weather and a sunshiny day. No wonder then, that when the clouds began to break away, and the sun rose from behind the drenched and smoking evergreens, to gladden the suffused face of Nature, that Logan hastened to pay a visit to the Island. And unloosing the little boat, which had remained for some time undisturbed at its moorings in the cave, he shot forth upon the bosom of the Lake, with a heart as buoyant, if not with a form as graceful as that of the Lady of the Lake, when she first appeared before the wandering Fitz James. Logan was possessed of a mind always alive to the beauties of creation. His imagination could have clothed the surrounding scenery in the richest robes of fancy, but here Nature has outdone the fancy of the novelist. The names of our mountains and rivers have never been “wedded to deathless verse;” no wizard has arisen among us to wave his wand over our highlands and our lakes, to impart to them that charm and association of interest which is the price of immortality. But he that has ever launched his boat upon the silent bay, whose mirror surface sends back, with graphic shades, the true reflection of Grassy Mount, or has ever stood upon the sandy beach of Sycamore Island, knows that there is a view from thence, which would speak the praises of him, who should faithfully and vividly describe its beauty and grandeur, to ages hereafter. The waters of the Lake were sparkling with that brilliancy which always succeeds a storm. The mists of the morning curled up the hill sides, and faded away into the ether, like the dreams of youth. No breath of air disturbed the stillness which pervaded the Lake, the verdant intervals and swelling forests, which stretched as far on either side as the vision could reach. Numerous islands studded the Lake, and the beautiful little one whither he was bound seemed a miniature paradise; and was rendered more picturesque by the groves of butternut and elm which had been suffered to remain in all their native majesty, and spread their long umbrageous branches over the soft grass beneath, as enchanting to those who reposed under their shade, as the fancied Elysium of Mohammed. Methinks I hear the reader exclaim, that he has seen, which exerted the most potent enchantment over th-

enraptured mind of Logan, arose from the fact that the three Misses Aubury dwelt there—those little lively creatures who were alway; arrayed in a dress of pea green, whenever he paid them a visit, and looked for all the world like Nymphs, or Naiades, or Dryads or Tritons, or whatever fairy beings they may be that surpass all the rest in loveliness. Now since we are interrupted, we wish to remark that we are not relating a love tale, and if our young visitor had any particular partiality for either of these “Ladies of the Lake,” or even if he was deeply smitten with the charms of Miss Annette, who was the youngest, perhaps the fairest of the three; we consider the secret as his own property; and that it is downright impudence, indicative of a meddling spirit, to inquire into his amours, or ask who may be the object of his affection. His paramount design in this voyage was to talk with the old Italian, in compliance with his own request. And he fondly hoped that this day would explain the story of the Piscatorians, and lift the veil of mystery from the character of the Stranger.

Swift as an arrow the little boat carried its exulting and impatient pilot over the waters. At the door he was met by Mrs. Aubury, who without waiting for ceremonies began: “Mr. Logan, Mr. Logan, the Stranger is gone!”—“Gone! when did he leave?” “You do not understand me, he has gone to another world. He is dead.” “Dead! impossible! when did he die?”—“It is not impossible, sir, that we should all die; and the old man was strangled to death four days ago; and we could get neither doctor to cure him, nor any one to help bury him, for there was never such a stormy, windy time—no communication across the bay.” No doubt our readers have already pictured to themselves the sequel; fancy that they see thro’ the whole plot, and are ready to exclaim: “Cruel family! ungrateful hosts! Tempted by his supposed wealth, they have barbarously murdered him, that they might appropriate the treasures of his chests to themselves. Tell us where and how they expiated their foul crime; for they surely deserved death in its worst form.”—A truce to such interruptions; they are most unmannerly, and this is the third time we have been troubled in one short chapter. In the first place, any one who should suspect the Aubury family of such a deed, would deserve hanging as a cure for his suspicion. And as we are telling a true story the veracity of which can be tested, if the reader will be at the trouble, we choose to relate the matter as we please; and do hope that a courteous sense of propriety on the part of others will allow us that privilege. We shall certainly be faithful in our relation

and here resume it where we were interrupted.—The girls crowded around, and Annette commenced. “O dear, Mr Logan,” (she was unconscious how near his name she placed this qualification) “you cannot imagine how much he wished to see you, it seemed as if he would die for it.”—“And he *did* die,” joined Josette, “and he bid us write down what we should say to you, about his three chests”—“Why yes,” said Lorette, endeavoring to crowd in a word—“he told us that you knew all about his friends, and knew the man’s name”—“Hush girls,” said the mother, “you are all speaking at a time; wait and I will tell him the whole in due season.”

Yet after all the information which could be gathered, the mystery still remained as deep as ever. They were still ignorant of who and what the Stranger had been. This however was certain, he was seized by a severe attack of his disease, which resulted in his speedy death. And when he saw the crisis was approaching, it seemed as if he would have died from despair, if for nothing else. It seemed to his reeling, clogging brain, as if he had made some revelation to Logan, for his last words were: “If he cannot find the man, who will preserve them for the Piscatorians—and he knows his name—then he must take the chests and see that”—his utterance ceased, and he never spoke again. Yet he pointed to them and strove to make his meaning known, but expired in his efforts; while his eye balls remained strained in the glare of death, and fixed upon his beloved chests, as if his soul had fled thither.

Poor, unfortunate, nameless old man! his cold remains were deposited under the great Sycamore near the spot where he first landed; and here was the assembled group discussing his appearance, his words and his premature death. But there was little probability that he would return to enlighten them as to his history, and almost as little chance of their gaining information from any other source. Unfortunately Logan had neglected to observe the superscription of the letters which had been committed to his charge, and consequently this clue to the secret was lost. There was, however, one alternative. It might be, they could find something written among his effects that would assist them in their inquiries, and after settling the point, that it was not sacrilege to examine them, it was agreed that Logan should go, by himself, into the *terra incognita* of the Stranger’s baggage upon a voyage of discovery. He closed the door upon himself and proceeded upon the task in silence and alone.

Mrs. Aubury had pondered upon the rich display of Golconda diamonds and shining sovereigns for a long time—it seemed to her an age, and yet Logan did not make his appearance. She began to fear that the ghost of the old man, indignant at this profanation of his relics, had appeared and carried off the offender. At last however he came forth; but he seemed to have imbibed the same spirit of mystery, which had characterized the old Italian. Enquiries were poured in upon him from every quarter, but he only told them the contents of the chests were all in confusion now, but if they would suffer every thing to remain in its present situation, he would tell them more at another time—and away he went. This was too much. The family were vexed and sat down in dignified, pouting silence—not a word spoken for half an hour. Logan was already half way to Grassy Mount, when Miss Annette, actuated by some nameless principle that approaches very near to curiosity in its nature, stole secretly along with a lamp in her hand to the apartment of mysteries, and with beating heart, silently opened the door and entered—Shade of Cadmus! Spirit of the great father of the pen-ink-and-paper tribe, immortal Memnon! Was there ever such a spectacle since the days of the Alexandrian library! Manuscript on manuscript, scroll folded in scroll, and parchment heaped upon parchment! Some smoked and faded; some obliterated and torn, with numerous others which appeared of more recent date. Like the contents of the Magi's box, they seemed too voluminous to have ever been confined within so narrow a space. Heavens! they are in motion! the cane of the dead man is tossing them about the room! Ah! it is clear, they are the records of the black art, or contain the mysteries of the infernal regions. Mercy! has there a sudden dizziness come over her brain? No; she is certain that she sees his clothes self-moved, coming together to assume the shape of a man; the brown camlet is wrapped about them; the shoes move round among the scrolls with a noiseless tread; and the phantom form seems striving to collect the manuscripts again into the chests!—She turned to flee; in her confusion down went the lamp—upblazed the manuscripts—fire! fire! fire!—Fire? answered the father, and splash came a pail of water into the apartment, which extinguished the flames. But poor Annette! she lay among the smouldering scraps, motionless! for she had fainted as completely away, as a fashionable lady does when she looks upon a spider. But we feel no emotions of pity for the rash girl; it was only a just reward for the gratification of her criminal curiosity, and we shall leave her to collect her scattered senses, while we begin a new chapter.

Ee.

**The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings; By
J. Abercrombie, M. D. Family Library, No. 58.**

THIS Author has before given us a treatise on the Intellectual Powers. [Fam. Lib. No. 37.] In the present volume, he has brought the same clearness and accuracy of reasoning to the investigation and analysis of the Moral Feelings. If, in the former, he discovered himself well-read in the mysteries of mind, in this, we think he no less clearly evinces the student of the heart. The feeling has too much prevailed, that, however the mental powers and operations may be subjected to philosophical investigation, the moral exercises—the desires and affections of the soul—are, by their sacred character, privileged from all speculation and inquiry. We believe there is no pious emotion of the heart—no principle of the Christian religion—and no exercise of the social feeling, that will not as well endure the scrutiny of sound philosophy, as any operation that is purely intellectual. By such philosophy, much valuable aid is manifestly afforded to him who labors for the improvement and subjection of the mind to its own mastery; and why may not its aid be enlisted in behalf of him who aims at purity in his moral nature, and devotion to his Maker? Not that the sunbeam revelations of that Maker should be abandoned or slighted for the misty conclusions of man's reason; but there are recesses, in which, at noonday, the lamp will disclose what the sun does not; and where the great truths of revelation, from their necessarily general character, cease to guide us, philosophy may kindle from their rays its humble lamp, and, following the direction of those truths, pour precious light on the paths of men. Such aid we believe the Christian may glean from this little work on the Moral Feelings.

Many, who love to contemplate the dominion which the mind may gain over its own powers, seem to regard the affections and movements of the heart, as altogether too delicate and independent for the tuition of reason. Besides, there is a glory in the noble subjugation of the mind; none, as the world counts glory, in a conquered heart—in “a humble and contrite spirit.” If such works as this of Dr. Abercrombie were better known—if our moral relations and exercises were better understood—and more, if a right estimate were placed on things seen, as the incidents—things unseen, as the end of our being, a change might be expected in the practise, as well as the sentiments of men.

C—H—

A THOUGHT.

It was a lonely spot upon the bank
 Of a deep-bedded stream; and from the verge,
 Where the dull current blackly boiled along
 And bosomed its bared roots, there leaned a tree,
 Sweeping with pen-ile boughs the flood beneath.
 I saw it in the summer; on its form
 The fresh tide at its roots had richly nursed
 A wealth of foliage, and its broad arms spread
 Their mantle o'er the waters, giving back,
 In guerdon for their nurture, deeper shade.
 Beneath, more sluggish curled the sheltered waves,
 In dalliance with the branches on their breast.
 I saw it once again—in autumn airs
 Its dead leaves shivering in solemn sort.
 Then quitting, one by one, their withered stems,
 Floating in sullen stillness round and round,
 They rested on those waters, and with them
 Danced off into oblivion.

While ourselves
 Are blessings that are felt, and to the world
 We are not useless; while for measured smiles
 We give in deeds a ready recompense;
 'Tis well:—the world will foster for our shade.
 Or if, as some, we fasten to our names
 Deeds that will never die, but prove to men
 Ev'n as perennial foliage o'er the stream;
 We shall not be forgotten in our graves.
 But let misfortune wring thee out of use,
 And thou art floating, if in life, or dead,
 To quick oblivion.

ENGLISH TOURISTS IN AMERICA.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL made a grand discovery ; one which we deem of sufficient importance to the children of misfortune to entitle him to their lasting gratitude. Basil was peculiarly unfortunate in his intercourse with the Americans, and received at their hands such unmerited wrongs, and ungentlemanlike treatment, as would have baffled a mind less fertile in its resources than his own. But in the keen invention of his happy genius, he has discovered the art of turning his misfortunes to good account. By rehearsing the story of his wrongs, caricaturing and abusing the Americans, he was suddenly raised to a dizzy height of popularity—has filled his pockets with the price of his infamy, become the standard tourist of his age, and seems likely to prove the prototype to a numerous host of successors, equally deserving with himself. Good Mrs. Trollope too had been much abused by the boorish Hottentots, who dwell on this side of the Atlantic; but having learned during her residence in this country, “that some things can be done as well as others,” she had recourse to the invention of Capt. Hall ; took ample vengeance upon those who had injured her, pocketed the thirty thousand dollars, she received as a *bonus* for subjecting a whole nation to the keenness of her lash, and proved that she was able to sustain the dignity of her name—a *Trollope* of the *Royall* stamp. Next in order came parson Fiddler, who played his part so admirably, that he showed himself not a whit behind his predecessors in any of the noble attributes of the travelling shag-whanger. It would have seem’d as if this were sufficient to gratify the spleen of our transatlantic friends, and we did hope that the last vial of wrath was pour’d out upon the heads of the devoted Americans. But we were mistaken, and soon forced to exclaim : “Monsieur Tonson come again !” The author of *Cyril Thornton* (Hamilton) has generously condescended to neglect *higher literature*, as he calls it, to give our countrymen a passing notice, in a volume of only 400 pages ! One of his avowed intentions, in publishing this volume, is to remove the favorable impression, which exists in England, in regard to our institutions ; and the book itself is sufficient proof that he used his utmost efforts to accomplish his object. We have no intention to trouble our readers with a review of our author’s “*Men and Manners in America*,” for we believe it a duty incumbent upon our countrymen to pursue only one course of conduct towards these mercenary and prejudiced detractors—to treat them with silent contempt. We ardently desire to see the community uniting their efforts to heap that disgrace upon them which they deserve, and with one accord consigning them to merited oblivion.

Ss.

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"WE PRINT, AND OLDER CHILDREN DO THE SAME."

THE FINE ARTS.

MAN is wonderfully adapted to cull the flowers of beauty from every scene in Nature, and every characteristic in life. The sources of this beauty are so numerous, and so intimately is it connected with other properties, especially the sublime, and the transition from the one to the other is so easy, that we practically esteem them but different names for the same thing. Its charms produce actual fascination; and we seek, with greater avidity, and more untiring perseverance, the gratification it affords, than the pleasures derived from every other source. No artificial beauties have received such plaudits, none have been more eagerly sought, and certainly none ought to be more highly prized, than those which are the productions of the Fine Arts. These have disclosed unrivalled beauties to man, and he has venerated, and fostered them into the teachers of Science. Their charms pervade the whole empire of mind—there is nothing latent in their operations—their excellence is disclosed by whatever has received their touch.

"These polished arts have humanized mankind,

"Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind."

Whatever they have done towards polishing the manners of ancient or modern Europe, how much soever they have contributed to change the savage "Soldiers of fortune" into men of refinement and taste, it is evident that they have as yet exerted but a limited influence on the American character. Whether our soil is ungenial

to their culture and expansion remains yet to be decided by fair experiment. But it cannot be said, the experiment has not been sufficiently made to demonstrate that there is here no deficiency of taste to admire, nor of judgment to value, the productions of eminent artists. President Morse, of the National Academy, New-York, in an address of 1827, I think, complains much of the national taste, or rather laments the entire destitution of it in this people. But surely Gilbert Stuart found a taste among us, which could appreciate his merits, and do justice to his works; and if he died poor, it was not because most of his pieces were not sold at prices highly complimentary to their author, and creditable to a refined community.

It is undoubtedly true that our judgment of paintings is formed from what we have seen of foreign device and execution; but still it is *our own*, as much as a scholar's acquirements are *his*, although he made them under the superintendence of an Instructor. This, tho' a speedy method of forming a national taste, is, we apprehend, somewhat deficient. It leads rather to servility, and is more apt to fetter genius, than give to it wings. We never can rise to eminence by imitating, how successful soever in the fact. And if be meant by deficiency of taste, the want of one purely original, he was probably correct. American Artists, and painters especially, instead of studying the elements of their profession amid the grandeur of their native scenery, in the peace, happiness, morality and improvement of their brethren, have usually obtained their education, immured within the walls of British paint-shops; because, forsooth, "in that country the arts have been brought nearer perfection." Here Nature has spread her richest scenery—here she has displayed herself in the most awful magnificence—here she has disclosed her mighty power; all that can adorn and animate, is here given in the richest profusion. Yet all this, with whatever is harmonious, beautiful and sublime, and all that can vivify, must be neglected for the confines of a foreign school. The consequence must be to produce imitative pieces, which can never give great celebrity to their Authors.

Refined minds alone can be expected to conceive an admirable picture. But minds become refined only by effort—it is the laboring mind that exhibits strength—it is systematic, vigorous action, that can prepare it to cope with professional duties. The philosophy of Nature must be studied; her striking qualities may be *noticed* by the most superficial observer, but he only is prepared to give a faithful delineation, who has looked with accuracy, and with sys-

tem, through all her ramifications, and knows perfectly well the bearing of each hidden spring, and the adaptation of each organ to the whole. That person, who is to move in a literary or scientific sphere, must study the *elements* of literature and science, if ever he expect to "fling his beams of intellectual light" beyond his daily walk; and the Artist ought to form a more thorough acquaintance with his elements, as they are all he can bring to his aid. He can imagine no other *nature* to sketch—he can give a theory for no other Nature's laws—he can devise nothing on which to display his skill to the world, else than what he has seen or heard.

But should the Americans attain the highest point of perfection in Painting and Sculpture, (for we go no farther,) what, we might ask, would be the real benefit? If the principles of the strict utilitarian should be adopted, they would be struck from the catalogue of patronized objects, and suffered to perish by neglect. True, the Nation might exist without the least knowledge of them within her borders—she might have political consequence without, as well as with them—her rank among the nations of the earth might not be affected in the least by the ignorance of her sons in these branches of the arts. The sums, expended for objects comparatively valueless, might go to perfect schemes of benevolence, or of enterprise substantially useful. But it is not every unnecessary object that is useless. Though these may with some propriety be deemed dispensable, it is no proof that their cultivation is not beneficial. They open a fine field for the improvement of the imagination and judgment; and indeed the most acute mind is required in their successful performance. We are of the opinion, however, that the discipline requisite for their prosecution is one *sui generis*, and not fitted to grapple with the intricacies of the learned professions. The artist, in his sphere, is eminently useful; his influence is decidedly of the better kind; his example in study can be nothing less than beneficial; and his works evince a discernment superior in its kind. The appropriate office of these arts appears to be, to express most elegantly and naturally whatever, by its peculiar character, is worthy of the most grateful remembrance; and to exhibit, at one view, bold and impressive, what pages of history would do with less accuracy. True, they can be prostituted to the vile purposes of flattery, and the fine sensibilities they are calculated to awaken, may be benumbed into mere mechanical impressions, and, instead of forming an exquisite taste, deaden it to every thing truly useful and ennobling. They ought never to be cultivated to an excess; the

wealth of the country could not, or should not, support it. A few genuine artists can abundantly supply the demands for their labors, and thus retain within our own limits that amount of money which would be expended in Europe for works no more valuable, at a higher price. But, should we ever account them of such importance as to induce too great a number to engage in them, other professions, would be proportionally neglected; a distaste for true intellectual discipline would ensue—an effeminacy would be engendered, and our perverted judgment would prefer the tinsel that dazzled, to the more enduring good that would refine, while it exalted the character. May these never become too great favorites with the people; may disproportioned rewards never await the product of the fine and useful arts; and, while equality is made our grand ruling principle, may “utility” preserve us at once from extravagance and ruin.

H. of E. C.

SCENERY OF LAKE GEORGE.

’Twas morning; but ere yet the radiant Sun
 Had risen to shed his lustre o’er the world,
 While scarce the Moon her nightly course had run,
 Or sullen darkness from her throne was hurl’d,
 I musing stood upon the joyous shore,
 And bade my curious eyes the scene explore.
 Deep was the vale. High rose the mountains round.
 With joy I gazed—then stood in awe profound
 Close on the eastern shore, a mountain high
 Rose up, as if to meet the azure sky.
 Behind its terminated point there lay,
 In peaceful pride, a little winding bay;
 While, far beyond, a brother mountain stood,
 Whose top with tow’ring pride o’erlooked the flood.
 Between the hills a cloud in silence hang,
 As if suspended by the hand of night,
 Which o’er the hills her sable mantle flung—
 Now fast dissolving into streams of light.
 The waters there seemed like a darkened pall,
 Spread o’er a city, doomed in wrath to fall.
 The bay was calm. The hills on either side
 Stood firm, exulting in their mountain pride.
 There seemed at first to ope the gates of morn,
 When streams of light the hills and vales adorn.
 There seemed, where yet the cloud in darkness lay,
 The path in which Aurora led the day.
 But yet, while Phœbus upward rolled his car,

And threw his beams of shining light afar,
 Slowly the cloud was seen to melt away,
 Its last faint streaks commingling with the day.
 The veil was rent; and night, with noiseless tread,
 Retired, as if to slumber with the dead.
 Then shone abroad the Sun's resplendent beams;
 Far o'er the water glanced his joyous gleams,
 Reflecting all the varying shades of light,
 'Till all was brilliant, as was dark the night.
 The hills were glad, and joyous were the trees
 All silent now—now whispering in the breeze.
 Then smiling pleasure led her joyful train,
 While notes melodious fill'd the wide domain.
 The boats were seen to glide across the wave,
 All still, save by the strokes the oarsmen gave;
 While deep within the bosom of the lake,
 All forms their bright reflected image take.
 While some with treacherous bait allure
 The trout, that lay in "speckled pride,"
 Beneath the wave, yet still secure,
 Full many a crew were seen to ride
 In "still repeated circles round,"
 Where oft upon the waters lay
 The beauteous Isles, which, save the sound
 Of birds that hymn the rising day,
 Were silent as the voiceless tomb,
 And lonely as the desert's gloom.
 Alone they *seemed*—but not alone.
 Though solitude did hold her throne
 Within that calm and wild retreat,
 There birds with birds in concert meet,
 There hills with hills in strife arise,
 And vainly tempt the lofty skies.
 There hills with brother hills converse,
 And each to each the tales rehearse,
 That strike themselves with deep and solemn sound,
 When tattling echo tells the mountains round.
 There Isle, with Isle, familiar courts
 The wave; and wave, rejoicing, sports
 With wave, while yet themselves appear
 The friends of solitude for her still reigning here.

THE STRANGER,
OR
A HISTORY OF THE PISCATORIANS.

CHAPTER II.

*Cumano, where ! O where ! could thrive the geese,
That furnished quills, to pen such untold hears
Of dark, mysterious lore.*

STRANGER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

ON Logan's next visit to the Island he had provided himself with an ample supply of Latin and Italian Lexicons. His object in this will be understood, when the reader is informed that the prodigious number of manuscripts, found in the chests of the Stranger, were all of them written in one or the other of these languages. As was related in the last chapter, they narrowly escaped from being sacrificed to the curiosity of Annette ; but the unlucky girl expressed the most sincere penitence for her indiscretion, and Logan seemed predisposed to forgive her, especially as there were more remaining than he would, probably, ever be able to translate, notwithstanding she had occasioned the loss of no inconsiderable number. Whether the world will take an equal interest in the matter with himself, or feel grateful to him for the many long days and weary nights, he spent in translating these relics of antiquity, we know not. Certain it is, however, that he entirely forgot the wide hiatus he was making in his literary course, while engaged in poring over the writings of those, whose bones had centuries ago mouldered back to their kindred dust ; and while he felt as if he were listening to men of every generation, from the days of Homer down to the present time.

Not to speak in enigmas—all the rolls found in one of the chests, many of them written in the Latin tongue upon parchment, and the remainder in the Italian, and upon paper, proved upon examination to contain nearly the same tradition. They appeared to have been handed down from father to son, for many successive generations, with this stipulation, that each should execute a new copy, at the same time preserving all the preceding ones. A translation of this roll we propose to give our readers, premising that it may not be strictly literal, as Logan translated for his own amusement, and not with the expectation of being subjected to criticism. First in order, however, should come a kind of preface, which was found

attached to many versions of the tradition, and seems intended as an explanation of the manner in which it originated. We acknowledge the story to be somewhat at variance with the writings of many of the ancients, particularly the author of the *Æneid*; but when we take into view that remarkable consistency by which the whole story is characterized, and, from the manner by which the story has been perpetuated, the almost impossibility of any mistake, we are not disposed to waive its claims to credence, although it may come in slight collision with the Roman Poet and the uncertain fables of other ancient annalists. The following, which we received from Logan himself, (although we shrewdly suspect the autograph was Annette's,) we lay before the world, that they may judge of its authenticity and claims upon their belief, as being what it professes to be, a true account of the tradition of the Piscatorians.

CHAPTER III.

TO THE ELDEST SON OF THE PISCATORIAN BLOOD.

ILIACUS HONORIUS, the son of Eupiscatorius, and grandson of Achates, had lived many years on the banks of the Tiber, where his grandfather came and dwelt before him. He was one day sitting in his court, while his grandchildren were playing around him, in all the gaiety of youth; sometimes climbing on his knees, to listen to his mirthful stories, then in their turn entertaining their revered parent with their lively prattle, or amusing him by the agility displayed in their youthful games. At last he had become weary with their sports, and his mind was dwelling upon the deeds of his ancestors. His eyes were fixed upon an object well calculated to keep up that train of reflections into which he had fallen, when young Marcop interrupted him in his meditations, and spoke. "Pray, grandfather, tell me what means this strange picture you look upon so much?" Then answered Iliacus Honorius: "My boy, you are not yet old enough to hear all the stories of your ancestors; you know nothing of the brave Achates. But this is a picture of him. Do you not see how pleased he is, and how he smiles, as he looks over the green bank to see that beautiful young woman, who is asleep? He was a young man then; but when he was grown old, and his hair was white as mine now is, he would relate to me many stories of the strange things he saw on his way across the great sea, from Troy to

Italy. You are not old enough now to understand these things, but when you have grown larger, your grandfather will write them all down in a book, and when he is dead you must write them for those who live after you, and they must write them for the next generation, so that the history of your great-grandfather may never be lost."

Then Iliacus Honorius bathought himself, to write down all he had heard from his ancestors, of the wonderful things which happened to them; and he knew that what he had written was true, for he had often heard it from their own lips. And the words which come after are of great importance to our descendants, and the oldest son of each generation should never neglect to transcribe them, even down to the time when our posterity shall reign over the whole world, as is foretold in the writing which I leave. And let them take heed that they transmit the tradition as it is written by Iliacus Honorius.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF ACHATES.

Troy was no more. Its mighty structures were levelled to the earth, by the merciless Greeks. There was no longer any city there. A blackened extent of smouldering ruins alone remained, mixed with the disfigured and lifeless bodies of its miserable citizens. Why should Achates wish to live any longer? Destruction had covered his city and blotted it out from the view of man. There was no longer any home for the Trojans. The last night of their walled city's existence had been an awful one—a witness to such terrible calamities, and horrid outrages as shun the light of day. Achates was disconsolate. How was his heart torn with anguish when he saw his beloved maid, the fair haired Alexa, forced from her father's house, and butchered by the cruel soldiery. He felt as if his soul had escaped with hers, and he was no longer among the living.—During the day he looked down, from an eminence, upon the spoiled city, and behold! the enemy covered it, and had become weary with pillaging. Then his soul panted for revenge; but he knew the Gods had done it, and there was no remedy. At midnight he stole secretly along to the spot where his betrothed maid was slain,

and lo ! by the moon's dim light he found her, in the midst of the slain, a mangled corpse. He raised the cold form and bore it silently along to a little vale on the bank of the Scamander, and when he had dug a scanty grave he buried her. Scarce had he invoked her *manes* when the sight of the Grecians drove him from the spot, and he wandered on until he came to the foot of mount Ida. There, to his astonishment, he beheld *Æneas*, his old captain, and many more miserable exiles, who had fled thither, and he wept when he thought of their desolate situation. But when he heard they were going to cross the great sea to seek a new home, he wished to go with them, for he loved his captain and would not be separated from him. And when they launched forth upon the doubtful waves, *Achates* was with them, and he saw all the wonderful sights which they saw, and participated in all the sufferings that befel them.—*Cherfulness* had fled far from him, and he seldom spoke unless the occasion was urgent, for his mind was wrapped up in the contemplation of the dangers he had escaped, and the calamities he had suffered.

When they had traversed the sea a long time, seeing many coasts on their way, the tempests drove them to a land that lies far to the south, where they found the city of a rich and beautiful Queen.—This subtle woman used many arts, and practised the hidden rules of magic, to entrap the affections of the Trojan leader, so that he became enamored of her, and would not pursue his way towards the land whither they were bound. Then *Achates* was much displeased ; for he thought it a great shame that so valiant a captain should give over his project, merely for the love he bore a woman. He no longer regarded the sex, since his maid of the long robe* was gone ; and he wished to speak to his leader, but he had great reverence for him, and abstained. One night as he lay upon his couch in sleep, he thought he stood upon the sea shore, when his dead *Alexa* suddenly appeared before him ; but he was startled to see her look so pale and cadaverous. Yet she smiled mournfully upon him, and held toward him a golden branch, but as he reached forth his hand to receive it, she threw it upon the waves, and he

*The expression, "*long robe*," is so explicit, that there can be no mistake, as to the prevailing fashion in this age of pure simplicity and acknowledged good taste. We hope evidence, coming from so high authority, will satisfy those who are continually appealing to the taste of the ancients, in justification of modern fashions.

awoke. He was amazed at the vision ; but when he had once more fallen asleep it was repeated ; and as he reached forth to take the branch, she again threw it upon the waves, and again he awoke.— And as often as he slept, the vision appeared to him, until he began to ponder upon its meaning. And immediately he knew that they erred in tarrying so long in the land of a stranger, and that this was a token that they should set sail upon the waters where she had thrown the golden bough. Scarce conscious of what he did, he arose and went to the couch of his captain, and called to him : “Great Trojan hero ! make haste to leave this land, lest you are called a woman’s slave. Shall so brave a band as yours be bound here in sloth, by the bonds of a soft haired Queen ? O ! think upon the shame ! shake off this lethargy of love, and speed to the land where you are fated to reign over many unknown nations, and leave a mighty kingdom for your beloved son. Let the claims of your son rouse you to quit the land of the woman.” Then the hero was startled from his slumbers, and thought he had a vision while he slept, supposing his mother, the beautiful Venus, had sent Mercury to warn him to depart. When, calling loudly for Achates, he told him of the warning which had been sent to him ; but Achates told him not that it was he that had spoken the words,* and the whole band hastened their departure. Little heeding the entreaties or maledictions of the disappointed Queen, they set sail, steering their course toward Italy. During their voyage, as often as Achates fell into a slumber he saw Alexa standing before him, but when he attempted to grasp the fatal branch, she threw it over the ship’s prow and disappeared. At one time, he leaned against the mast and slept, when, in his eagerness to grasp this treacherous prize, he sprang forward with such a sudden bound, that he had well nigh fallen over the ship’s side, and followed the fleeting phantasm into the sea. Happily for those who shall read this account, he was preserved, and they all came in safety to the land of Cumano. Now let those who shall come in days hereafter take heed to the wonderful things which Achates saw, while he tarried in this land of spirits.

His mind was struck with awe when he accompanied his leader to see the mysterious Sybil, who dwelt here and unfolded to them the decrees of the Fates. But when she was requested to discover

*There is great reason to suspect that Virgil, by some good fortune, had access to these manuscripts ; why he chose to make Achates act so diminutive a part is difficult to conjecture, unless he feared a true account would lessen the importance of his favorite hero.

the entrance to the path that leads down to the lower world, which is called Hades, or the land of ghosts, she answered in terms so obscure and ambiguous that Achates deemed his leader would not obtain so great a boon, one which is denied to all living mortals.—Still he perceived that all was not right, for immediately his captain went by himself to walk in the dark forests. Wondering what could entice him into these deep solitudes, he followed him, unobserved; and when they had proceeded far among the trees of the thick wood, he saw him put forth his hand to pluck a branch from a tree—lo! it was golden, like the one he saw in his vision. Tarrying until his captain departed, he came to the tree and found a part of the same branch remaining, when he plucked it and returned in secrecy.—Now he understood that this was a potent charm, which would preserve his captain from harm while he descended to the land of ghosts; but he wondered that he should meditate a journey to these kingdoms of night, without consulting him. He felt grieved at this unkind neglect, yet resolved that he should never make the journey alone. Remembering the golden branch he held, he watched their movements, and soon saw the Sybil as she led him into a vast cave, which yawned with a frightful opening. Following them at a distance, he observed their course as they left the upper world, for that land where the sun can never send his beams.* Horrid shapes, the forms of hideous monsters, hovered about him as he proceeded, but he had looked upon many awful sights before, and they carried little terror to his heart. Still these frightful spectres thickened around, and vexed him so that he could with difficulty keep pace with his unconscious guides, when he bethought himself of some expedient to force his way through their midst. In a narrow pass stood a lofty, branching elm, larger than any he had ever seen, and he thought to break off one of its branches to defend himself. Rash man! no sooner had he severed the fatal limb, than he sunk to the ground, fast locked in iron sleep. He did not know that this was the sleepy elm, the tree of visions, and that all kinds of dreams were spread upon its leaves. Then he fell to dreaming, and every kind of dreams, which has entered into the brain of man since the begin-

*The reader cannot but be confirmed in the opinion that Virgil obtained much valuable information from the Piscatorian legend, ascribing, however, many actions performed by Achates, to Æneas, for the purpose of rendering the latter an object of adoration to the Romans. To speak of the obligation, due the name of Achates from every American, would be anticipating what the sequel will more fully explain.

ning of the world came over him in quick succession. He thought himself again in Troy, and saw the soldiers as they hewed down his Alexa. He saw many nameless sights, whose meaning he could not divine. He saw the Queen from whom they fled—her white robe was stained with blood, and she pointed to him, as her murderer.—At last he was sailing upon a stormy sea—his shattered bark was borne on the wild waves, higher than the mountain tops; then the waters yawned to their lowest depths—disclosing the bones of wrecked sailors, and their glittering treasures scattered about them. The tempest swept him from the deck—he was sinking among the foaming waves, lost! lost!—Alexa came, held out the golden branch, and as he sprang forward to seize it, he broke from the fatal spell of the tree of dreams, and escaped from its soporific charm. Alas! miserable man! while he had slept, his guides had gone on so far that he could not overtake them, but must grope on his way alone. All was dark and gloomy; and he began to suspect, that the Sybil had enticed his captain down among these labyrinths, that she might abandon him to his destruction; but he determined that he should not perish alone, and urged on, hoping to overtake them. But he assayed in vain; the way was blind and difficult, and it was long before he came to the river which surrounds the abode of ghosts.

Here his passage was opposed by Charon, a pale monster of a ferryman, who carries over the spirits of men to their destined place. "Tell me," says he, "you great, grim looking sailor, has my brave captain passed this way? you will know him, for he is not like other men." "Miserable exile," answered the ferryman, "your master has divine blood in his veins, but how should such an ignoble dog as you, dare to tempt this lower world. The Grecians have sent down your race, in such thronging troops of late, that it seems they cannot tarry to kill them. Go back, thou lump of flesh, and get some bloody fellow to cut your throat; then will I carry you over—but mind you bring the *obolon*, to pay your passage. Haste to retrace your steps back to the upper world, lest you rue the bold presumption which led you hither."—"List old fellow, you are in a strange passion. Let us argue the matter." "Away with you," says Charon, "you and your master have already hindered me, while I might have earned no small sum. Utter another word and you shall have the triple headed blood hound at your heels." Still Achates felt wondrous calm, and knowing there was nothing like perseverance, stepped into the leaky boat and

took a seat. The Powers of Styx! grim Charon raved about the boat, until Achates thought the rickety old thing would have sunk. Then scowling, like the genius of the wintry storm, he raised his ponderous oar and threatened to beat him into the murky tide. Achates cast a glance across the muddy stream, and saw it was too far to swim; still he was calm, for he was gifted with a wondrous presence of mind. Thinking to try the temper of the old man by another expedient, he pulled out a handful of shining coppers, (half his whole stock,) and held them towards him. Charon gave a ghastly grin. He thought of the mighty debt due to Mercury on their last settlement. Then he grinned again, but he pocketed the money. Most likely he deemed this was an extraordinary case, or found some other logic that was satisfactory to himself; but when they had landed on the other shore he chanced to espy the golden branch and laughed outright, for the first time during his long life, to think how he had overreached his passenger, since it was decreed by the Fates, that he must ferry him over, had he presented the branch. Leaving him to settle the affair with his own churlish soul, Achates hurried on into the depths of this strange world, still enquiring for his lost captain. He was, however, soon diverted from his object by meeting with many of his old acquaintances, and it gave him great joy to see them, although they were sadly changed. To testify their joy at this meeting, they invited him to their place of abode, what he termed a very decent kitchen, but *strangely* dark. Assuming his wonted familiarity, he assayed to help himself to a seat. But experience soon taught him that the ghosts of chairs were designed for more ghostlike occupants, and of too fragile a texture to support the bulk of flesh with which he was unhappily cumbered. In the true spirit of hospitality, they produced pleasant looking viands and choice meats, that were grateful to the sight, but they only served to tantalize him, for as he attempted to grasp these unsubstantial shadows, he grasped a—nothing, while they uttered many a hoarse, melancholy laugh to see him balked in his attempt. He was vexed with his ill luck, and began to think he was dead himself, or should die soon, from chagrin.

In came Alexa. She was strangely altered; and he had no inclination to embrace the subtle shade. She wondered to see him there in such a healthy trim, and both were long silent in amazement. She began: "Achates? how came you here in such a healthful plight?—who has woven your raiment since I left you?"

what has become of all those jewels, and my new bracelets you brought me the day before we parted?—Achates, is it true, that the vile Grecians took away all my new dresses, for their own wives?" "First tell me," says he, "what employment occupies you here? is it a time of sloth, or have you business to engage you?" "Achates, no sluggish rest is mine. My time is spent in studying the fates; it is my sole delight to trace your future fortune, and dwell upon the greatness of your posterity. You are fated to become the father of a renowned race of men; your descendants will be great in the earth. O Achates, go now with me and I will explain to you the long line of succession of the Piscatorians."

A. A.

BRUCE AND THE RED COMYN.

SCENE, IN LONDON.

Bruce.—Comyn a traitor! 'Tis false. Scots there are,
Whose truest hearts are lumps of treachery.
The feeling, noble, valorous Comyn burns
With hottest vengeance for his country's wrongs,
And waits the fitting time to prove it on
These "blood-nurs'd" Southrons' hearts, to satiate,
In joyful massacre of Edward's lords;
His burning thirst for blood, his boundless lust
For rapine's joys, the battle's horrid scene,
And universal butchery of foes.
Turns back the tiger from his fierce pursuit
To sate his wrathful jaws on kindred flesh!
Aye, he has seen the blood of kindred spill'd,
And Scotland's noblest bleed, his king in chains,
And Malcom's realm a prey to traitor Scots,
To foreign murderers, and English dukes;
Has felt their contumely, scorn, and threats,
And Edward's falseness—and can Comyn be
A traitor to his kindred, and himself?

(Enters a Scot, in a monk's habit)

How now, unbidden priest?

Scot.— A realm's at stake!
And noble Bruce's life! Read that, my lord.

(Hands a letter and withdraws.)

Bruce.—Be heaven's curses poured upon his head!
He is a traitor of the blackest stamp.—
Now I'm alone, a speck upon the earth,
Like a far cloud that seems a thing for scorn
In western skies, but like that cloud, when on

It rolls, and spreads from pole to pole, and hurst;
 Upon the world, I'll burst on Scotland's lords,
 And wake their slumbering. Yes, ev'ry glen,
 That gives a shelter to a Southron knave,
 And ev'ry crag, that reeks with Scottish blood,
 I'll sweep in dread revenge, (the thought is joy,)
 And ev'ry man that wears an English badge,
 For Scotland's wrongs shall taste her vengeance too.
 That land, my own, shall feel her waking strength,
 And Bruce's might. I am alone, I said;
 Alone! Alone! Alone! The walls tell so,
 "*Alone!*" they whisper back in mockery.
 Nay! I am *not* alone; I feel the hearts
 Of noblest Scots entwin'd around my own.
 Hush! Hark! methinks they whisper, *they too may*
Revolt. 'Tis false, come whencesoe'er it may.
 All Scotland's not corruption yet; there's blood
 That beats responsive to my own mad pulse.
 Is one a kingdom? one's a traitor, say,
 A chosen one; grant it; The consequence?
 That others may be traitors when I've slain——
 Ha! have I said it? said that he shall bleed?
 What matters, if I've said, or thought it thus?
 For what I've sworn, I've sworn; in thought, or word,
 What matters it? For if I must—I must—
 I swear outright, I will wring dry his heart,
 And kiss the steel that draws the purple flood.
 The traitor's letter—'twas a lucky chance
 That Douglas caught the bearer; Edward sure
 Would have been grateful, 'sooth as monarchs are,
 And spared the weary traveller the pains
 Of travelling a lately travell'd road;
 Exalted him above the common rank,
 In sooth as high as any hangman's rope.
 Renown the messenger would have obtained,
 And duke, yea king, the world have upward looked,
 And ta'en advice from such high station.
 What pleasure thus to 'scape a journey long,
 By being sent upon a longer one?
 This letter saith, "You rear a viper in
 Your palace-walls; destroy the venom'd tooth,
 And then the reptile will be harmless."
 Sage counsel, one would truly deem it;
 The fang—the fang shall grow more venomous,
 And give effect to all the reptile's rage.
 But who's the victim? Comyn first—and then
 The English Captains. Night grows thick. I go.

—oooo—

SCENE, ON SHIPBOARD.

Bruce.—Roll on ye surges! blow ye ruthless winds!
 Emblems of freedom; plunge, thou gallant bark,
 Thyself thou bearest nobly now, as Edward;

Bruce and the Red Comyn.

But thou must feel the tempest's shock, and wreck,
 As Edward must, when Bruce shall plant his foot
 On Scotland's soil. Thou shrieking storm—ye waves—
 Lashed to the skies—thou boundless sea of fire—
 Ye blazing heavens—crashing thunderbolts!
 Continue long your wildest revelry.
 Such tender music soothes my troubled soul,
 I feel a tempest here that seeks to burst
 This heaving tenement of clay, a cage
 For all the passions' play, that reason wreck.
 Cease, cease your strife, ye'll soon be pacified.

—0000—

SCENE, ON SHORE.

Bruce.—I'll hold thee, Scotland, now, for thou art mine;
 Though I've no deed of thee, I have a sword,
 And that shall be my pen; and England's blood
 Shall be my ink; my paper, English hearts,
 Though they're not white; and their quick throbs of fire
 The signers; I will execute the deed.
 I've plann'd it skillfully; I'll do it well.

—0000—

SCENE, A CONVENT.

Bruce.—Why does he tarry? I had thought to meet
 Him here this hour, to settle all accounts.
 Perchance he's conscience-troubled, for 'tis said
 She sometimes pips o'en in the basest men.

ENTERS COMYN.

Hail, thou illustrious lord! I welcome thee!
 Thou hast borne thee, most nobly, Comyn, now
 As thou'rt not wont; *thy* deeds shall have their just
 Reward. But our designs are like to fail
 Through treason; hast thou heard of treachery?

Comyn.—I heard of treachery! Who talks of that?
 If there be treason, their 'tis known to thee
 Alone; and known in England, ere known here.
 But why layest thou such stress on two small words,
 On *thy* and *our*? as if our purposes
 Were different.

Bruce.—Why, simply this, that thou
 Essay'dst to finish this design without
 Much blood, as thou'rt not wont; that this in thee
 Deserves a high reward. I wonder not
 This treason is unknown on Scotland's shore;
 The traitor is a wily wight, not wise.

Comyn.—Who may that traitor be, most noble Bruce?

Bruce.—Methinks 'twere best to judge him ere he's known,
 Lest prejudice might cause a wrong award.

Comyn.—How! dost thou think that Comyn is so base,
To compromise my honor for a friend?
Bruce, know me better; I've a nobler mind,
A heart that bleeds for all my country's wrongs.

Bruce.—And, Comyn, it will bleed more freely still,
If thou dost prove thyself what I do deem thee.
I simply meant, that previous hate might cause
Severer judgement than is just; no more:
And that's no grievous crime, to bridle rage,
And check another's passion. I well know
Thou dost condemn thy equals more severe
Than those below thee, since a crime in those
Is greater than that crime in these, and thus
I know, nor birth, nor friends would cause in thee
A wrong decree; but ruthless passion might.

Comyn.—'Tis well. But tell me who the traitor is,
For I'll not sit to judge him that's unknown.

Bruce.—A personage no less renown'd than thou—

Comyn.—Thou liest, I'm not a traitor—send or die!

Bruce.—Hold! Comyn, I said not, that thou art he;
I simply called him great as thou—no more.
And where's the crime in that?—there's none, not e'en
If I had said that thou art he: for then
The truth I should have uttered, and no more.

Comyn.—Ha! jestest thou, or art in earnest? Tell—

Bruce.—I will most readily; then quick decree
What doom shall be th' associate cardinal's—

Comyn.—If he be a traitor, let him die beneath
Th' avenging steel;—but ere he dies, thyself—

Bruce.—And who shall be the executioner?

Comyn.—Liar! by heav'n's, mock me no more; else thou—

Bruce.—Shalt gladly be his executioner.

The traitor then must die, as you decree?

Comyn.—I've sworn; But why such stress on that word traitor?

Bruce.—I meant, that as a traitor he must die.

Art thou now ready?—

Comyn.— Ready!—

Bruce.— —hence to go!

Comyn.—I am.

Bruce.—Then die. (*stabs him.*)—The deed I've sworn, I've done.—
I've slain a chosen one, a traitor too;
Now, despotism, made fat on Scottish blood,
I've dealt the first, the fatal blow that sends
Thee reeling back on England's shudd'ring shores.
Thy faxm has palsied ev'ry Scottish arm,
And wrapt in terrors ev'ry Scottish heart.
But now, proud freedom's thunderbolts I'll hurl,
And crush thy ministers beneath my wrath.
The universe shall praise me, conscience too;
Conscience! I do disown, I banish thee:
I want thee not; I want some "sterner stuff."

Thou'st gone, and in thy place I feel a fiend,
 That stirs me up to such a pitch of wrath,
 That I, were I omnipotent, a God,
 Would seize the blazing sun when wheeling through
 The vaulted heavens, and precipitate
 It on the world, and dash old England to
 The centre of the earth, and Scotland's glens
 Would purify with sword, and flame,—with death.

G. * H.

 REPLY TO DALETH ON " WIT. "

MESSRS EDITORS :

Aware of my inability to do justice to the subject before me, I address this communication to you with considerable reluctance.—I notice in your last over the signature of Daleth, an article on Wit. Some slight difference of views on the subject has elicited this paper from me. Nothing, indeed, but an imperious sense of duty to the readers of your publication, especially when the superior genius of the author of the above mentioned article is considered, could induce me to appear in this form. Had the author employed his judgment in regulating his genius, these strictures would have been uncalled for. That he has exhibited no small share of genius, will not be pretended. Genius, however, without judgment, 's like a steam engine without a governor : It impels with fury, regardless of consequences. It is the province of a great genius to conceive lofty ideas ; of judgment, to direct them into their proper channel.

As I would not speak diminutively of our author's genius, so neither would I calumniate his motives. After a careful examination, I am satisfied his design is good. It is true his object is somewhat obscure, and with a superficial reading is liable to be misapprehended. His object seems to be to divest wit of its false garbs, and defend the propriety of using it in every department of society. How far he has effected it, all are left to judge for themselves.—Although the loftiness of our author's conceptions and the purity of his motives are admitted, there are, nevertheless, some things in the article quite exceptionable. I refer to his unwarrantable assertion respecting the number of those, who affect to despise wit, [as he would intimate,] on every occasion. None will deny, that some

there are, who would, "if they could," eradicate it from every department: but, that this class is so large as Daleth intimates, is inadmissible without proof. If wit according to the general acceptance be understood by him to consist principally in a mirthful scurrility—a punning buffoonery, his assertion is indeed granted to be correct. The number, who are not only disgusted, but who actually disdain such attempts at the ridiculous, is both large, and able to defend their position. But that there is a large class of the community, who affect to be offended with wit, containing the characteristics of Locke's definition, [which by the way is the only one our author has given us,] demands for proof something besides his bare assertion.

If from the occasions on which he considers it proper to exercise wit, I arrive at his sentiment concerning it, he regards it but a slight degree, in merriment beyond that vivacity of temper, which is so happily adapted to cheer the dejected and comfort the mourner. He says that "the sacred ministry is not too grave for its exercise there, and that, not at the expense of its wonted, consequent sanctity:" "the physician of sense and skill" may employ it as "an effective antidote for sorrow and despondency, and in producing cheerfulness in scenes of sickness and mourning." I suppose that Daleth would not have the minister of Christ attempt to excite the boisterous laugh of the vulgar, or the physician entice his dying patient to mirth and gaiety. If then I have discovered his opinion concerning wit, if the statement I have made be what he understands by it, let me ask him to point out a numerous class of the community, who rather than despise it, would not rejoice in its diffusion. Let him refer to any article, which militates in the least against this idea of wit, in any publication supported by any numerous class of individuals. Or let him mention the particular division of society, to which this class belongs,—whether to the rich, or the poor, to the learned or the ignorant, to the religious or the irreligious. Or are they peculiar to any sect comprising a numerous class? Let him produce it. To whatever part of the community this class pertains, let him bring them forward. Then his censures may do good.

Wit, according to Locke's definition, has evidently a greater latitude in gaiety, than by the view given above. According to that, the object of it is to please by readily bringing together such ideas as form pleasing pictures in the fancy. There can be no design in him, who uses it, to soothe and comfort; but simply to produce gaiety and pleasant arrision. Even if this be our author's sentiment

concerning wit, his assertion, or at least, strong intimation, that a large class affect to despise it on every occasion, needs proof.—Many doubtless would reject the idea of employing this kind of wit, in the pulpit, or in the chamber of the dying man. But Daleth may safely be challenged to prove that those, whether in the ministry, or at the bar, or in the medical department, or in the common walks of life, who would reject it thus defined, with disgust, "are not *very* rare." So far as my own observation extends, the person, in whatever calling, has never been met with, who rejected wit taken in this sense, as improper, if exercised on proper occasions: If such, worthy of regard, exist, Daleth will do the readers of your work a favour, by so describing them that they may be known.

After proceeding in my remarks on the subject thus far, it would be hardly justifiable to close this communication without more fully expressing my own views of wit. The field of its range is wide, and as wide is the common import of the term. It extends from that pleasing vivacity so peculiar to some, to that power of connecting strange and unusual ideas, which excite the most noisy and boisterous laughter of the vulgar. To say that wit in its wildest form is proper, would be ridiculous. To pretend that it ought not to extend beyond that liveliness, which is always proper, would discover a frigidity unpardonable. It is, indeed, beyond my skill to mark the exact limits of its use. There are, however, certain characteristics of genuine wit, which may be pointed out and become auxiliary to ascertain its true bounds. Lord Chesterfield says, that "genuine wit never made a man laugh." From this it is quite difficult to see in what he would make true wit consist. Certainly, if this was *once the common* acceptation of the term, it is not now. The very design of it, as now understood, is to raise pleasant, risible sensations; and if this is not its effect, none would imagine that a production possessed any of the characteristics of wit. Were I called to give a definition to the term, I should say that true, genuine wit is the faculty of bringing together readily different ideas, in such an unusual, yet agreeable manner, as to produce risible sensations, with moderate and becoming laughter. If I am not mistaken this accords with the common sentiment. Its characteristics, then, are pleasantry and the power of producing laughter. If this is the correct view, ought it to be exercised on all occasions? On this point Daleth has said nothing. If his sentiments accord with this definition, I agree with him, in the propriety of exercising it in every department; not, however, as he, by his catalogue of proper seasons and

places for exercising it, seems to intimate, on *all occasions*. Who, for instance, would think of throwing together a strange mass of ideas for the purpose of exciting the risible faculties of a dying man? Nor would it be pardonable in the minister of righteousness, called to sound the note of alarm in the ears of his congregation, and to set before them the tremendous scenes of the judgment of the great day, to draw their attention from these solemn and awful subjects, by mirthful witticisms. In satirical discourses, where the object is to hold up vice for contempt and ridicule, it is often useful and highly embellishing. In the recent temperance reform it has been used to great advantage. At present nothing more.

SPECTATOR.

DAVID'S LAMENT.

SECOND SAMUEL CHAP. 1, VERSES 19-20-21.

Oh Israel! oh Israel! thy beauty is slain!
The boast of thy Mountains is low in the Vale;
Thy bravest and boldest are cold on the plain,
And the brow of thy mightiest, lifeless and pale.

Be silent in Gath, and O! breathe not a sound,
Where rise the tall turrets of proud Askelon;
Lest the halls of her City with triumph resound,
That the hope and the glory of Judah are gone.

Ye hills of Gilboa! receive not the dew,
Nor yield to the sickle your harvest of corn;
For the shield of the mighty is hidden with you,
And the hopes of the people are weak and forlorn.

The bow of the prince, and the falchion of Saul
Ne'er shone in the van of the battle in vain;
And the maids of Philistia exult in the fall
Of the Sword, that so oft drank the blood of their slain.

Oh Israel! oh Israel! thy beauty is slain!
The boast of thy Mountains is low in the Vale;
Thy bravest and boldest are cold on the plain,
And the brow of thy mightiest, lifeless and pale,

B. D.

DREAMS ON DREAMS.

I.

I stood upon the balmy shore
Of the Nile's wide rolling flood ;
Not a sound arose, and his sullen roar
Was still'd, as he silently flow'd.

II.

'Twas evening, and the stars look'd down
In their soft, and silv'ry light,
Glowing above the sleeping earth—
The beautifully bright.

III.

There was a sweetness in the breeze,
That floated in music by,
And it flowed as gently thro' the trees,
As the lover's tender sigh.

IV.

There was a balm upon the dew,
Odorous in perfume,
Soft as Arabian spices threw
To waste on the desert's gloom.

V.

There was a paradise around,
Within earth, sea and sky ;
A glory there—the void of sound,
Yet a strange melody.

VI.

I slept beneath that starlit sky,
And the odors fanned my rest,
And dreams, sweet dreams, came flitting by,
Too fleeting to arrest.

VII.

Of my own far distant land I dreamed,
Of my childhood's haunts of play;
Of the meadow, and wood, and the playmate stream,
So dear to my earlier day.

VIII.

'Tis chang'd—there's a sound like the dying note
Of the Bugle on the sea;
Like the last faint song of the swan's clear throat,
E're she sinks to her rest for aye.

IX.

It seemed some wandering Peri's song—
So sad and yet so soft—
Mourning for that bright heaven so long
To her erring kindred lost.

X.

I woke; where was I?—in earth or air?
Confusion to my slumbering "Phreno,"
That thus runs wild—I was nodding there,
Over the soft Piano.

G.

The idea of cultivating style, as in a manner independent of thought, is a sad mistake. It is like the cultivation of manners, without any regard to duty and affection, their only genuine source. Style may be called the manners of the mind. And like them it will be natural or artificial, according as it arises from natural or artificial cultivation. Every mind has its own appropriate style; and that style can only be drawn forth and finished by the cultivation of thinking and reasoning. It is not surprising that we see such lamentable deficiencies in style, when the writers have been led to cultivate a foreign, artificial style, instead of their own natural style, flowing out of the character of their own minds. "The style of a man," said Buffon to Herablt de Sechelles, "is the man himself."
—Grimke.

A CHAPTER ON TEACHING.

MESSRS' EDITORS :

Let the interest I take in the education of my children, and the prosperity of our district school, suffice for an apology for requesting you to devote a page of your *Philomathesian*, which is much read in our neighborhood, to the following notice. The near approach of winter reminds us of our usual provisions for schooling our children. The very delicate and responsible duty of employing a teacher devolves upon myself; and, in compliance with custom, I shall make application at your Institution. And here I would offer a few suggestions, relative to the subject of *school teaching*.

I once had the honor of being a schoolmaster, but this was in the "dark ages" of school keeping in New England. At the period when the Psalter, Testament and spelling-book were the only *utensils* with which the scholar was to cultivate his mind. When every exercise of the school-room was performed according to the strictest laws of mechanics; so much so, that the scholar might recite his *quantity* of lesson, as ignorant of its meaning as the common apprentice, with his square and compass employed upon a piece of frame work, is of the principles of Geometry. Then passable reading and writing, together with strength corporeal, sufficient for the dextrous dealing of the rod and ferule, were the requisite qualifications. One skilled in devising such modes of torture, as would cast the greatest dread upon his subjects, and thereby render his government more despotic, was thought to possess the "art of teaching"—young ideas how to shoot?"

But happily for those who are yet to undergo the process of being schooled, a radical change is taking place in the system of teaching. This change is two fold, viz : in the government, and in the mode of instruction. Experiments have proved, with mathematical certainty, that blows inflicted upon the body are productive of no beneficial effect upon the mind; they may indeed, give a tension to the muscles of the bullock, but can never nerve the powers of intellect; they may exact the task from the slave, but cannot allure the child to letters. I once heard, (it may be dreamed,) that it was discovered, that the mind suffered an injury, proportional to the momentum of physical force applied to the body.—The frequen-

cy of the application would of course come into the account. How the discovery was made, my limited knowledge of the intimate connection between mind and matter never helped me to determine; but the result I am not disposed to question.

It may here be said, that the lash is not used as a mental stimulus, but to correct the obliquity of the moral conduct. Admitting this, (which is far from being true in all cases,) yet the effect in either case is the same. Quintilian says, if any child be of so dissingenuous a nature, as not to stand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worst of slaves, will be hardened, even against blows themselves.

But what shall be done with the dolts who infest our district schools, and often in such numbers that a master goes unarmed at the hazard of suffering the writ of *habeas corpus*? Why, to me it is a plain case, and the course is now pursued among us, that where such a nuisance exists, and the individual baffles all the skill of a skillful teacher to interest him in study, (for here lies the secret of school government,) he should be taken from the school by the committee, and deposited in the hands of his parent or guardian, where he could no longer act the part of the "dog in the manger," which would neither eat himself nor suffer the ox. To reform such an one, by the application of blows, is like killing a sick man to cure his disease.

I would by no means object to the teacher suitably treating imperfections in the scholar; and he may in some cases use the rod to advantage. For to take away this prerogative of the teacher would ruin our schools. From the nature of his situation, he must be invested with authority, limited by no rules; or rather he should possess all the authority, that is, the pupil should have none. Hence some empowered with that, which they had no discretion to use, have undertaken to improve the character, and instruct the mind of a child, by the same process as the hewer of stone converts the shapeless marble into the proportioned column. Those who instruct children and youth should remember that they deal not with senseless matter, but with perceptive beings, upon whom every look, word and action have an influence, secret it may be, yet no less powerful. They should feel that they are dropping seed upon untainted soil, and they are answerable for the fruit of maturer years. The child receives impressions from the disposition of the teacher which go with him long after the dull lessons of the school-room quit his memory. The notions of right and wrong, of virtue

and vice, implanted in his flexible mind, lead to that complex formation to which we give the name of character; and this combination of traits makes up the MAN. Is it then a matter of indifference of what character these notions and impressions are? I well recollect how my feelings have been embittered by the treatment of an aristocratic schoolmaster, while under the penalty of some slight boyism, of which a pleasant reproof would have made me ashamed. And one who has watched the workings of *his nature* must know how reckless he is at such a time, of any valuable improvement, and much more of committing a lesson, as unmeaning to him as so many words would be, thrown together in any other shape.

When thinking of the nice treatment, which the tender inclinations of childhood require; and knowing that the least crook in the twig occasions great irregularity in the tree, I have thought to adopt the plan of the Romans, and leave the culture of my children to no one but myself. I have seen the most excellent natures soured by indirect management. I have seen the bud, which had in it all the rudiments of future beauty, just as it began to blossom, withered by the rude tempest.

I speak of this for the reason that teachers have rather assumed the position, that they had nothing to do with the dispositions of their scholars—the improvement of the character was without their province. Than which there is no greater error in common education. The change taking place in the system of instruction, I look upon as one of the most valuable advancements in human wisdom. Woodbridge, Holbrook and others, who have labored to improve this system, are deserving of more praise than the improvers of the steam-engine, rail-roads and canals, inasmuch as these have only aided physical force, while those have relieved mental drudgery. One improvement spares the brute, the other blesses the man.

Would you view this change in the light in which I view it, call to mind with me the many six-hours which we have been confined in the school room, and which we passed almost as destitute of mental operations, as the benches upon which we lounged. Think with what impatience, or rather aversion we engaged in any exercise; and how our countenances beamed gladness only when our task was over. Then ask why this stupidity? this want of interest in pursuits which in themselves are so highly interesting? The answer is, we could not *understand* what we studied; and if the master attempted an explanation, it was often more blind to us than the text itself. The books were poorly adapted to our capacities; and the

mode of instruction much more so. What notions, if any, did we get of reading, writing and spelling, correctly, from the old spelling book theories, with which we had to burden our memories, or be flogged?—an alternative we most frequently preferred. And so mechanically was every exercise performed, that the inventive, thinking powers were not called into exercise; and with the exception of some few, whom nature had given more than common acuteness of perception, scholars never dared deviate from the exact words of the Author, lest they should fail to express his idea.

I have written more than I designed upon the manner in which our common schools were formerly conducted. And is there not too much of the old method still in existence? Many of our teachers are yet disposed to go over the duties of the school in too formal and superficial a manner: either from want of suitable books and apparatus to make the exercises interesting, or from lack of personal qualification. Whatever the difficulty is, there can and should be a speedy remedy. But knowing that your paper requires productions of a more literary character, I conclude with an assurance that nothing on our part shall be wanting to second the efforts of a judicious instructor. If you can aid me in procuring one who has judgment to retain whatever is valuable in the old, and energy to adopt whatever is worthy in the new measures of instruction, whose rule shall be of reason and love, at the same time that it is firm and unbending, he shall find among us a welcome and a reward.

Yours &c.

M. *

The Hermethenean.

We have received the first Number of a periodical with the above title, published by an Association in Washington College, Conn. Its execution is elegant, and many of its pages manifest ability, and are full of interest. We greet with fraternal feeling the appearance of this new work, and the more warmly, that we are not strangers to the embarrassments of such an undertaking. We believe that the publication of such a work will prove a source of improvement to its supporters, and exert a happy influence. With no disposition to criticise, we think some articles of more considerable length would possess greater interest and value.

THE UNWELCOME VISIT. A RURAL SCENE.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND WATERDROP.

Honeysuckle peeping from beneath an overhanging willow, viewing the first gleamings of morning light.

HONEYSUCKLE, (alone.)

Yes, the gloomy mists are fast dispersing,
And twilight's gentle rays fall soothingly.
How joyous, how charming the morning dawn!
The silvered stream, the wood, and flow'ry lawn,
Sparkling with dew, delighted, lovely smile.
While tree, and shrub, and wide extended mead
Swarm with the choir of songsters, tuning loud
Their pipes; some shrill, some sharp, some softly tuned,
As suits their different cars. And now, this breeze—
How gently, as it passes by, it fans
My face—Its breath, so sweet, exhilarates
And so enlivens me, I'm all entranced,
Wrought up to ecstasy. Oh! that its flow,
Thus gently passing, I might always feel;
And breathe alone its inspiring fragrance.
How would brighten these golden hues, the leaves
Expand, and bloom in sweetest loveliness.
But, ah! those dazzling streaks, too well bespeak
A rising sun. I fear his scorching rays.
These tender leaves—alas, too much expanded,
Will hardly bear a transit thus abrupt.

Waterdrop.—(Suspending himself from an overhanging leaf.)

My bonny lass, why these sad fears? Perhaps
A remedy'll appear.

Honeysuckle.—

A remedy!

And who are you, that thus obtrude yourself
Into my presence, sly and secretly?

*Waterdrop.—*A Waterdrop—may't please your modesty.

*Honeysuckle.—*A stranger, ay! your look, indeed, is fair;

But me, disdainful wretch, your seat insults.

Speak—whence are you, that thus you place yourself,
In careless ease, o'er my uncovered head.

*Waterdrop.—*My origin is long to trace, remote

Through countless ages. My birth unknown.

This only I can tell, once I was not,

Then I was. At first, with course unheeded,

And of power devoid, reckless, I rode

In dashing waves, o'er all the embodied earth.

At once, a change, a mighty change took place;

Our empire yielded and its bounds inscribed.

While earth, in beauty decked, arose; put on

Her garb of loveliness, and nature smiled.
'Twas then I changed my life; by laws was ruled,
Laws of subservience; subservience
To me.

Honeysuckle.— Wondrous indeed! amazing!—
And you, your little self, a mote, a speck,
~~Would boast of immortality, a life~~
Replete in virtue, and of endless years.
But now proceed, I'll hear you patiently.
A fable suits me if it's smoothly told.

Waterdrop.—Excuse me, gentle Miss, I would not boast;
I speak the truth, no angel tells the more.
Oft have I gone the round of earth, on land,
By sea, through air and earth I've sped my way;
My motto, onward, and my object good.
In mist and dew, in snow and falling rain,
I've done my duty, such as need required.
To air I give salubrity, to earth
Fertility. Vigor and life to man.
Each herb, and fruit, and flower, from me alone
Receive their fragrance, taste and loveliness.
Sometimes, as now, I drip, in silence, down
The pliant bay; then mingle in the flow
Of mighty rivers. Now I lay conceal'd
In th' acorn's narrow cell, then dash, in foam,
Through ocean's wide expanse—the wat'ry waste.

Honeysuckle.—Something of consequence, indeed, you are.
No wonder then, no miry filth nor pool,
Stagnant and motionless, could drink you in,
And you be lost. Vain boaster! now explain
The way by which you gained your present seat,
And placed yourself, in threatening insolence,
O'er my unveiled face. What subtle art
Conceal'd, or magic force directs your course?

Waterdrop.—'Tis hard to tell; suffice to say, the sun,
Whose rays you dread, in part my way directs.
'Tis he who raises me to seats on high,
When one kind deed is done; and sends me on
To acts of charity; to fertilize
The earth, and cheer mankind. But still I yield
Obedience to a counter power.
'Tis kindred love and near affinity.
A burning passion swells my inmost breast,
To meet my mother earth in kind embrace.
These counter forces each with constant press
Incite me onward in my varied course.
You ask, how came I here? from th' air around
In particles, so small, as to elude
Your sight; and here collected, as you see.

Honeysuckle.—Your tale is marvelous—most wond'rous strange—
You boast of charity and kindness shown—
Now show me proof—proof of your sincerity.
Yon sun is high advanced, and still proceeds—

I feel his scorching ray's increasing heat.
My heart grows sick, I'm faint, and soon shall sink,
Without some timely aid. Will you bend down
That flexile leaf, and veil my burning face?

Waterdrop.—I'll do my best—That is impossible.

I'll be the remedy;

(Falls and diffusing himself over the Honeysuckle, collects on the stem below.)

Honeysuckle.—*(Irritated.)*

Base Intruder!

Vile, deceitful wretch! Is this your favor?
Where's your proffered boon, your boasted virtue?
Oh! those soft words—how could they charm me thus!
Why should I thus sport with the vipers' sting!

(Looking down upon Waterdrop.)

Ah! dost tarry still, to feed my torments?
Now look ye here—behold these drooping leaves,
This stem—

(Waterdrop falls to the earth and disappears.)

He's gone—"embraced his mother earth,"
As well he said. A filthy spot it was,
But now, still more. Peace be to his remains—
Let none disturb them, lest a stench arise;
A deadly stench, that poisons all. But stop—
These leaves revive; my strength, at once, recruits,
And I am well. Whence came this sudden cure?
The sun shines scorching, but I feel it not—
Ah! yes—too true. My sisters—they are dead;
And now my parent stem, alone on me
Can look in hope. Then what's the cause? The leaf—
It surely is not that. The Waterdrop—
Oh! woe to me—I knew that it is he.
Ah! yes—"A remedy" he called himself.
That remedy, I did abuse, disregard,
I uttered maledictions long and hard.
I raved and madly triumphed on his grave.
Let me beg forgiveness. Perhaps his shade
Will hear and pardon me. But no—I fear
His wrath, and vengeance just. In shame
I'll hide my head. With sackcloth deck myself,
And die.

Y. Y

SLAVERY—EMANCIPATION—COLONIZATION SOCIETY—ANTI-
SLAVERY SOCIETY AND ABOLITIONISTS.

IN a country like our own, where liberal principles maintain the ascendancy, where free inquiry and innovation are prominent characteristics of the people, there is always some absorbing topic, some favorite speculation or subject of popular debate. Never does the period arrive when the temple of that litigious *Janus*, who sits as our guardian Genius, can be closed. It is true, since Spurzheim has slept and his theory slumbered, since Nullification has found a peaceful grave and Black Hawk retired to his cabin in the West, the wiseacres of the day have been somewhat puzzled in their prognostications, as to what subject may next occupy public attention. But the winds of wordy strife and noisy debate are springing up anew, in every quarter, and it requires no great prescience to foresee that the condition of our black population in the South must soon be the topic of paramount interest. Already has this theme assumed its appropriate nomenclature, and the terms "Garrisonism," "Abolitionism" and "Abolitionists," "Liberators" and "Colonization men" are becoming "familiar in our mouth as household words."

That the subject is one of great importance is undeniable; important to the philanthropist who pleads for the amelioration of human misery, to the patriot whose eye is fixed upon the future prospects of his country, to the slaveholder who pleads precedent, expediency and necessity, and more especially to the slave himself who pleads for freedom, and those rights which are recognized in the Constitution of the country where he sojourns. But in times of popular excitements, the grand object of every one seems to be, to vanquish those who differ from him in sentiment, apparently laboring to widen the breach of separation, instead of employing his zeal in the investigation of truth. The slaveholders look upon the people of the North as their sworn enemies; the advocates of colonization regard the abolitionists with an eye of suspicion; and these, in their turn, allege that the tendency of the colonization system is to perpetuate slavery. I have no design of attempting to make proselytes to any favorite doctrine of my own; but there are certain questions, growing out of this subject, which I wish to propose to those who are willing to treat the matter in a candid and impartial manner. And I do hope that the pages of the *Philomathesian* will

not be denied to any communications, the tendency of which is to place the subject in a clearer light, and render any assistance in determining what is *right* and what is *wrong*.

1. Is there moral guilt in slavery?
2. Would a general and immediate emancipation be practicable?
3. Would the condition of the slaves be improved by emancipation?
4. Would a general emancipation be detrimental to the pecuniary interests of the slave-holders?
5. How far is legislative interference expedient?
6. What course should be pursued by the people of the North, relative to slavery in the South?
7. Is the tendency of the course pursued by the Colonization Society, to perpetuate, or destroy slavery?

B. B.

Dick on the Improvement of Society. Family Library, No. 59.

From a cursory examination of this Number, we think the present Volume an important addition to this valuable series of works. It embodies much valuable information, well arranged and clearly exhibited. In the Introduction, the Author takes a view of the intellectual state of mankind at different former periods. In the progress of the work, he points out to us, here and there, a spot where the light of science glimmered amid the surrounding darkness, until he brings us to the present time. Many of the advantages, which would attend a more general diffusion of knowledge, are strikingly illustrated; its tendency to remove the causes of superstitious notions, and to enlarge the sources of refined enjoyment, is well illustrated. Like most of the numbers of the Family Library it is replete with interest, with numerous facts so happily exhibited, that we scarce fail, in every page, of becoming absorbed in the subject. Sound instruction, and a style happy in its communication, we think the characteristics of this work.

The History of Charlemagne; By G. P. R. James, Esq. Fam. Lib. No. 60.

This, we understand, is the commencement of a series of Volumes, historical of France in the lives of her Great Men. In the Introduction to this history of one of her greatest and noblest, much light is thrown on the early periods of the French nation. Like those of most of the European Empires, the origin and early history of France are involved in abundance of barbarous mist and obscurity; and this, in the outset, the Author has, with a good degree of success, endeavored to remove. This Volume is ably written, and tokens much good in subsequent numbers.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

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No. 6.

SIMILAR—YET NOT THE SAME.

A SCENE IN SCIO.

THE once magnificent and commercial Scio, was a smouldering desolation, and her citizens, half consumed by the flames that ever and anon burst forth from the ruins of their once splendid mansions, and mangled by a wanton and ferocious soldiery, were strewed upon the ground in all the circumstances of barbarian revenge. In a word, Scio was a multiplied Coliseum, whose arena was covered with the carcases of Turk and Sciot, Peloponnessian and far off foreigner.

THE soldier's profession is a stern calling, and callous must be his heart, who can view the apparently necessary crimes of the warrior, without dropping a solitary tear over human suffering, and depravity; and still more inhuman must he be, who can gaze unmoved upon the remains of a once vigorous body which his own hand has consigned to an early tomb. But what epithet sufficiently harsh can be found in the whole vocabulary of language, that can with strict justice express the character of those, who add wantonness to cruelty, who feast their eyes upon their victims writhing in keen agony, who make the death of those victims a secondary object, but their torture, their sweetest pastime? Decency in combination with villainy may not be deemed a perfect absurdity; and while the feeling heart bleeds at the stern necessity, the victim must be sacrificed,—and here the catastrophe ends. But, when insult is heaped upon the innocent dead, when overgrown barbarity vents itself in the

bitter regret that one body has not a myriad lives to be sacrificed, we are apt to indulge the criminal wish, that all the fierce spirits of the world were encaged in one body, and that we could call down the fiery thunderbolts of heaven, and dash that solitary individual into atoms, and send forth the spirits into the regions of uninhabited space, or consign them to annihilation. That Scio had sunk in ruins, and that thousands of Sciots, who had had the foolhardiness to steal from their lurking places, had atoned for the atrocious crime of existence with their lives, did not suffice for the bloody-minded Turks. In every street and avenue of the city were to be seen bodies gashed with innumerable strokes, and exposed to the scorching sun; whose hearts were food for the destroying worm, were just yielding the last drop of blood, or were quivering beneath the repeated blows of the gory assassin. Others, who claimed the immortal honor of doing things in a gentlemanlike manner, (barbarously speaking,) who inflicted tortures upon a more refined system, would drag from their concealment hoary headed fathers with their helpless offspring, and murder them one by one, with red hot pikes of iron, with pointed splints of highly combustible wood, with ignited sulphur, with partial flaying and crushing of bones, or, when the aged had met their sudden and fearful allotment, the beautiful damsels were hurried away on board the men-of-war, reserved for slavery's 'ever-during' pains. The dark waters were crimsoned with guiltless blood, and, as the Turkish mariner leaned over the bulwark of his vessel, gazing now at the dangling hostages, and now at the watery element, he might enjoy the fiendish satisfaction, that by him and his associates were these torrents of blood spilled, so much crime perpetrated, so much misery inflicted.

Cheering reflection! and rendered more exquisitely delightful by the thought, that those who had escaped the sword would be dying in slavery all their miserable lives. Days had rolled on in the work of butchery, and the whole Island had drunk largely of the blood of her inhabitants. Although the strictest scrutiny had been exercised in searching for the skulking Sciots, yet some had survived the general massacre, and continued in their retreats, stealing forth by night in search of food to preserve a little longer their emaciated and death-stricken skeletons.

Let us follow one of these miserable existences to his comfortless, and subterranean abode, and gaze on the scenes of wo—scenes of sad reality,—and drop the 'tribute of a tear' over the last struggle of mortal being. There is a melancholy pleasure, an awing

sacredness in surveying the dark chambers of death ; in viewing the copious flow of tears, as they burst forth in long suppressed grief, roll down the pale cheek, and drop in quick succession upon the groaning bosom, in witnessing the last affectionate embrace, in listening to the sacred admonitions of a dying mortal, speaking peace to his offspring as they bend over his motionless body ; and finally in witnessing the departure of the summoned spirit, as it enters upon the threshold of a new existence, a blessed immortality

Stretched upon a pallet of blood-stiffened rags, lay an aged sufferer, in the last moments of his being. While gory massacre was rioting over his head, and the earth below trembled beneath the thunders of the cannon, he had languished out a miserable existence, supported by the scanty gleanings of an only son, and the tender cares of a daughter, and daughter-in-law. True to his parental charge, the son, by active and cautious stealth, was enabled to steal forth in the obscurity of the night, and gather a few mouthfuls of food to resuscitate his fast fading parent ; and, as the night began to fade away, he was cheered by the christian-like satisfaction, that by his exertions Scio still afforded a beggarly meal of unsavory herbs to satisfy the cravings of suffering nature. As he approached the rags on which his father lay, he throw down his handful of maize, and exclaimed in the sorrow of his soul :

“ There, Father, is the offering of a willing son, ’tis a pitiful offering. Yet to him who enquires what it is, be it answered, ’tis the little all that remains of Scio. This night I have seen a sight that would melt the most frozen heart ; I have seen a thousand wretches, a thousand fold more wan, and starved than myself, digging the very earth for food, and howling in the phrenzy of despair. This little handful I have scraped together amid a thousand perils : take it from a son of sorrow, and God’s benison be with it and you. ’Tis the last morsel, I fear, that these hands shall ever impart, or thine receive, for by to-morrow morn, Scio will have been scraped by the nails, and teeth of dying skeletons.”

“ And God grant, that this may be the last morsel which my dying nature shall require. I feel my soul already struggling for an avenue from this gashed, and loathsome prison-house of clay. I feel it panting for God, and with him it soon must be. Yes, my son, let your anxiety for me cease. Others demand thy attention. they will starve unless you be their supporter. But ere this half putrid body becomes food for worms, I have one request to make, and that is, that thou wilt not expose thy life to danger by seeking

revenge for my death. I know the spirit that slumbers within thy breast, I know that thou art revengeful, but deign to comply with the request of a dying parent, and let vengeance slumber, and the past be forgotten." "As filial piety has ever burned pure within me, cursed be the day of my birth, if the appeal, the last and solemn call of an expiring father, fall disregarded upon my ear. If this be the last hour of a miserable mortality, die; die in peace, knowing that thy reasonable will is the most holy of laws."

"I promise, upon the *as yet* untarnished honor of a faithful son, that I will abstain from all perilous attempts to gratify the base inclinations of revenge." He uttered the words '*as yet*' with an energy, and tone of fearful meaning, that made the dying man start amid his agonies, and cast his glassy eyes with an enquiring, and almost terrified look upon his son; but he fell back upon his pillow with a heavy groan, and died without a struggle.

Whether he saw the deadly intentions which had been silently brewing in his son's bosom, and the thought had extorted a groan of despair, or whether he felt a pride in his son's integrity, and fancied he perceived the same pride in the other's tone, and gave assent as his spirit was taking its flight, is unknown. "He is gone! He is gone!" cried the son, "gone! gone! I have said—ha, what have I said?—said what I will not do—said that I will forego my revenge. Yes, I said it, that he might die in peace. But I will be revenged, deeply revenged.—Oh! a glorious harvest I will reap—Ha, ha, ha! How like going to paradise, the long-beards will look when they find themselves dangling in the clouds! Then may they shout, glory to Mahomet! and fancy they are on their journey to him. Then shall come a fall—a sad fall! and they shall shout, glory to the Fiend! for I will send them in troops as a reinforcement to his Satanic Majesty's standing army. Ha! and then—and then—what then?"—"Oh Jordano! Jordano!" cried his consort, starting up in terror at his fiery tones, and gestures, "what are you thinking of?" "Why, I was thinking whether I should bring up the rear, or give another regiment of lubberly infidels their commission in their emperor's body guard." "Oh! how can you say so! consider what you are about!" "About! about! consider what I am about!—Oho, yes!—why, I am planning my night's work, 'twill be a glorious work." "Oh! how can you be so cruel to me! Do you know what you say? Are you mad?" "Mad! Do you ask me 'are you mad?' You are not wont to ask me thus." "Mad, and cruel!" "I am not cruel to you, my sweet

girl; I love you now as ever. But your tears are salt to my heart, and yet 'tis no wonder they flow so plenteously; we have lost a kind father, and well may you weep. His death is—Ha, ha!—They're drunk with blood; their goblets overflow most plentifully. 'Twill be doing them a kindness.—'Tis twelve, just: I must go." Reason was fast tumbling from her throne, and shattered intellect was cowering before the hideous form of madness. But a woman's agonizing voice recalled consciousness, and gave to mind the sceptre of authority. "Ah! Jordano," supplicated the crying, clinging Julie, "for the love you bear to me I conjure you to tell me where you go, and what danger you encounter. Will you kill yourself? will you kill me, who love you, who will love you, and whose life is yours? Oh! God, restore his reason." These words were a charm upon his fury, and they broke in upon his soul like a sunbeam of light. He hung over her kneeling form in all the tenderness of grief, and anxiety of former love; wiped from her cheeks the big tear-drops as they gushed from her swollen eyes, and, as the thought of the last few moments flashed upon his mind, like a forgotten dream, he showed the tender husband in the tearful eye, and sighing heart.

His Sister, who had been a trembling witness to this afflicting scene, clung to his arm, and besought him, until she prevailed upon him to remain with them until the following night.

That night came, and brought along with it the torture of burning hunger, the groans of expiring wretches, and the chilling shrieks of assassinated victims, whose breadless dungeons had driven them forth amid tigers prowling for blood.

Who can describe female love, and female fears? Reader, if you have ever heard the soft and trembling tones, seen the watery eye, and felt the precious, and tender clasp of a fond wife, you can picture more faithfully than pen can tell, what fears congealed the heart's blood, what silvery drops of woe rolled down the cheek of the pleading Julie, as the revengeful Jordano freed himself from her embrace, and swore over his father's dead body, that the last muscle should be twisted from his arm, and every pulse should deaden, ere the passion, that revelled, like the pent fires of a volcano within him, should die. "Aye!" cried he in his mad intoxication, "I have plotted a plot that shall shake the dark foundations of the *Ægean*, and cover her bosom with the fragments of vessels and the mangled carcases of the Turkish bulldogs. I have uttered the words of a fiend upon the honor of a christian, and by a christian's honor

I will do what I have sworn." As the clank of his footstep died away upon the marbled entrance, the agonizing Julie burst forth into violent sobbing, and shed many an alleviating tear. "And is the last endearing tie of life now severed?" groaned she. "My own Jordano—he was mine once—will soon meet the fearful consequences of his madness. Oh! did he feel one spark of affection enduring the keen torture of fear, he would encage himself in this living grave, and gnaw the dead for food, ere he would fling himself amid dangers beyond the sight, and feeble aid of his loved one.—But may he never feel the anguish that consumes my heart, nor drink the full cup of despair, even though I should meet a fearful destiny. But may he then feel as he now feels, to reap his revenge, rather than waste away by the canker-worm of sorrow. Oh! I ask not for life—the sorrow that is here is too high a price for the scanty joys of time: I ask to see my Jordano once more, and, if he be dead, to kiss the livid hue of his mutilated countenance, and then to expire upon his cold, and stiffened bosom.

Tell me, ye guardian angels, must I seek him among the ghastly corpses, or will he again enter this abode of misery, and cheer into a glowing flame this dying spark of existence,—tell me, shall the coral of the deep weave a covering for his bones, or shall these hands be permitted to scrape the earth, and hollow out a sepulchre for his body?" The roar of the Turkish cannon burst upon their ears like successive claps of thunder; and as they rushed into the open atmosphere they found the sea covered with foam, yet felt not the least stirring of the air. It would have been dark as the grave, but the broad sheets of flame, which rolled from the cannons' mouths, glared upon the heavens like the first burstings of a volcano.—Still the two miserable beings stood straining their moistened eyes to discover some movement, explanatory of this mystery. Nor did they gaze long. Suddenly the heavy, sluggish waters were lifted from their dark foundations, and the mighty mass was hurled aloft wreathed in flames, as if the long struggling fires of the earth had torn their way through its crust. A battle ship with its heavy folds of canvass, bursting into curling sheets of fire, was borne up along with its friendly element. It hung tremblingly for an instant, as if to allow some scores of dark forms to plunge into the tumbling waters; then it burst with the jar, and voice of an earthquake, filling the heavens with myriads of fragments, and throwing its magnificent glare for miles around upon the gloomy deep. One simultaneous, terrific cry from ten thousand beings—and the silence of death succeeded.

W.* H.* O.

A PEEP, AT ST. HELENA.

I.

It is an hour for man to feel
Devotion in his pulses' play ;
The reverent nerves within him kneel
In thrilling worship of the clay.
That feeling, who hath never felt
At nature's stir divine,
May boast no more that he can melt
Before a prouder shrine.

II.

THE winds are loud along the deep
That girds St. Helen's lonely steep,
Reared for a barrier to the wave
It cannot quell, yet dares to brave.
The sheeted foam doth wildly roll
From the bourne of the booming sea,
And dashes fiercely to its goal,
Its soon grave seeking on the lee.
There's a rush on the hurtling air
Of the shrieking seabird by—
To the Isle—to the Isle—there is shelter there
From the sweep of the sullen sky !

III.

THE hour is dark, but not with night ;
For the sun is high in its path of light ;
But the pall of earth o'er heaven is spread,
Like the sables borne for the early dead.
Where the tempest is flinging the wave to the land,
Why treads there a step on the desolate strand ?
Away ! to thy shelter, lone wanderer, fly !
There's a grave for thy daring, a dirge in the sky.

IV.

CAN he look on that sight ? will his brow
O'er the rush of the hurricane smile ?
Can he mate with the elements now,
And his heart feel no terror the while ?
It is he—it is he—by the tread
Of the conqueror ye may tell ;
He hath borne with the havoc man hath made—
He may bear with the tempest well.

V.

His step was once in the princely hall,
 In the deadly pass, on the shattered wall;
 The steel of victory in his hand,
 O'er many a field, in many a land
 Hath flashed for vengeance and for fate—
 Its guide, France, glory, or his hate.
 The crowned have been his vassal band,
 Proud crests were bent before him—
 What doth he here on the Island strand,
 With the tempest battling o'er him?
 Where is the diadem he wore?
 His freedom and his glory?
 For those, ask Albion's haughty shore;
 For this, his deathless story.

VI.

And he—the prisoned eagle there—
 How doth he shame and quiet bear?
 'There is a might in his spirit still
 To nerve the flesh at his tyrant will;
 The song of that tempest is sweeter far
 To his desolate sense, than a peaceful were;
 It tells so of stir, and the voice of war,
 The blast of the Bugle, the tramp afar
 Of the glittering lines, as they sweep along
 To the fight, and the fall, and a name in song:
 He hath heard such sounds—in the warring sky
 He hears them again, as the blast sweeps by;
 Leave him, the outcast and desolate, there—
 The tempest harms not, whom such destinies spare.

VII.

Look—how he treads on his trembling path,
 With the foam in his footsteps lying!
 'Tis the march he loved, when his wakened wrath
 Swept the field from the foemen flying.
 The warrior's eye of ire,
 The port of a princely one,
 And a spirit unquenched in its fostered fire—
 These are the exile's own.
 But his soul is dark with remembered things,
 And the bright past a woe o'er his fallen heart flings;
 His thoughts are away, where his banner once shone
 In the red van of conquest, triumphantly lone;
 And he breathes to the winds, as they chide him for rest,
 The thoughts that sting darkly his desolate breast.

VIII.

ALAS, for him who falls, yet feels
Mankind have blessing in his fall !
There is no bitterer woe, that steals
On fallen guilt, and swift reveals
Grim agony's essential gall,
Than this, that on his coming pall
The world will look with laughing sigh,
While freer feet, and lighter eye,
And bounding breasts are sweeping by :
Is such, lone one, the sorrow now,
That seals such horror on thy brow ?

IX.

It is a fearful thing to stand,
As he had stood in other days,
The idol of an injured land—
The god of a devoted band—
Yet paid for injury in praise.
And far more fearful to forget,
While trembling realms around him bent,
Another hour, of vengeance set,
To retribution swiftly lent,
Might change the trembling to the brave,
Teaching the lesson he had taught,
Work woe for him who ruin wrought,
And give himself the cup he gave.

X.

BUT years have gone, since on that shore
The unconquered captive ceased to tread ;
That Island rock, with solemn roar
Of winds on high, and reverent oar,
That muffled sweeps beneath his bed,
Sings for such one a fitting dirge ;
While lifts sepulchrally the surge
A voice of requiem round the grave,
Where sleeps at last the buried brave.
Find for the peaceful lowly rest
Within earth's soft and silent breast ;
But for thy burial, child of gloom,
That ocean cliff were better tomb.

h—— a——.

REPLY TO THE QUESTIONS OF B. B.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—

In the last Number of the *Philomathesian*, are several interrogations, by your correspondent, B. B. on Slavery, Emancipation &c.

The publication of these is a tacit pledge, at least, that the answers to them, if philosophic, shall receive the same honorable attention. Yet, it is not the vain hope of treating these subjects as their momentous importance demands that induces me to assume their consideration; but an ardent desire of exciting a deep investigation of certain notions of principles, which, above all others, should interest every lover of social order and good government; in fine, every intelligent member of society. Much has been said on the injurious tendency of Slavery, of its injustice and horrors, and of our duty *immediately* to eradicate it from our country. Having, however, no predilection for any of the sects whose opinions clash on these points, we hope to commence the discussion, unmoved by groundless prejudice, unswayed by the views of party, and with a strong determination to be guided by Justice and Reason.

The first Question reads: "Is there moral guilt in Slavery?"

If a person break any just and wholesome law, though it be sanctioned only by human authority, he is morally *guilty*—But all men inherit, naturally, the same right to exercise their free will; or as it stands in the very front of that proudest monument of human wisdom, our Constitution, "All men are born equally free and independent." Whoever, therefore, usurps authority over another, or retains it contrary to his will, violates this fundamental law of all freedom, and is *morally guilty*. This is Slavery in the abstract, as it *actually* exists. Is the question then asked, is this guilt increased, by retaining slaves in this same bondage? We answer *yes*—because the power which retains them in their present condition is every moment usurped, and because it promises them no equivalent for their labor and liberty. If we pursue the inquiry further, we must regard the expediency of continuing the institution, and the duty of Slaveholders and others to the Slaves themselves. It is said that it is expedient to continue the practice, because they are incapable of self-government, naturally vicious, and society would be endangered by making them free. The amount of which is, they

ought not to enjoy the rights nature gave them, for the supposed reason, that they *might* abuse them. And thus, by assumed expediency, exculpate the Slaveholder from any crime in their detention. *now*, and *forever*, unless by some revolution, or extraordinary change of external circumstances, his relation to them is materially altered.

I would ask, are they naturally incapacitated for self-government or is it the result of circumstances? As we never heard of a Nation of Idiots, we must conclude that it is the effect of their peculiar situation in life, their deprivation of every advantage to fit them for knowing themselves and others, in fact of knowing the first, simplest rudiments of government. Again, is not their alleged viciousness caused by their oppression? They are conscious of their wrongs and seek to redress them as well as they are able. They have no power to enforce the claims of Justice, no strong arm of the law is stretched out in their defence, they feel themselves exiled in a land of robbers, where they may practise vices similar to those committed by their masters. Will not similar treatment produce like effects on any people? Behold it in every oppressed Nation under heaven, in every society, in every individual, unless by the most virtuous education he is led to adopt the great christian principle of returning good for evil. But how would society be endangered? by this same propensity to vice, it is answered. Here then is an admission from the abettors of the practice, of its moral guilt, because the circumstances which rendered them criminals, were under the Slaveholder's control; it is no less than saying, we have given them such an education, that we dare not trust them with the exercise of it. If these assertions be correct, is not a continuance of the same causes the voucher for the same effects? So by the admission of these, acknowledgement is virtually made, that their condition ought to be radically changed; as, also, that those who lend their aid in detaining them in their present state, are participants in the crimes they may commit. Is not that a shortsighted policy, then, that would continue them in their present degradation? Is it not smothering a fire with the most combustible materials? But grant that they would abuse freedom if they possessed it, and consequently expediency justified the present course; would it justify it any longer than till they could, as soon as possible, be fitted to provide for themselves? Again, while they are detained, will not justice allow them a fair remuneration for their services? Something more, I apprehend, than a pitiful allowance of coarse food, and

cloth barely to cover their backs! but are we not bound by every moral obligation, and is it not the object of all society, to contribute to the happiness of those who shall feel its influence? Have these obligations been fulfilled towards the Slave? Read the answer in the objections, before noticed, to Emancipation. Now would not the observance of these obligations, produce a radical change in his condition? Would not a ministration to all his wants, which duty enjoins on those who have it in their power, and which justice demands as an equivalent for other services, remove the whole grievance of Slavery? Then for the nonperformance of duties, he that continues the practice is morally guilty.

The second Question is "Would a general and immediate Emancipation be practicable?" We answer, yes, if effected in the manner suggested above, or by any other means which shall at the same time provide for their employment and instruction. If they were merely emancipated, and told to provide for themselves as well as they could, without giving them any assistance, it would be problematical whether their condition would be improved, or not. If we reason from analogy, taking the examples that have happened in other countries as our data, we shall decide in the affirmative.— Yet by such an act we must conclude, that they would only be rendered susceptible of improvement, without actually being made better. This comprehends, very nearly, the third Question, which is, "Would the condition of the Slaves be improved by Emancipation?" The answer to which was involved in that of the former.

Fourth Question, "Would a general Emancipation be detrimental to the pecuniary interests of the Slaveholders?" If a man emancipates without remuneration, he certainly gives up what is now considered a perfect possession of as much money, as the persons of the manumitted are worth, and also the undivided profit of their labor, above their maintainance; which would not be the case, if the labor were performed by freemen. But what improvements might be made, to enhance his profits, to change the current of labor, to render useless a great proportion of that now employed, we are unable to determine. The Cotton growing States would, by the introduction of free labor, be able to manufacture their own production, the interest of the Northern and Southern would be more connected, and other circumstances might occur, which would convert this seeming loss into a positive gain. The loss we consider temporary, the gain permanent.

Fifth Question, "How far is Legislative interference expedient?"

This is almost indeterminate. Perhaps time and circumstances could alone show, how far it would be required. It might be unsafe for any Legislature to go farther, than to aid in laws for the amelioration of the Slave's estate, and preparing him for usefulness, until such a moral change shall have taken place in the majority of the citizens of any State, as to ensure regard for a law, which should forbid the recognition of property in any one's person.

Sixth Question, "What course should be pursued by the people of the North, relative to Slavery in the South?" We ought to sympathize with those people in the miseries that flow from the institution, correct any errors perceived in their opinions respecting it, cooperate with them as far as possible, in schemes of Emancipation, and Colonization, and in every lawful manner contribute to the improvement of the Slave.

Seventh Question, "Is the tendency of the course pursued by the Colonization Society, to perpetuate, or destroy Slavery?" If it were asked whether thirty men with buckets, laboring diligently, would lessen the waters of the St. Lawrence, we should scarcely know what to answer. Undoubtedly some water would be prevented from flowing immediately to the ocean, but as its place would be far more than supplied by inlets we should perceive no difference. And so with this society. If Slavery is to be extirpated by *this*, its funds must be increased by millions, and we must measure the expense only by the obligations of Duty.

FAIRLY.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

PARIS—SCENE, THE PALACE.

KING CHARLES.

WHAT boots a King, shorn of his sovereignty ?
 What boots a fool in purple, and fine stuffs,
 And tiptoeing beneath a crown that would
 Be spit on, did it not monopolize
 All ridicule, which worthy quality
 Comes from the wearer ? Yes, I am one, and th' other ;
 A crowned fool, a dupe of knaves, a King
 Of flatterers. It frets my patience sore
 To sup on schemes of sieges, plans of battles,
 And swallow some ten thousand curses,
 E'en from the dirtiest beggar in the street ;
 To have my slumbers mangled in such wise,
 As well would fret a loggerhead to downright
 Testiness ; as lo ! Coligny here
 Does trample down all men's allegiance ;
 There Conde is busy with his tongue and sword ;
 And then be kinged and lieged, and lieged and kinged,
 And fooled, and spit on, hissed at, cursed to boot
 By flatterers of me the *favorer*,
 And not of me the *man*. To be a King !
 To be a fool without a remedy,
 Save death ; a martyr to the furious mob ;
 Or tool for noblemen, wherewith to work
 Their own aggrandizement. Each rebel cur,
 Ensconced behind some newly broached opinions,
 By a new conscience swindled of his reason,
 Gulled of his faith by busy heresy,
 Talks big, and apes the King, and thinks it time
 To look into the matter and advise a word :
 And if perchance the dirt-fed fools condemn,
 They think, that 'tis a bounden duty,
 As prudent guardians of the public good,
 That they unmake the King, and King, the Lord knows whom.
 I've played the fool, but now I'll play the tyrant.
 I've Coligny in all safe keeping,
 Report says, the assassin honors his
 Profession. Bravos we encourage,
 To answer our most sovereign purposes.

ENTERS A SERVANT.

Varlet, what sort of news ?

Servant.—

Of a queer sort.

King.—

What is a queer sort ?

Servant.—

News of such a sort

As he of no sort, are a queer sort.

As news are of all sorts, these are some sort ;

As there's no sort like these, these have no sort.

King.—Minion, what news bear you? are good or bad?

Servant.—Nor good, nor bad, nor yet indifferent.

That they be good, Coligny should be dead;
That they be bad, Coligny is alive;
The one I take to be impossible,
Because he breathes. The other does not stand
To reason, since he has no life about him,
Being most sorely wounded, which can scarcely
Be deemed a subject of indifference.

King.—Be blisters on his heart, and palsied be
His hand, that in his failure lie our shame
And deepest degradation. I'll chop the knave
All piecemeal for his lying, knavish tongue.
To slay the Admiral would be policy,
As not to slay him. But to scotch him
Is downright madness.

ENTERS CATHARINE, QUEEN-MOTHER

Catharine.—My liege, what troubles you?

King.—This Varlet saith the Admiral is wounded;
So madam, there's an end to all your scheming.

Catharine.—I grant it so; but, liege, when schemings end,
Let doubting cease and action stand or mend.
Speak, and be free from these vile heretics,
That do belie your royal lineage,
And sap the weak foundations of your power.
This night you may be King, which thou art not,
Long as your kingship's tarnished by rebellion.
Thou hast a few, on whose allegiance
Rebellion dares not breathe a poisonous breath.
Have they not knives of length to reach the heart
Of every Hugonot, who sleeps this night
In sad security? Command this, as
An earnest of all due obedience
To our most holy, sovereign Pontiff.

King.—What! murder those that are my bravest subjects!
Out on thy damned bloody-mindedness,
Base woman, that outrageth all the furies!

Catharine.—Ha! man, wilt not? Then hug thy barren sceptre,
As hugs the child its doll, mistaking
The image for the true original.
Cling to thy throne that holds a mockery-king;
Put on the majesty that fools grin at;
Kiss the sweet crown that beggars spit on;
And when your sovereignty is wrecked upon
Rebellion, grace the busy guillotine,
The which would laugh to taste thy worthless blood.

(Exit Catharine.)

King.—The hag is gone, 'tis thus she masters me.

(Enters Servant.)

Well menial, with what news are men's tongues busy?

Servant.—Some talk of friendship, some of treachery,
Of chains, of dungeons, plots and death, and blood.

Some suck the wind to cool the rage that burns them ;
 Some do the same as if they see such sights
 As rouse men's fears and blanch their hueless cheeks.
 One crossed my path, that looked dark things, and fearful.
 In his clenched hand he held a dagger drawn.
 He muttered words of startling meaning :
 And as he entered you low Cottage,
 " Twelve blades for Charles' death ! " burst from his lips.

King.—Oh ! foul conspirators, to slay your King !
 Ah ! yes, they'd butcher their high sovereign,
 And think them honored by the murd'rous deed !
 Now I'm resolved, that, as these scoundrels
 In all good conscience thought to ease me
 Of troublous cares and thoughts perplexing ;
 As this regard for others' suffering
 Meets well our sovereign approbation,
 I will in like good faith requite me
 Of obligation, and to them I'll be
 The same kind, dangerous friend as they to me.
 Bid hither our good Captain of the Guards.

(Exit Servant.)

ENTERS OFFICER.

This night we need thy trusty services.
 As thou dost issue forth, direct thy course
 Strait to thy true subalterns ; bid them arm.
 And when, at dead of night, a pistol shot
 Disturbs the awful calmness of the streets,
 Let the loud clash of arms be heard around,
 And the shrill cry of butchered heretics,
 All who, that sleep in Paris, die to night.

Officer.— My liege, all !

King.— Hold thy tongue, thy King commands ;
 And mark me, slave, if but a single breath
 Of these our royal orders reach the ear
 Of Hugonot or traitor ; by my soul,
 I'll have thy gabbling tongue torn from its roots,
 And crisp thy body on hot ashes.
 And him, that disobeys thy orders,
 I'll torture sore, and fling him to the vultures.

* * * * *

I feel an awe now creeping o'er my soul ;
 This is the hour appointed for the signal ;
 The streets have stilled their customary hum ;
 The lamps look not upon the pavement ;
 A thousand sleep in fatal confidence ;
 Yet thousands lurk in breathless watchfulness,
 And clench their daggers with a tighter grip.
 What clank is that ?—the watchman's !—'twas fancy.
 Again !—'tis hurried and heavy, as
 Of one alarmed, or stung by sudden passion !
 I hear a sullen murmuring of voices.
 That pistol-shot !—the signal, ha !—The tramp

Of heavy heels breaks on the awful stillness !
On now ! strike home ye gory murderers !—
Now glut ye to your fill with faithless blood—
That hollow crash !—that startling cry of terror !—
Oh ! there is music in these clashing sounds—
These deathwarrants to the heretics.
Now rest thee, King, and banish every fear,
Thou'rt sovereign now,—be this a happy year.

A—Z.

WE WOULD BE REMEMBERED.

THERE is nothing from which we shrink with a more shuddering chill at the heart, than from the thought that we may be forgotten. It brings a feeling of faintness over the soul ; and warm as may be the gush of present feelings and hopes, they will curdle at the icy idea, that the affections we now share, and the bonds that now bind us to memory and mention, may fail ; that those affections may gather coldness, and those bonds, under the influence of fortune or frailty, be sundered forever. We love to be remembered ; and in the hours of business or grief, when years have dealt harshly with our early recollections, when the mates of our childhood and the names of home are but dimly recalled, how will the eye brighten and the blood thrill at the assurance, that we are not forgotten in those scenes of first love—that there our names are not dead, nor our being obliterated. Within the narrow circle of friends, to be mentioned with feelings of kindness and regard, is, alone, worth more to the heart, than all fame that the world can give. The estimation in which society may hold us, and the construction it may put on our actions, are certainly to be matters of interest. But while our part in life is acted well, our relations to men fully sustained, and our duty all and nobly done, whether the world shall trumpet or forget the fact is a question of slight concern, so far as the happiness of the heart is involved. It may be sweet to feel that our names are honored, and our actions crowned with the approbation of men ; but with all the music fame may breathe over the brain, it cannot reach the still chambers of the soul. A voice to penetrate there, and wake a kindred tone, must be a voice in which the affections of the heart find utterance ; and they, who have won for themselves the most dazzling meed of this world's glory, have deepest felt its coldness and utter destitution of feeling and sincere regard.

Y

Yet for an immortality of such honor, how many a sigh is breathed—how many a life spent in weary restlessness and yearning anxiety! Our few brief years are not enough: we would build a name that shall live when we are dead, and tax the tongues of all coming time to do it reverently the homage of utterance. Perhaps it is for good this aspiration is so universally and prominently a trait of our nature. It furnishes a motive to action and noble endeavor, more powerful than all others. Its appeal is to those better principles, which stir the spirit from its slumbering, and call into action its utmost energies. It holds forth for an object, not merely the brightness of present fame, and a life for this hour in the thoughts of men; under its influence, the immortal spirit covets for its actions while on earth a kindred immortality. This prize of perpetual existence has been awarded to but very few of our race; and of those few, a life of virtue and noble well-doing has not always been the excellence. This, like all other motives, may operate perversely. Preeminence in brilliant crime has conferred on more villains than one, a celebrity as wide and as lasting, as has fallen to the lot of those, whose hearts were pure and whose being was a blessing to the world.

After all that may be said of greatness and fame, 'tis a cold heart that will deem these enough. Our nature demands the intercourse of friend with friend—the communion of soul with those we love; and without these there will be a blank that the world can never fill. The man of genuine sensibility will find in these a livelier joy, a higher happiness, than in all the reputation of talents or power. In this humble sphere the affections find constant exercise; the social and moral sense is kept lively and on the alert; and these emotions are at the bottom of by far the largest share, if not of the sum total, of all true enjoyment. It may be difficult to convince the heartless aspirant of fame and the sordid man of gold, that, except as means of advancement or gain, friends and kindred are of any consequence to him. But if there be on earth one kind heart, in which you, reader, prize the place you hold—one memory, from which you would weep that your idea should be erased; if there be yet one humble hearth, around which you love to think your name is breathed, not seldom, and with affection the holiest on earth; to you, there needs no effort to show the pleasure resulting from cherished affections and a cultivated heart. Here too is the place to ensure for ourselves lasting remembrance. On the memory of those, who have best known and most faithfully loved us, we may so

essentially stamp our image, that absence or death shall have no power to obliterate the impression. In their hearts we may live now, and there may we most surely fix, and forever, some memorial of our once having been. Though a miserable existence be preferable to a forgotten grave, yet how is he better than the dead, who is doomed to stand alone in the world, to share in no sympathy of friends, and hope no remembering thought from them when he is gone? For him the wide world might be a home—but it would be as a home in the desert. But, while the world may refuse the fame of greatness and the tribute of its idolatry, he, who holds with others a community of affections, who is rich in the hearts of but a humble few, shall be remembered when he is in his grave, and the tear of first sorrow, that falls on the fresh turf of his rest, shall not be the last.

R — W —.

THE STRANGER,

OR

A HISTORY OF THE PISCATORIANS.

CHAPTER V.

Cumano, garnish well that hook of thine, with gorgeous bait, that thou mayst hook up right good company, to cheer our hours of dullness.

PISCATORIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

WE fear that those of our readers, who vaunt themselves on being of the true Chesterfield stamp, are ready to cry out against the company, into whose presence we introduced them in the last chapter. Perhaps some of our unclassic friends have been enticed to visit ground they have never trod before. But permit us to plead our old excuse—we are relating a true story; and if any one is displeased with the region of our subterranean peregrinations, or unwilling to associate with such frail, unsubstantial personages as dwell there, we engage that his journey back shall be safe, and moreover free of all expense, since the price Achates paid was sufficient to satisfy Charon for a whole day's toil at the oar; for this old Knight of the short-jacket and tarpaulin hat is far less exorbitant in his demands, than the captains of our modern steam-boats, although he is sure to convey us with less ceremony to the same place where we shall

most likely land, if we embark in one of your clattering, steaming, up-blowing, man-boiling, high pressure despatches.

However gloomy the journey may have been to Achates or the reader, Logan never felt half the pleasure in a voyage from Grassy Mount to Sycamore Island, that he experienced while following the Father of the Piscatorians, through the various windings of his gloomy way. Yea, more, he imagined that these Manuscripts would prove, for him, a stepping stone to the temple of Fame. It is related of Byron, that he went to bed one night, an obscure personage, and on awaking the next morning found himself a great man. But Logan sailed to Sycamore Island one day, with no other design than to see—it is of no consequence why he *went*, but when he returned he felt as if he had no associates in Vermont. He felt as if to be ranked with the great benefactors of man, Newton, Columbus and Fulton, was no more than his rightful due. In short, he was so raised above his old associates, that he began to seriously think, that Miss Ann—— confusion seize this traitor pen of mine, no matter what he *thought*, but it was not a little amusing to hear what he *said*, as he soliloquized one evening on his voyage homeward; “O happy discovery! let the proverb, “Fortune favors the brave,” be changed to, fortune favors the *lucky*.—Logan the most lucky of all men. Ah! Virgil, your day of glory has expired. Myself am the only *man* (Logan had passed the Rubicon of twenty one, three days before) who can solve the mystery which has so long puzzled the learned—how you was able to write the history of one who lived so many centuries before your own day. The truth is, you had seen the Piscatorian Manuscripts. And better had it been for you, had you not filched what belonged to another nation, to garnish the Roman name. Presumptuous man! to suppose you would be able to purchase immortality, by dressing up your country’s heroes in plumage, you stole from others. But I shall soon devote you and your fame to the altar of my country’s glory. The foolish Dryden should have employed his time in some nobler purpose, than translating a work which must so soon sink, with its author, into merited and disgraceful oblivion. And although it come late, justice shall yet be done to the great Achates. Every one of his posterity shall hereafter sing pæans of glory to his name; Americans shall honor the memory of Achates. Nor shall Logan be forgotten. His country shall honor him, as the *lucky* man, who was destined to promulgate the most important, mysterious and sublime information ever communicated to any nation. Yes, the

mother shall teach her infant to lisp the name of Logan the Lucky. Ye hills of Vermont, echo the name of Logan! Ye mountains of Chatagee, re-echo the name of Logan!

Oh, Logan! Logan! "Phœbus, what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!"

And may that name be wafted round and round—splash into the water fell "Logan, the Lucky," headlong; for in his antic gesticulations he had thrown his line of direction without his base, and suddenly found himself floundering in the Lake. Misfortune on misfortune! in his attempts to climb into the boat, he only overset the treacherous craft and was obliged to swim kicking and spouting along with it in tow, while the grotesque appearance he made was mistaken by his friends on shore, for a fresh-water sea-serpent.—But the poor fellow is cold, dripping wet, and in no trim for company, so we may as well dismiss him while we resume the story of Achates.

After the close of the last chapter is a short space which was not translated. It is then continued:—

* * * * *

"Achates," said she, "already have you spent too much time in viewing those things which are of little consequence to you; come on, and see the unembodied ones, who are to become the future heroes "among the Piscatorians"—"*Piscatorians*, you shadow of a shade," (she frowned all gloomily,) "Alexa, what have *I* to do with the *Piscatorians*?"—"Alas! how slow you are to comprehend. Achates, I hail you as the Father of the *Piscatorians*, the most cunning, noble and famous men of every future age; whose posterity shall descend to the latest times, and show themselves forth, as the master spirits in every nation where they may chance to dwell. Why they shall be called *Piscatorians*, you will learn when you have gone to the upper world again. But be assured, they will never belie their name—all shall be most redoubtable Fishers, although each one shall fish for that game which suits his own taste, and never shall one of them toil in vain. Do you see the form of that arch fellow yonder, *Eupiscatorius*? He will be more cunning than the famous Ulysses, who laid such stratagems for the Trojans. His art shall teach the great general to fish for Sabine wives. Look at him now as he practices in his avocation: carefully spreading the bait in the form of a luxurious feast; then laughing to see the greedy Sabines catch at the alluring cheat.—Look at that bold warlike spirit, who is busy all the day in fishing

for a crown ; working so sly that himself hardly suspects it. Then as he attempts to hook it up, behold ! the Cæsar catches a dagger. But these are minor personages ; let us along to where some of the true heroes dwell. ”

“ Stay one moment, Alexa, and tell me whose shade is that queer looking form yonder, who seems so well pleased with himself and his employment. ” “ Cicero is ever busy in fishing for smooth, sweet-sounding words ; and when he has caught them, he joins them together, into many a long-toned sentence, making the apartments of the land of Night ring with his eloquence, until the Furies send the revengeful Fulvia to pierce his tongue with a bodkin. ” “ But Alexa, now I see one who is surely mad ; can any man think to catch a world, although he might fish an eternity ? ” “ Yes, the noble Cællumbus shall be the most successful of the Piscatorians—he shall fish up a new world ! and mark those envious spirits, who are continually fastening chains and manacles upon his hook. ” Alas ! thought Achates as he travelled on, there are strange things in this lower world. He had not gone far, when he suddenly burst into a violent fit of laughter, and desired to know, “ what odd soul they had encountered now. ” “ Yes, you are right, he is an *odd* soul, who will find a body in some far country, and it will be Shakespeare’s task to fish for *oddities*. Well may you laugh at him, for his wit shall keep the world in one broad roar of laughter for centuries after his death. ”—“ And what great, clumsy, sour-looking form is that near him ? ” “ John Bull, the redoubtable. One who will busy himself in fishing for haunches of roast-beef—fat oxen, roasted whole, for his dinner, and at night dream of a most grievous famine. Surely the sight of such a wonder must satisfy you ; let us hasten along, lest the time of your visit expire. ” “ This once, Alexa ; explain to me these two, who are close at hand, and I will follow you in silence. ” “ The first bears the form of an eagle and of an ape—Voltaire has the blackest soul of all your posterity ; for an evil spirit has long practised him at the art of fishing for mens’ souls, taking care that he shall at last hook up a bed of thorns to die upon. That bustling little man near him is the Warrior-fisher. He is to fish for crowns and kingdoms, with whole troops of men for his bait, and shall catch at last—an Island of rocks !

“ A strange set of children, ” muttered Achates as he walked along, “ but well worthy of their father—but, Alexa, is it true that all these are to be my descendants ?—Oh ! I would that you had lired to have been their grandmother ”—“ Cease your joking, but follow

me and I will show you those who are giants, when compared with these pigmies. The heroes who will dwell in a far country—far beyond the pillars of Hercules, and show themselves the mightiest of the noble race of Fishers. When thirty centuries shall have rolled their round, they will arrive at the full stature of their greatness.—Then will the Piscatorians of Columbia overcome all the other inhabitants—fish up their purses, their offices and all the honors that men can bestow. Finally, they will fish up the whole world, and all the other inhabitants be exterminated. Then shall come the “golden age” of the Piscatorians. Fortunate will it be for those who shall live in Columbia at the end of the thirty centuries; when the Piscatorians shall all have wealth, honors and office.

Already are we arrived at the place where these brave spirits sojourn; and O Achates, I congratulate you on the happy fortune to be blessed with such glorious descendants. Mark their majestic appearance, and as I repeat them, remember the high sounding names of those who are to usher in the “golden age.” First comes
 ownin ***avy ***ocket *Mar *****Bigele ****oyal *||*
 M*****ell Houst *****ms urr—*n.

CHAPTER VI.

“Annette, I would that the Stranger’s ghost had fished for you, and caught you too, before you had burned these manuscripts so.”

“Mr. Logan”——

“It is strange how one could be guilty of such inexcusable carelessness. Your folly has been my ruin.”

“Mr. Logan”——

“And it is strange that the fire should consume this most important part of each roll, and not entirely destroy it.”

“Mr. Logan”——

“Had it not been for this piece of carelessness, my name might have stood high in the remembrance of my countrymen.”

“Why *Mr. Logan*, I”——

“Have prevented me from promulgating the most important news, that was ever sounded in the ears of men. Oh! how would those fortunate ones, whose names were inscribed on the roll, have been rejoiced to hear the wonderful tidings, that they were of such noble extraction, and destined to act so important a part in establishing the supremacy of the Piscatorians over the whole world.”

"Mr. Logan, all that I can do, to remunerate you, is to"—

"Just at the time mentioned by the prophetic Alexa—the thirty centuries expired, and those now on the stage, who are to usher in the Golden Age of the Piscatorians—their names all recorded, and perhaps my own among the rest, when instigated by the Genius of ill luck, or, for aught I know, a more evil spirit, you must set fire to these invaluable treasures, destroy all possibility of ever regaining the lost secret, and nip my embryo fame in the very bud, when a few days more would have seen it blossoming into most glorious renown. Ah! Annette, most fatal have you been to my hopes of glory."

"Mr. Logan, I confess my curiosity has been no small detriment to you; and I know that a careless, indiscreet girl, like myself, would be but a pitiful remuneration for such a loss as that of the Piscatorian writings; but—yet—although I—I"—

We do sincerely wish that it was in our power to gratify the reader with the remainder of their conversation; but, unfortunately, that is, like the most important part of the Stranger's Manuscripts, forever lost to the world. We have no doubt, it would prove eminently interesting, and feel more desirous to serve our courteous and patient readers in some way, in return for their kindness in following us through our long and tedious course. Only two months ago we were traversing Lake Champlain, in the Phoenix; since that time we have seen the Stranger's ashes, deposited beneath the great Sycamore, been present at the sacking of Troy, made a call in Africa, landed in Europe, visited the Land of Night, and in some way, we scarce know how, managed to arrive at home again in safety. Yet, after all our peregrinations, the grand consummation of our object is not yet attained—the *entire* History of the Piscatorians is not yet unravelled. But let not the world despair; there is yet a host of untranslated Manuscripts remaining, and although it is not in Logan's power to translate them, he has taken measures to avail himself of the aid of that eminent tourist and scholar, the Rev. *I. K. Fiddler*, whose philological powers are competent to every language, save the "unknown tongue" of the Ex-Rev. *Mr. Irving*; and if there be any thing marvellous, or calculated to cast the least ray of light upon a subject of so great importance to Americans, we have no doubt it will be forthcoming. We may not lay the pages of the Philomathesian under any farther contribution with our prosing chapters; but there are certain ominous appearances, which warrant us in saying that the world have not yet heard the last of the PISCATORIANS.

S. S.

THE BURIED FAMILY. A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * The gathered throng,
Left silently the grave, where they had laid
One who had seen few years, but much of love.
An hour had passed, and the thick damps of night
Were gathering on the turf; but there was one
Beset still above that little mound, with grief
Such as but one *could* feel; and while she knelt,
With her hands clasped in agony, and gave
That shrine such offering of tears, I knew
It was a mother by her infant's grave.
That grave was not alone: beyond it stood,
A tall, broad marble, and between were set
Four, that were tokens of the early dead;
And this was by their side, the last and least.
It may be, as we count such ranks of graves,
We deem them very sad; but there are those
That *feel* them such, and reckon them in tears.
She rose, and seemed to number these again;
And, as she passed each stone, a deepening woe
Wrung from her bitterer wailing. Here were all
She had to bury, and the task was done.
And she, the widowed and the childless now—
May Heaven be with her, for *her world* is gone!
And, as she turned away, a crushing sense
Of unshared wretchedness came o'er her soul;
And the wild eloquence of such a grief
Leaped swiftly to a voice:

"My last—Oh God! my *last* is gone! and might not one be left—
One treasure to my smitten heart, of other joys bereft?
'Twas much to give *those* to the grave—but, Oh! 'twas not to be
As now in desolate loneliness with none to weep with me!

"There stood by me upon this spot, in other days of grief,
Those who could share with me my woe, and love me, a relief;
And so my heart broke not to feel its jewels, one by one,
Torn from 't, for it held a hope—alas! to be with none!

"With none! and I must tread the hall, now desolately lone,
That once I trod in wealth of bliss, with many a welcoming one;
I shall not meet them there again, fallen idols of my breast—
And thou, my last and loveliest, they've laid thee with the rest.

"And I am now alone on earth, a last rush on the tide
When all that floated with it once have perished from its side:
I knew that life was full of tears, for I had wept before—
But Oh! to weep in loneliness o'er hopes that come no more!"

r—l—

The Collegian's Magazine.

THE first Number of this work, published at WASHINGTON COLLEGE, is lying before us; and we feel pressed in spirit to do it immediate attentions. Though, in its style and execution, it is inferior to most College Periodicals of the day, its appearance is sufficiently respectable. We have read a number of its articles with pleasure; they at least approximate, in some things, to the freshness and novelty so prominently professed in the Editorial creed. Still we doubt if this Number would maintain its complement of pages, if from them, according to that modest creed, "all palping love-stories, daring robberies and poetry with but half an idea to the page, were totally and forever banished." Vide "*Jim Rely*," "*The Adventures of a Pickpocket*," "*Stanzas*," and certain gurgling rhymes "*To a Brook*," surpassed in our estimation by the poetry of many a moderate rill. In some other pieces we did imagine Homer nodded. On the whole, the prose is well done, and is far superior to the metrical compositions. We speak thus plainly with one eye on its Editor's words, "*We ask no more*," and in the other, "*Woe to that Editor who reviles us*," and half tearlet of terror in each, to think how dread may be that malediction. The ineffable bigness and cute air of bullyism, with which this work is announced, would better fit the champion of some party print, than the Editor of a College Periodical.

"We would not be the aggressor; but we do long for a provocation. It is with the utmost difficulty we have subdued our satirical propensity in this Number.—Two thirds of our paper, at least, we dedicate to *Munus*. We intend to be witty, satirical, keen, in short, the very Blackwood of College Periodicals. Rudeness shall find no favor with us. We will excite a smile, though it be but a smile of contempt."

They have not utterly failed. No one will gainsay the keenness of their remark, that dullness is quite dull, nor the justice with which the Shrine and the Undergraduate are named in proof; but we mistake, or their own *Adelphi* were a still better argument. Noticing the Knickerbocker, they discover it, with the exception of the three first Numbers, to be "miserably dull and prosaic." After this valorous, preliminary snap, its generous jaws are turned full upon the Hermethenean, the Periodical of Washington College. Whether the following lines stare most with misrepresentation or misbreeding, we cannot say:—

The Headsman. By the Author of the Spy, &c. &c. 195

"We would gladly spare your feelings, Mr. Editor of the *Hermethenean*, but you have evidently mistaken your calling. Let us inform you, before it is too late, that Nature never intended you for an Editor.—It pains us to speak thus tranculently of your production, young gentlemen, but we must say it is most outrageously childish and prosing. Your second cannot well be worse."

We must say this is smart. After a hasty perusal, we irreverently projected the fine fellow to the centre of our table, which was occupied by several *N. E. Magazines*, *Knickerbockers*, *N. Americans*, &c., and fringed about with *Parthenons*, *Hermetheneans*, *Medleys*, a bold copy of the *Philomathesian*, post-mortem preparations of the Shrine and the Undergraduate, and an *Adelphi*, confined in calf—and to the surprise of us, they bowed not, nor did it reverence! We send up to this new wonder, six precious numbers of our doing, by way of exchange. 'Tis a trifle, but such workmen must not want material. Meanwhile, we commend them to their stars and a more moderate regimen.

1—c—.

THE HEADSMAN.

By the Author of the *Spy*, &c. &c.

This is the third Novel, from the pen of one accomplished countryman, since he has been abroad. The present work, we consider decidedly the best of those whose scenes have been laid in Europe. A deep and powerful interest is kept up in the mind of the reader, throughout the whole story. The individuals who figure in the tales, are somewhat diversified, but are all ably sustained. The character of *Adelheid*, we think we never saw excelled in loveliness. Such loftiness of mind, united with such angelic softness and purity, we have rarely met with, even in fiction.—The writer is emphatically *Cooper's* element. The scene on *Lake Lemman*, when it was lashed into a storm is fearfully grand and sublime—we think equal to the best of his sea descriptions. The ascent of *St. Bernard* is well described, and presents a bold and happy picture of the wild scenery of the Alps. Though *Cooper*, has, in the present work, done well, yet we cannot doubt his ability to do better, even, if he would be content, instead of the often described *Lions* of European scenery, to employ as the field of his imagination, the comparatively unknown, but still unequaled grandeur of the mountains and vast inland waters of his Native Country.

K.

The Discovery.

There is a grief that will not heal!
It leaves a wound that will not heal.

MONTGOMERY.

From the name I have received, or rather assumed, it may reasonably be expected that passing events will receive a share of my attention. It is the part of a Spectator to observe what transpires, and approve or disapprove, as his fancy and possibly better judgment may dictate. The manners and customs of society, the address and gallantry of lovers, the charms and beauties of the fair ones, the causes and effects of these qualities, the gloom and dejection of *le celibataire*, the physiologic and phrenologic of the frame, *le nerf d'amour*, *et le nerf d'haine*,—all furnish for him subjects of remark in his rambles for pleasure and recreation. A mind so curious and roving seems to have fallen to my lot, that few of them escape my notice. If the ideas were composed of minute particles of matter, as some have fondly imagined, it might be supposed that the marble walls and bolted doors of an Institution would confine the most wandering understanding. Although much inclined to superficial observation, and consequently too liable to neglect the more appropriate work of a stander-by, of judging and applying events, yet, when secluded from the busy crowd in the Student's wonted retreat. I cannot sometimes, even with an effort help *thinking* now and then of the various objects, which meet the eye from the surrounding scenery,—the towering mountains, pleasing landscape, or rural cottage; and more especially the world of animated intelligents, each with untiring effort labouring to secure his own pleasure. The ruling motive of all my close, intense thought, till recently has been a regard for my own good. But the receipt of a letter from a friend has recently effected quite a change in my mind. I shall take the liberty of transcribing it entire, and of offering such remarks in answer to his queries, as may be suggested.

A——, Nov. 21st, 1834.

"Dear Sir.—You will pardon all want of formal introduction to my letter.—I write to present you a question, which it may gratify you to answer. In a country abounding not only with the necessities, but even the luxuries of life, and where are the greatest facili-

ties for sustentation, why do so many choose a life of celibacy? Why are so many willing, or seemingly so, to act the unnatural part of living *alone*? Why is it that social beings refuse to enter the hymeneal portals and participate of connubial felicity? Especially why are there in the community so many of the more dignified part of our race, who reject the nuptial tie? Can you give a clue, by which this mysterious subject may be unravelled? If you can, be assured you will render a most acceptable service to the public and your most humble Servant,—

A—Z.”

On reading this, as insensitive and selfish, and unaccustomed to deep thought as I am, the importance of the subject here introduced, as connected with the interests of society, constrained us to examine into the cause of this unnatural conduct. Having arrived at some conclusions satisfactory to myself, I thought proper to place them on paper. And for the benefit of *beginners*, and to satisfy my friend, I submit them for publication at your pleasure. In investigating this question, [for I shall consider but the last one proposed,] my first thought was to theorize; but fearing lest, as it would be incapable of mathematical demonstration, by inadvertently adopting false premises I might come to wrong conclusions, and imagining that in all philosophising there must almost inevitably be concealed some iniquity, I resolved to seek out some honest old man—[*man*, I say, for I dared not meddle with the ladies' *sides*]—who had passed *la periode d'amour*, and who could tell from experience the causes of what I could but consider undesirable effects,—in a word, one who had determined to be a man *alone*; and so to learn from him an answer to the interrogatory of my friend. To give a sketch even of the multifarious treatment I met with from the different persons consulted, would be tedious. It is enough to say that the general appearance of these *self-sufficient* men was churlish, unsocial, peevish, morose, selfish, disingenuous, and what-thing soever else that is unbecoming and disgusting. Well knowing that, if a character different from these could not be found, my object could never be gained, I was about to abandon the business in despair. It seemed evident that, to obtain the information desired, the person consulted must be of an honest, frank, ingenious mind; and moreover, it seemed desirable he should have come to himself.

(To be continued.)

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE,

Tuesday Evening,

Nov. 26, 1823.

EXERCISES.

LATIN ORATION, *De Bello*, T. GAY.
 ORATION, *Reign of Peace*, E. S. BARRETT.
 ORATION, *Intellectual Eminence*, P. BATES.
 ORATION, *Transatlantic Criticism*, R. K. BELLAMY.
 ORATION, *Political State of Ireland*, H. BROWN.
 COLLOQUIAL DISCUSSION, — *Innovation*.

CHARACTERS.

Hon. Van Kindermeester. — *The last of the Dutch Burgomasters*,
 BY M. BRADLEY.

Mr. Philomechanos. — *An Enthusiastic Reformer*,
 BY R. D. C. ROBBINS.

SCENE. — *Private Reading Room in N. York.*

ORATION, *Desire of Fame*, J. G. FOSBER.
 ORATION, *Pleasures of Science*, D. GIBBS.
 ORATION, *Motives to Intellectual Effort in America*,
 C. K. HARVEY.

ORATION, *Crusades*, A. HEMENWAY.

DELIBERATIVE DISCUSSION.

The Influence of Legislative Patronage upon American Colleges.
 N. A. BALCH,
 J. M. FLAGG,
 M. J. HICKOK,
 M. RICHARDSON.

SCENE. — *House of Representatives.*

SCOTISH POEM, *Conclave of Witches*. — D. DOBIE.

ORATION, *Prospect of Western Influences*,
 E. F. HODGES.

ORATION, *Influence of Social Intercourse on Character*, E. HOYT.

ORATION, *Strength of Character*, A. HUNT.

ORATION, *Influence of National Recollection*,
 A. Q. HUNTER.

DIALOGUE. — *The comparative value of moral, intellectual, and physical Education*,
 BY H. D. KITCHEL.

CHARACTERS.

GREGORY HUNTINGTON, ESQ. — *A Gentleman of thorough Education*, N. A. BALCH.

MR. MERTON. — *A man of social and moral sensibility*,
 M. RICHARDSON.

BROM BRUNT. — *A specimen of physical Education*,
 D. DOBIE.

WILLIAM WALTON. — *An Intellectual Enthusiast*,
 H. D. KITCHEL.

SCENE I. — *Walton's Library* — SCENE II. — *A Reading Room.*

FRENCH ORATION, *Character of Napoleon*,
 S. MATTISON.

ORATION, *Political Morality,* E. S. MATTOCKS.
ORATION, *Influence of Intellectual Disciplines on*
Eloquence, A. K. MERRILL.
ORATION, *The Bible,* J. MOORE.
ORATION, *Necessity of Effort in the cause of*
Truth, A. B. MYERS.
POEM, *Age of Chivalry,* G. W. PARKER.
GREEK ORATION, *Ancient Greece,* J. H. PHELPS.
ORATION, *Progress of Liberty,* Z. A. STORRS.
ORATION, *Empire of Mind,* N. N. WOOD.
EULOGY, *John Randolph,* S. R. WRIGHT.
COLLOQUY.—*Avarice,* BY D. H. RANNEY.
 CHARACTERS.
MR. CROSSGRAIN.—*The Miser,* D. H. RANNEY.
CHARLES COURTLEY.—*A Partner in trade—in love NOT with*
Crossgrain's daughter. E. F. HODGES.
SANFORD BERKLEY.—*A Student—Son of a ruined Tenant,*
 N. N. WOOD.
ISAACOD.—*Son of Mr. Crossgrain,* J. G. FOOTE.
 SCENE.—*Crossgrain's Counting Room.*

SENIOR EXHIBITION, MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

Wednesday Evening,

Nov. 27, 1882.

EXERCISES.

LATIN ORATION, *Literature Antiqua,* G. C. WHITLOCK.
ORATION, *Solitary Thought,* B. B. ALLEN.
FRENCH ORATION, *Sur les Revolutions des Francais,*
 C. H. BLAIR.
ORATION, *Mental Discipline,* L. C. BOYNTON.
COLLOQUIAL DISCUSSION, *Phrenology,*
 M. M. DEAN.
 H. T. HUGGINS.
 CHARACTERS.
W.S.L. Touchpate, *a Phrenologist,* M. M. DEAN.
J. Broadbrim, *a Country Square,* H. T. HUGGINS.
 SCENE.—*Broadbrim's House.*
ORATION, *The power of Virtuous Sentiment,* A. FISH.
ORATION, *The Sublime,* C. GOODRICH.
CONFERENCE, *Metaphysical—Idealism,* T. S. HUBBARD.
 CHARACTERS.
L.X. Guy, Esq. *A common sense man,* R. L. GALUSHA.
O. Ulyncour, A.P.S., *A Materialist,* J. A. B. STONE.
Z.Y. Halcansus, P.P., *An Idealist,* T. S. HUBBARD.

ORATION, *The Empire of Truth*, C. D. NOBLE.
 GERMAN ORATION, *Der Geschmack und das Kenn-
 zeichen der Deutschen*, J. A. B. STONE.
 ORATION, *The Protective System*, C. W. JEWETT.
 COLLOQUY, *Signs of the Times*, C. B. DRAKE.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Morse, *A Literary Gentleman, (And Village Librarian,)*

Mr. Bush, *A Country Farmer*, C. D. NOBLE.
 Mr. Prime, *A man of Fashion*, L. B. PEET.
 Zeekel, *(Son of old Bush,)* C. B. DRAKE.

SCENE. — *Village Library Room.*

ORATION, *National Honor*, D. W. C. WALKER.
 ORATION, *Associated Effort*, L. B. PEET.
 DELIBERATIVE DISCUSSION.

The Drama.

ORATION, *Vanity*, R. L. GALUSHA.
 ORATION, *The Basis of Free Institutions*, O. ROCKWELL.
 A. B. SMITH. W. H. STARR.
 S. H. SABINE.

POEM, *Avalanche of the White Mountains*, J. A. B. STONE.

DIALOGUE. — *Joachim Murat*, D. O. MORTON.

ACT. I. { Sce. I. — *A high way upon the Sea shore near Pizzo.*
 { Scene II. — *The Beach.*
 ACT. II. { Scene III. — *An apartment in the Prison-House of Pizzo.*

CHARACTERS.

Joachim Murat, *Ex-King of Naples*, D. O. MORTON.
 Alfiri, *His Confident*, A. FISH.
 Murzziante, *Commandant of the Calabrias*, D. W. C. WALKER.
 Storange, *An Attorney*, C. H. BLAIR.
 Rollano, *A Sailor*, H. T. HUGGINS.
 Mattina, *A Soldier*, S. H. SABINE.

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ENLIGHTENED OPINION, THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

[Continued from page 197.]

The Discovery.

WHEN upon the point of relinquishing the search, to my great satisfaction, one exactly to my liking fell in my way ;—to appearance an elderly man, whose locks from care [as the sequel will tell,] had become gray—of pensive look, polite manners, yet of cold sensibility ; of an ingenuous mind, somewhat communicative, and possessing many marks of intelligence. But what was most wished for, he was *one by himself*, and acknowledged with regret, the vanity of his ways, and the wrongs he had done to society. A little effort gained the confidence of the old man ; and after learning his views and sentiments relative to his present mode of living, and perceiving that during the conversation his breast often heaved with a deep sigh, I remarked to him as mildly as possible, that from the tone of his voice and the shade of his locks, I conjectured that he had been a subject of sorrow. To which he replied : “ What you suppose, Sir, is but too true. Sorrow and regret, shame and confusion have for the last twenty-five years been the constant inmates of my breast. In youth, indeed pleasure was not absent from me ; but it was of that sort, which now on reflection causes me the keenest pangs.” Observing that the thoughts of my friend recurred to the period of youth, I expressed a desire to hear a brief account of his youthful excursions, which seemed to affect him so sensibly ; and if it might not be obtrusive, to learn the cause of his strong sensations. “ Sir,” replied he, “ with pleasure do I gratify your

wish, not indeed so much for myself as that you may learn wisdom from those, who have preceded you." "Fifty-five revolutions" said he, "have I seen yonder brilliant luminary of the sky make, and shed his most vivifying rays on our earth. As you crossed the rising ground beyond that woody plain, you saw a stately dome, around which are signs of affluence and ease. In that palace lived my revered parents;—and in a conspicuous and elegant part of it, decked with the splendor of fancy and art, I first received the light. Whatever could improve the taste, or gratify the fancy from childhood was in my possession. In my education the grand aim of my worthy parents and of my instructor was to cultivate the imagination and all the faculties of taste, and to furnish me with all the qualifications, which render one *un homme a la mode*, while the more substantial excellencies, sound judgment, habits of close thought, and principles of justice and piety, were forgotten, or in a great degree neglected. My associates, subject to the same discipline, if it may be so called, were gay and trifling in their manners, superficial in their thought, and fanciful in their anticipations. When together we were inordinately given to constructing what are termed *Chateaux en Espagne*. Each felt a sort of constraint for honor's sake—puerile indeed,—to exert all the power of his imagination in magnifying and embellishing his airy castles; and such influence did these boyish efforts have upon my mind that during a great part of the time allowed for sleep, strange and unheard of dreams occupied my brain, and even many of my waking hours were lost in these fantastic employments, so that little else was attended to. One of the topics most pleasing to our fancy was gallantry. Never shall I forget with what joy and rapture we strove to excel in our fanciful theories, and excited each others hopes, while seated beneath the spreading branches of the forest oak, or on the river's bank, or in the poplar groves, where the woody songsters warbled their tuneful notes. On rising the age of sixteen, I well recollect that a question was proposed relative to the comparative pleasures of *l'état conjugal* and *de celibat*. The results of our conference on this query have been the chief source of my folly and consequently of my unhappiness. Our irrational reasonings (for they may be called *irrational*,) we began by assuming as a fundamental principle, that the happiness we derive from society flows from the expectations excited in the pursuit of an object; and therefore those objects of solicitude, which afford to the mind the most agreeable anticipations of pleasure, and at the same time are inexhaustible, so that if in any

One instance success was not realized, the same source of pleasure might remain, must be the most capable of furnishing happiness.— From these premises we reasoned, and come to the conclusion *uno animo*, that the species of gallantry, the sole object of which is to make conquests, is the surest means of happiness. None remained unsatisfied with the result. With all the ardour and fond hopes of youth I entered on the new-formed road. All the requisites of the excursion were without delay procured, the entire art of captivating was thoroughly mastered, and nothing was neglected, which seemed necessary to ensure success. My heart was fixed never to submit to the conjugal tie. I was resolved on finding my highest pleasure in gaining the affections and hearts of the most accomplished. The indulgence of *la reverie d'amour*, and cherishing a passion for a deceptive gallantry seemed the greatest good and the avenue to unalloyed happiness. My mien, look, address and whole deportment were fitted to allure and fascinate. My skill in my new career was exercised in the street and by the fire-side, in the church and the ball-room. No place was too low, none too sacred, even while the thunders of Linai, or the tender accents of mercy sounded in my ears, my heart was intent on its schemes of gallantry. If the eye of an unwary youth was caught, all the attractions of beauty and gracefulness were displayed to captivate the fair maiden.— Nor was any one permitted to escape *sans blessure* when once attacked. The enjoyments of the pleasures *d'amour* and of the attention and regard of the loved, was the extent of my wishes. To secure those I was obliged to counterfeit the affections and attachment of a lover. The success I met with was beyond my expectations. But alas ! those, who were allured—to mention their number would give discredit to the narrative ; and to give the name of each individual would be more than my feelings would endure. No sooner had I gained one conquest than another opportunity was presented for exercising my art ; and quitting the game I had taken, I hastened to new combats. Thus one after another fell into my net, and the satisfaction derived from these gallant manœuvres was exquisite. Thus passed my life between eighteen and thirty. At this age the beauties of my countenance, which in youth had been rendered by nature and art unsurpassable, and the expressive look, which had overcome too many a youthful beauty, began to lose their power of pleasing. No longer was that success, which had succeeded my early efforts, attendant on my schemes, I began to experience an aching void. That, which had been to me the clear

source of pleasure, now failed. I made many shifts, but all in vain. I wooed and wooed ; but none regarded my professions. This privation of success prevented my wonted sleep. For three days and as many nights, I slept not. On the fourth, nature no longer able to endure the burden, gave way to the influence of a heavy brain. I fell into a slumber, but no reviving sleep refreshed me. In this condition I had a dream, in which I seemed to be conducted to a capacious hall, in which were to be seen the representation of the feelings of those, who had been allured by my fascinations. Their names were repeated. I recognised them, but could ill sustain the sight. The first that met my observation, was the beautiful damsel, who first received assurances of my regard. I remembered her kind attentions, and the last lines I received from her after, I had given her to understand that there were inseparable obstacles to our union. Her spirit seemed still in the bitterness of disappointments. Next to her I saw a number of those, to whom I had made similar pretensions. Instead of giving way to grief like the other unhappy maiden, with fortitude they resolved never to trust any *man's* professions of love, without *demonstration*. Although offers had been made then from respectable individuals, yet they had strenuously adhered to their purpose. To mention but one more sight I saw, lest I be wearisome,—there seemed to be exhibited a vast number of uncouth forms in a confused mass, which was said to be an emblem of the state of society under the disorganising influence of that species of gallantry I had practised. But nature forbids me to proceed farther. What once appeared innocent pleasure, I saw to be the foulest crime. The method of procuring happiness I had followed, seemed the essence of corruption and the surest means of abolishing society. I was filled with shame and confusion. In my consternation I awoke. From that time I have experienced the shame and pain due to a disregard to the first law of our nature." Here he broke out into a doleful lamentation, and refused to be comforted.

Who can reflect on the narrative of this unhappy man and discover not a reason that so many refuse the hymeneal band ? Let such as have taken pleasure in such alluring and treacherous gallantry speak their own regret, when its pleasures were past and chagrin vexed their minds, and how many might be spared the unhappy expedient of assaying such a course of folly to know the bitterness of deceit in an affair so sacred ? Should all, who pretend to disdain *close union*, be honest, and unfold the cause of their sentiments,

after having come to their *senses*, how few would contradict the narrative of the good old man above cited !

They love 'till love becomes unpleasant,
Then hatred assumes, hear seat.

SPECTATOR.

The Poets Dream.

A careless Youth, by passion once impell'd,
Seized a lone Harp, that on a willow hung
And while the muses sought the upper sky,
Thus to its measured tones responsive sung.

—o—

When sable Night, her silent reign begins,
And starry spheres, smile from the azure sky,
Wild Fancy then her golden pinion spreads
And seeks her native element on high.
Where wakes the soul, at midnights starlit hour,
When falling dews, revive the weeping lawn ;
There thronging waves of floating visions crowd,
That in the mind a being have, and form.

When faded scenes, the souls deep glance restores,
And memory's tones, fall sweetly on the ear ;
The gentle throb, that stirs within the breast,
Betrays the tender-transport, awakened there.
The string that pours this rapture through the soul,
Is touched by Fancy's spirit-stirring hand
And gloomy objects rise in pleasing robes,
When fancy points us to the silent band.

See where lone Melancholy, wrapped in sable robe,
With fallow-vissage marked, and grief-worn eyes,
Steals from the group, when cheerful mirth presides
On midnights ear, to pour her broken sighs—
Why on her ear, does silence breathe a tone ?
And in her eye, a form will darkness wear ?
That cheers, the lonely desert of her soul,
The gloomy ruins of her heart repair ?

Here ! near this blasted oak, the tempest tore,
With fire-lit eye, and glowing cheek, and warm ;
Behold a Youth, with transport-passion, feels,
A deep-toned rapture, in the raging storm ;
What spirit calls that lightning from his eye ?
And sheds that glory, o'er his fervid cheek ?
Where dwells that formless seraph of the storm,
That wakes his passion from inglorious sleep ?
What pilgrim form,* invades those lofty snows,
Scaling with Royal arm, the mountain's side,
Where to the clouds, the Crater-peak aspires,
Whose hoary belt, enzones the fiery tide !—

*Empedocles.

A towering thought, lies cradled in that heart,
Which lights a beaming glory in his eye ;
That fiery surge, shall bear him to the skies,
An throne him there—Eternal Deity !

Stand where the Ocean heaves its sullen wave,
And swelling surges, sigh along the shore,
Where skims, the sea-bird, long its foamless crest,
The raging-winds, and thunder-tempest oer :
Why from the sacred chambers of the soul,
Leap into life the passions from their nest ?
Why moves our spirit with the heaving tide,
As roll'd a sister ocean in the breast ?

Go where gray Rome in broken fragments lies,
Or sorrowing Thebes, sighs through her desert halls ;
Where Ivy'd arch allures ; or falling tower,
Or death-toned echo, mocks the owl's call,
Here fancy breathes a sadness, though the soul,
That prompts the mourners sigh, the hearts mute tear
Here mind reigned ; thought and feeling, passion burned,
And lo ! thought, feeling, glory's crumbling bier

That blazing glare, that wounds the tempest-cloud ;
That angry bolt, that cleaves the rock-based tower ;
That swell of song—the bodying forth of love ;
That deep-hued blush—that dark-eye's magic power.
The deep-blue sky, unchequered by a cloud ;
The lightning-storm, that shakes the central pole ;
The soaring eagle, wheeling 'mid the clouds,
Gain all their charm, from Fancy's power alone.—

Oh mind ! thou viewless, formless thing !
Denied a voice, to speak thy nature out ;
A scene of over-changing mists art thou,
Which Fancy haunts with magic of her art.
Truth's sacred pillar reared within the breast !
The hive of thought ! or sorrow's rayless vault !
The golden urn, where mighty passions sleep,
The forge, where Genius moulds her lightning bolt.

Thou fleeting, but immortal, boundless thought !
Thou spirit, and a marvel deathless art ;
Thou breathest, burnest, reignest, though the soul,
The mind's sole tenant ! priestess of the heart !—
Methinks some traceless seraph of the breast,
Stained by no mortal eye, thy holy fane,
A voiceless echo, breathing through the soul,
A throb—a tone—words multiplied are vain ;

Within the sacred cloister of the heart,
No voice is heard but thine, nor breathed a tone,
A starless midnight, secret as the tomb
When thought's still footstep traverses alone.
Go ! mighty spirit from my nursing breast
Though every word, a soul—a passion breathe
The mind that reads, the tender heart that feels,
The burning workings of my soul bequeath.

Thus sang the Youth ; and as his numbers roll'd,
 The muses caught the echo in the sky,
 Repentant now, with winged haste they come,
 And to the musing band, thus mildly cry—
 "Hush not thy harp, fond Youth! awake those tones,
 That float all sweetly 'long the listening air,
 For in thy strain such fervid feeling glows
 As seems a seraph, breathed its passion there"—

* * *

But Harp is mute—the moving hand is chill—
 And sorrow stills the Bards quick throbbing heart;
 For what was thought, or felt, or dreamed within,
 No words, nor harp, could equally impart.

C.

A Scene in Scio.

(Continued from page 174.)

EVERY mouth was shut with terror, every eye was fixed by the dread spectacle before them, and every heart was oppressed with the backward rush of blood. The deep, crashing explosions of the guns as they were flying in the air, and the seas of flame, the bursting of powder kegs seemed as if a thousand meteors had joined in one fiery revelry. The spectacle was awfully magnificent! 'Twas terrific, and grand beyond the imagination. The long drawn breath of the trembling Infidels sounded like the murmurs of the breeze. The cry of "Fire!" came in chilling accents upon the solemn air, and then was heard the energetic tones of the Turkish officers as they issued forth their orders to extinguish the flames.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Jordano, in the ears of Julie and his sister. "Glory to Mahomet, and glory to Greece! That was a note that shall roll across the waters, and startle slumbering Greece, that shall fill the coward's heart with valor, and shake the flinty foundations of a tyrant's cruelty. From this hour shall the Morea date her Liberty, and Europe the birth of a nation. Ha! ha! for the Infidels! Glory to the Longbeards! five broadsides into a mock fireship! 'Fireship! Fireship!' along the whole fleet! 'Victory! Victory!' Ha! ha! a glorious Victory!" and he reeled from side to side, yelling with demoniac glee. At these words, which poured fresh sorrows upon her heart, Julie fell to the ground with a shriek, and seemed to have taken a farewell of all future suffering.

The cry of distress arrested the wandering mind of Jordano, and caused him to bend over the quivering form of his partner, and to clasp her to his bosom as if his last joy on earth was fast fading.— He raised her from the cold marble, and laid her upon a couch in his gloomy habitation. “This way!” shouted some one in the passage. “This way! my bravos, here we catch the christian dogs.” Four ruffian Turks burst open the grating door, bearing torches in their hands, and dripping with blood. They were a true picture of their calling, terrific of countenance, and harsh in their tones. A smile of hellish triumph curled around their mouths, and as they glanced their eyes at the two females, they assumed a more horrid grin, (and laughed outright at the prospect of more blood and more misery.) “Ha!” thundered forth Jordano, “ye have come at last, ye Infidel villains! Ye are not satisfied with your fill of blood, but ye must hunt us out like rabbits, and hold your carnival over us. ’Tis not enough that ye have left us to starve, but ye must cut our throats to make sure of your prey. Ye have blood enough already upon your shirts to damn you, and little will ye find in us; your work was almost done, ere ye polluted this place with your unholy visages. I am ready for ye, single handed against ye all—do your business quickly. I have but little strength, but you must pass over my body, ere ye lay unholy hands on these helpless beings—come now if ye would taste my blood!” The murderer’s fire sparkled in their eyes, and the deep grin of irony settled on their lips, when they saw the knotty club which he held menacingly in his hand, and the advantage he had gained by stationing himself at the entrance of a recess, whither his sister had retreated, dragging along the unconscious Julie. They stood an instant spell bound by the awful pallor of his countenance, the hard compression of the lip, and the settled determination of his whole manner; then, like hungry lions, bounded forward to drag him to the ground.

But the Herculean club was not to be encountered with impunity by the tender skulls of the Turks, especially when wielded by a maniac’s hand. One of them reeled back, throwing out his hands as if grasping for some support, and then fell like a log upon the ground. The others recoiled, gazing with horror upon their companion’s quivering body, then bending their fierce, and glowing eyes upon their desperate adversary. “Cluster not there,” shouted he, “I stand ready for ye—I have finished one—come on—to your work with a will—ye’ll find me no beggar. Aye, come, and revenge your murderous confederate—I prepared the match—I sunk the

powder—I dragged along the mock fireship—I strewed the sea with the dead—I dare ye! dare ye!” and he gnashed his teeth, jambed his heel into the ground, and whirled his club high above his head with the ferocity of a bearded tyger. One of the ruffians stepped back a few paces, and drew from his side a heavy pistol, and brought it to a level with the maniac’s heart. The ball, and club were sent at the same instant, and both took effect. Jordano staggered back to the father end of the recess, but immediately recovering, resumed his former position, leaning against the wall. But with such precision and force was the club hurled, that it struck the Turk in his forehead, and literally tore the skull from its socket.—The remaining two saw their comrade fall; they wavered an instant, then sprung upon the defenceless Jordano. “Away! ye minions of hell, away!” burst out from his chest in accents so deep and awful, that the very Infidels fancied they heard the angry tones of a superior being. One awe stricken villain recoiled before the haughty gesture of his antagonist, but the other less fearful dared to grasp the bleeding arm of one whom he had imagined was a worn out, powerless being. But he found himself most unceremoniously gotten under way for the farther side of the apartment, whither he arrived in due time.

The rays of a lamp, as they struggled through the thick darkness, threw upon the wall the shadowy outlines of three or four more forms, whose ugly visages came peering through the gloom. Those, who had had the first physical interview with our sufferer, had supposed him to be, a weak broken spirited, subtle dissembler; but they saw from the livid glare of his eye, the fierce energy of his gestures, the thrilling accents of his voice, and the o’ermastering strength of his limbs, that he was a body of resistless energies, a spirit of demons, roused up by the merciless lashings of mental furies. Before his unwavering gaze, and the unflinching attitude of his body, the awe stricken miscreants quailed and shrunk.

Confusion! darkness! “Back! away!” shouted Jordano, as he saw the approach of his enemies, “avaunt! else I will lash you with a whip of *scorpions*; drag ye over beds of burning coals, and consign ye to unutterable woe! Begone! begone!” A deep and heavy groan of distress burst from the chest of the reviving Julie.

In an instant Jordano was bending over her in agonizing earnestness. The ruffians gazed upon the sad scene with exquisite delight, mingled with a hankering for deeper, and more soul piercing

John

agonies, a hankering for blood and life. They bound him. He struggled once with desperation ; then he uttered no cry, moved not a muscle, but was motionless as a lump of clay. Two of the knaves slung him on their shoulders, and jamming him along the narrow entrance, threw him down by a collection of combustible materials, left there seemingly for the very purpose to which they were now to be appropriated. The sufferer exhibited no signs of life, and, when the flames began to lick the sides of the pile, and the smoke rose above him into the heavy atmosphere, he seemed insensible to all pain. Meantime returning consciousness roused the swooned Julie, who, catching the faint glimmerings of the past, started upon her feet, looked around with a terrified glare, and crying "Where! Where!" rushed out of the gloomy dungeon. As she saw the volumes of smoke rolling up into the air, she flew to the spot where her husband lay, with shrieks of chilling horror. One of the ruffians brutally hurled her back, and answered to her mild entreaties for mercy, and her cries of helplessness, with a bitter sarcastic tone, and a sneering grin, that showed the flintiness of the recreant's heart. A divine and melting tenderness clings about the female heart, or rather makes a part of her nature, and shines out in every word and action—a tenderness that subdues the coarse and hard hearts of grovelling wretches, that lights up within the one, with whom it comes in contact, a flame partaking of its own purity and loveliness. Her natural timidity is a barrier, that restrains her from those hardening scenes, where wickedness and wrangling undermine the sympathetic part of humanity. Though she is timid, yet there are times when she is an angel of strength and fortitude to the brave, a being of unearthly seeming, apparently a visible soul, that is appalled by no danger, and is insensible to all else save the thought that wastes the moment.

In such a scene—and such a scene was acting on that sorrowful night—the heart that can preserve all its stoniness, the soul that can mock the tearful earnestness, the heavenly sublimity of nature's tender pleader, must have passed the ordinary bounds of wickedness, and willed to itself a cold desolate and hopeless existence. Yet such were the ruffian Turks. As they saw the unearthly being before them, her countenance of horror, her disordered hair as it fell tremblingly over her shoulders, and felt the strong agitations that thrilled through her remotest limbs, and heard the mild, short and broken exclamations of her agonizing spirit, they steeled their hearts with the ferocious determination that she should die.

"Ha! ha!" shouted one in a voice that seemed to be answered by a thousand laughing demons, "what wouldst thou, fool! By Heaven! he dies!" She fell suddenly, and seemingly as dead as if an arrow had pierced her heart, and the brutes laughed in tones of hollow discord at the effects of their brutality. As she awoke from her dream-like stupidity in which she had seen a thousand visions of wo and terror, realities that sickened her soul, and made her long for the quick remedies of death, flashed upon her wo-worn mind.— She experienced a sensation of chill, for the heavy dews had drenched her thin covering. Noisome odors were afloat in the night air, and the sickening stench sent home to her mind the awful conviction that the villains had executed their threat upon her defenceless husband. She threw around her eyes in the recklessness of despair, and a few fitful flashes of smouldering embers fell upon them. She arose and searched for some token that these dying brands were the remains of the funeral pile of her husband. She poked from the coals a few bones, and collected them together for burial. She then piled up a few sticks of dry crackling wood to assist her in the piquis orgies. Alone, unassisted, and unheeded, she pursued her melancholy task, without a solitary sound, to notify her of other existences, save the frequent click as of a hammer upon the distant ship.

She deposited in the little grave the few bones she had found, and, as she piled up the heap of displaced earth, she sung a requiem to the departed spirit. Calm and clear was the tone that broke the awful stillness, which hung like a pall upon the sorrowing, desolate Island. There are dark spots scattered upon the carpet of life by the windings of fate, when every enjoyment, and every friend is wrested from the entwinings of an ardent affection, when the last hope that throws a beam of pleasure upon the thorny path of life is torn from a bleeding heart. We are doomed by the same fate to fret away our time in ineffectual attempts to pierce the awful uncertainty of the future, to catch even an obscure hint of the course which destiny has marked out for us, of the joys and sorrows, which are mingled with the tide of coming events. The acute anguish of our suspense is heightened by the strong, unaccountable presentiment—tangling our present joys—that ours is a fate of sorrow, and the end of us a wearing out by misery:—and this is deep despair. This is a dark and lonesome period and a freedom from its trials, is the fittest petition that man can put up to an overruling providence.

For be assured we shall wrap ourselves up in a lonely impenetrability, believing that no joys are reserved for us, and not wishing to burden more buoyant spirits by the forebodings of our own disordered minds—believing that we stand alone, in desolate isolatedness without a friend to hint to us that we are in the land of glad spirits—and hurried on by despair to curse the God of our being; or, as is the fact, but seldom, we shall depend solely upon the deity, and close our hearts upon all worldliness. The latter was the happy lot of Julie. Although there was that in her voice that betokened her bereavement and wo, yet it was strong and sonorous that seemed to tell that God was within her, supported her, and comforted her. She arose from the little mound over which she had kneeled, and walked away slowly and untremblingly to her miserable abode, tranquillized by thoughts that threw a kind of heavenly joy around her widowed heart. She groped along in the darkness to the spot where her sister once lay, but she was not there. She lit her lamp, and stood for a time gazing with a placid and sorrowful countenance upon the darkened features of the unsuffering dead, then turned to bid farewell, to the place, that had witnessed the end of her joys, and the birth of her sorrows. "Farewell, home, my only home—'tis hard to part with thee, though the joys thou hast brought me are few, and the miseries many. Yet thou art my home, and it is hard to say, Adieu."

"Yes, I must leave it. 'Tis well. I must leave the bones of my Jordano—but all is well so long as I can call the Lord, my God. All the world may not be as these Turks are, and all the Turks may not be as these, my Jordano's murderers. If I must increase the number of their victims, I may fall into tender hands, and, though I shall live and die a wo-worn captive, I may not meet the frowns that others meet. If I shall live in after happiness I will be thankful. But if I must die—to night—I am ready. Farewell, home, Jordano,—all."

She issued for the last time, from the entrance, and passed on climbing over the heaps of rubbish, chilled to the heart by the groans and cries, that assailed her ear from every quarter.

It was a little before morn, when a darker hue is thrown upon the eastern sky, and the stars assume a more cold and dying appearance. She threaded the perilous avenues, speeding her way from the sickening scene of butchery and conflagration. Many a wan wretch passed her with a hurried step, and a startling glance. Escaped from the most alarming perils she sat down upon a stone to

snatch a few moments of rest, and as she thought of the dismal future, she gave forth frequent sighs that seemed to choke away her life. One while she contemplated the affectionate tenderness of her own heart, and thought of the pains that she had oft endured in view of others' miseries; and, exalting others to the standard of her own purity, she fondly believed that if she should fall into the hands of her enemies, she should claim and receive mercy from them.— Fond, and happy delusion! The levellers, enraged at all innovation, were pursuing a furious, sweeping system of cut-throatism.— At other times she felt an invigorating something within her, a hope that she might escape the thirsty cannibals, and she started from her seat, and ran a little way, stung into action by the thought. Inconsiderate folly! The unsatiable demons were holding their carnival on almost every acre of the Island. Still she hurried on as if to fly the thoughts of crime and wretchedness, which continued to haunt her. She often looked back, weary with life, and hoping that some ferocious barbarian was following her footsteps; and as often looked back from a very different impulse, as the fear of violence, and the imagined picture of her hacked limbs wrought upon her bewildered brain. The sun was high in the heavens, and yet she wandered on without aim, heedless whether she found a safe asylum, or met a sudden death. She found herself before the door of an humble cottage, sequestered in a lonely wood, and not far distant from a recent track of the murderers. She pushed open the door and entered.

There she found a single female, on whose countenance was imaged the deepest agony. At a glance they knew as effectually as tongue could tell the bereavement and anguish of each other's heart. A silent and tearful embrace was their only salutation, and a spark of joy kindled in their eyes, as they gazed once more upon the living, albeit worn out with watching, and sorrow.

They covered their faces, still locked in each other's arms as if to give natural strength and protection. They watched the declining sun, and saw his last feeble rays tremble on the ruby clouds.— Despite the fears that almost overpowered them, they sunk into a fitful repose upon some straw, that was lying in one corner of the hut. In the night as dreams of terror poured round them, they would start from their sleep, and shriek aloud, as if their visions were realities, and would find themselves locked firmly in each other's arms. They would drop to sleep, only to shriek again, and on waking be drawn closer together.

It was nearly noon, and a straggling party of Turks might be seen in the moonlight, making their way through a narrow strip of underbrush, in which the cottage was situated. They were sated with blood, and their passions slumbered in the intoxication of gratified lawlessness and brutality.

They made no noise, save that of the dry sticks in their path.— They deigned to glance at the decaying hut, but seeing the utter poverty and loneliness of the place, passed on, and the two insensible females might have escaped the horrid fate, had not one, actuated by a more levelling spirit than his comrades, threw a torch upon some dry materials, in the entrance. The smoke white at first, began to roll slowly up the sides, then burst forth into a wide, vivid body of flame. A long, high, and terrible shriek—and the frail roof tumbled upon the forsaken victims; and thus they perished.

W*. H*. O.

The Attack of Malta.

LA VALETTE.—*Grand Master of the Hospitallers.*

MONTAUVIL.—*La Valette's Confident.*

SCENE.—A Private Room.

La Valette.—And thus our order falls—crumbles to dust.

Time sweeps o'er us, his mast'ring hand and then

Our name—our order will be soon forgotten

Save in the schoolboys wild imaginings,

Or knightly tale of some poor minstrel.

And

For this vain bubble of a name, we've bar'd

Our brands in battle—turn'd back th' avenging

Moslems steel from his *weak* energy—stood

Proud Europe's bulwark and have seen weak Kings,

Humble themselves to us for aid to save

Their thrones and gilded sceptres from the

Turkish power—for this we've spurn'd th' luxuries

Of life—the revellings of ease—the loves

Of woman—that dream of our young days,

When bright eyes flashed upon us, and light forms

Danc'd along. Yet have we gain'd *that* name?

The Syrian plains have quak'd beneath our

Charge, far more destructive than that desert

Wind, whose blast is death. And while we made

Jerusalem our seat, fair Palestine

Had bloom'd once more—rich with the blood of foes.

And now upon this sparkling sea, our broad
Standard streams—the terror of the foe. Our
War cry rings along the waves, the hope
Forlorn of coward sailors, the Infidels
Worst hate.

Alas ! not now beleaguer'd in these walls,
Cut off by famine, pestilence, and sword.—
Hopeless of aid. What now remains except,
To die.—Then why should I shun death in Battle.
Where from my youth up, I've loved to rage
Among the charging ranks—where in the thickest
Fight, my sabre gleam'd—my name the cheering
War cry of my band.

Ah ! 'tis not the death,
For gladly would I die, could but the
Knightly order, and their fame be sav'd.
But that the Moslem sneering'y shall tread,
Upon the bleeding corpses of my land—
Among our dwellings, and along the streets,
Within the churches—that the Muezzins cry shall—
By Heavens ! It shall not be—one—all, shall
Fall. And if they gain the City, they shall find
It a wide grave—a sepulchre silent,
And dread, and lone.

(Enters Montreuil.)

How stands St. Elmo,

Is it still impregnable ?

Montreuil.— One by one,
The gallant band are falling. Yet as one
Falls, another rushes in to fill the space,
Sternly resolved to save the post or die.

La Valette.—Montreuil ! there is no hope but death.

Montreuil.—None !

La Valette.— None ! Venice looks calmly on, and sees us
Fall. We who have sav'd her commerce,
Rescued her captives—stood as a wall 'twixt
Her and Turkey. What would Venice be,
Had our brave Order, never touch'd at Rhodes ?
A desert—charnel House—a home for
Forest beasts—echoing the Jackals cry,
Or Lions roar, or 'chance her tall Cathedral,
And her Church St. Marks, might echo now the
Moslem call to prayer.

Shame—shame, on Venice !
And the Christian world, who can look tamely
On, and see us struggling, with our common enemy,
Nor stretch one arm to aid.

Let them gaze on—
They work their own undoing.—Let them tear
Down their rampart of defence. Tower—Castle—
Battlement—all that defends them from th' Turke ;
And they shall rue this day. Repent in tears—
Too late and know—" they work'd their own undoing."

The Attack of Malta.

Montreuil.—But our scouts who have escap'd the Moslem's,
Vigilance say that e'er now Venice
Prepares a force to aid us.

La Valette.—Yes aid us, when one by one, our Order
Is all gone—when Mahomet's slaves shall
Riot in our cities, or 'chance shall fire
The lofty piles—a beacon that shall blaze,
Telling the Nations, of their ingratitude.

Montreuil.—Shall we surrender then? shall the Moslems
Walk in safety thro' our Temples? must the
Mahommedan, who long has fear'd th' avenging
Knight; has fled from before the lightning
Of his eye—the strength of his right arm,
Rebel amid our Palaces?

La Valette.—Hold! No! Not while an arm can strike a blow
For Liberty.—Not while a voice can shout
Our War-cry.—Not while a stone remains
Upon our walls, when the last Knight has clos'd
His eye in Death. When Malta is a heap
Of ruins—shapeless—and blackning. Then let
Them enter. Then as they gaze on the
Disjointed mass, they may insult the Cross.
If they find room for joy, in the wide havoc
Of their shatter'd bands.—Go! shout the War-cry,
On, to the Defence! and let the volly'ing
Thunders roar, sealing our stern resolve,
To conquer, or to die.

*. *. ***** *ESPRIT.*

The Original.

AMID intellectual chaos, how beautiful appear the rays of one twinkling luminary. Order, direction, life itself, are its effects on a disorganized world of mind, that might lie senseless forever, without the soul-stirring influence of its cheerfulness. But how grand would be a flaming globe of pure intelligence, should it suddenly burst from thick obscurity, to shed its effulgence on one unbroken chaotic mass, as it occupies the space destined ere long to glow with richest lustre of the light of genius. Such transforming brilliancy, thus emerging from deep gloom, was never witnessed, in the radiance of a single, unaided, human intellect; but not much inferior to this in grandeur, was the out-breaking of that moral sun of the fifteenth century, whose rays at first, however, only flickered through densest clouds of entire, continuous, mystical error, which enveloped the whole soul of Creation. But soon the clouds began to coil, and roll back into vacuity before his genial heat, while he discovered himself to an awe-struck world, as indeed, the mighty sun of truth. Something similar to the former, were the several gems in the coronet of that intellectual constellation, which before and after the above mentioned period, did so much to enlarge the boundaries of natural science, and disclose to the philosophic eye, the grand machinery of the physical world, and the then hidden laws of Nature. What such men have accomplished may be seen in the present enlarged views of the world, on almost every subject, which is ever made the object of contemplation. They gave new life to genius, they fired mankind with lofty hopes. They showed not merely the flashes of intellect, but a clear, resplendent light, which thus far, and even will be reflected from the mirrors of ten thousand minds, to the end of time, gathering fresh lustre from every reflection. The present perfection of the sciences, declares their labors. Nature has been unravelled by them. Her laws, though astonishing as much by their accuteness, simplicity and exactness, as by their wonderful operations, are seen as in the brightness of Noon. Her noblest sons are her mirrors, in whom she discovers to an enraptured world her own unrivaled beauties. These have existed in different ages and under various circumstances, became the prodigies of their age.

It was not one mind alone that reared such monumental piles of intellectual greatness. Mind urges mind.—Thought is but the pioneer of thoughts.—Philosophic systems, theories, nay, the entire speculations of centuries, form but simple propositions, or are entirely blotted out in those succeeding. And thus tardily is truth discovered—thus protracted the process of Discovery. No one dwells constantly, under her influence, when relying only on his own powers of discrimination, to trace her footsteps in his thoughts, or by imagination to mark her progress in the minds of those about us. And so the phenomenon is explained that the mind is less at home, less active, less itself in its own element, than in the world of matter. There must necessarily then, be a copious use of thoughts once unfolded of truths once settled—and a corresponding destitution of original ideas, and less thoroughly-investigating examinations, made for new truths. Musing thus, and with true scholastic air, closing the organs of vision, that no obtruding idea might gain admittance, *by that route*, into the audience chamber, Morpheus approached me, and sweetly hushed all disquietude within and noise without; when suddenly appeared to my imaginative vision, an object which seemed invisible, at least to mortal eyes waking; and thus he spoke.—“Long time I have watched your perplexity, and know well what is that ‘ultima Thule’ you would attain. Long have I eyed your spirit as on towering wing it strove to mount the highest source of intellectual light, and with feeble effort, to scale the battlement of truth. She who occupied the highest tower, in stern indignity frowned it down to its accustomed course.—Ah! ’tis vain, ’tis all in vain to think to reach that high estate, with enough of strength to take by siege or storm, the mighty tower. Finite ye are and must have limits to your progression—your eyes can never ‘sweep at once the unbounded scheme of things,’ nor once perceive that distant goal, to which your ambition aspires. No mortal has yet trod that hollowed ground. Aristotle, Plato, and that radiant host of earthly jewels, did not thus—Des-Cartes not thus, nor Bacon; Locke and others who are the chief gems in the intellectual coronet. They were content, not to face truth in her bright array, but to trace her in her effects, and to disclose her dignified substantiality, as she deigned to sanction their philosophy. They revealed the operations of Nature—those which had always obtained, in the round of the same causes; and these they called ‘truths,’—‘Original ideas.’ But why may not Columbus say he discovered an ‘idea,’—original too, when he beheld American land? This

object had ever existed—but the process of discovery was original. So these voyagers in mental discovery have originated processes to arrive at certain independent principles, which though existent from creation, had never before been known. Yet do they arrogate to themselves the honor of forming them, and well they may, when compared with those countless millions of imitators, who in destitution of intuitive power, too weak to strike out one new course for thought, have merely improved, it may be, the highway trod by the former. Such are not the spirits to dwell in the presence of truth. They discover no natural thought—unable to explore the labyrinthian wanderings of superior minds, or pursue similar courses, have contributed their mite to smooth the pathway of others, that forsooth, more precious time might not be lost.—These have not lived in vain, they fill a mighty chasm in the intellectual world, connecting the sublime views and discoveries of the higher order of minds, to those who should be enlightened. These have not then to tug and toil to reach the eminence of philosophers, nor those to descend from their aerial regions of their spirituality to hold converse with those who are actually of a lower order in the scale of intellectual being.

But why such difference in men—men of common origin, and common destination, who have equally the book of Nature to study—her secrets to explore, her operations to trace, and her light to reflect? Go ask the princes of philosophy—ask the statesmen, the philanthropists, the great in every age, the secret of their greatness. Were they all scholars? Yes, they were the scholars who were worthy of imitation. No studied paganism, no pomp of barren letters commingled in their halo of glory. Their textbook was Nature.—They sought her not in the gaudy drapery of fiction, nor needed the poets skill to animate, diversify, and adorn her scenery, or her work of what kind soever. But pure simple, untarnished Nature, as it came from the hand of the Almighty Architect was their absorbing theme. And were these original minds? their works attest it—here was their superiority; now deeper than common minds could fathom, now loftier than these could soar. But what were they original? Not in invention, but discovery. They told us not what Nature was, but what she did. That sublime discovery is not to be kenred by finite intelligence. What! shall man expect the knowledge of his great Original? Shall ye, in your flight for originality, enter the locked chambers of eternal wisdom? Let curiosity, let fierce ambition be gently carbed; let the wild mind

ac's fate be the beacon to warn you of such consummate folly. Seek not to stretch your mind to what it was not formed to comprehend, but know the vast remove between a created and uncreated mind. Plunge not into the immeasurable abyss betwixt the two, in hopes to reach the far, far distant shore!—But this is possible.—Dash down those innumerable tomes from their exalted eminence in your estimation, and dig deep, and long the soil of your own mind—watch well the operations of Nature, gather wisdom from her uncontaminated source—depend not for thought on the labors of others—form an independant genius—consult your own powers, let investigation of your own instead of others, be your reliance.—Sieze on realities as they are brought to your view, and whether others then have taken the course you pursue, or not, the credit of originality, will be yours. Glorious will be the day, when this advice shall be observed.—When the embattled phalanx of self-disciplined mind shall unresistingly press forward to the consummation of this ennobling object. When scholastic competition shall not consist in the committing of the most facts, that predecessors have established, not in critically observing every rule, in each department of literature, which have been settled by masters of Science, but when the age shall be characterized by originating its learning. When though the science of past ages receives attention, and serves as a director to genius in its first essays at discovery, it be regarded as valuable solely for that purpose. When oracular magic shall be removed from ancient literature, and man ceases to venerate the common place ideas of antiquity—and to repeat during most of his life the truisms of the whole world. But when some thought, 'unthought before' shall grace every sentence in social intercourse, and intellectual improvement, become the motto of all; when truth incontrovertibly fixed on the basis of experiment be the foundation of all argumentation. Then will the march of mind be substantially onward, and as at the commencement of all knowledge, originality will mark every feature and action of the mind. What though antique lore should be lost forever, would not the same or better elements exist of which to form a new? Can time really give worth to any thought? Yet it seems the immense value attached to this literature, is principally owing it its age. Time has hallowed the strains of these lyres, and flung an enchanting witchery over the emphasis of its orators. Yet if they are inestimable, you ought to study the *causes* of their celebrity, rather than its effects.

Was it because their minds were strongly imbued with the refinement of long preceeding generations,—or by attempting to assimilate their doings to what had been done before, that they could rear such imperishable monuments of fame? Ought we not rather to look for them in their exact portrature of Nature, throughout—and those faithful delineations of passion, the workings of the soul, which must forever chord with the general tenor of feeling? Their philosophers were indefatigable in their search for truth, aided only by the light their reason had illicit; and what wonders did they achieve? These were days of acknowledged originality. And do not causes exist, sufficient to energise every mind? Might not these too be days of brightest originality? The wants of the world are fully known—Sciences half finished, literature at a stand, and the want of cultivated talent in each department of active life, call loudly for deeper investigation of elementary knowledge than has yet been made.

Rouse, rouse, ye mighty spirits in the majesty of your strength! Let each be the author of its knowledge—each the critical observer of Nature. And each vested in his own armory, grapple in fiercest combat with whatever opposes your march towards the citadel.

Then shall your *literati* become the founders of Sciences—Nature to her fountain head be traced, her hidden stores all revealed, the gloom, the mist, which now envelopes the sky of literature be transformed to light, and cheerfulness, and a new, regenerate intellect, stand out in bold relief, the effect of correct discipline! He ceased. 'His gaunt form grew more ghastly, seemed inordinately protracted, and in fear I shouted, who art thou? A shrill voice reverberated from the walls—I am The Original.' Instantly the blast cut the light shadow assunder, and I awoke, to con the instruction given; but being desirous that others should make it the subject of meditation, it is thus presented for the common benefit of all.

THURA."

The Pirate's Night Cruise.

Night silvery veil hangs o'er the beauteous Isle :
 The willows lean them o'er the water's side,
 And whisper to the kiss alluring smile.
 The grim old rocks look stern in conscious pride,
 As if the laughing ripples they deride
 In scorn they shadow every coming wave—
 And if perchance they feel the storm lashed tide,
 They utter murmurings harsh their tones are grave,
 When they do feel the placid water's gentle laye.

A skiff is dancing on the jolly wave,
 The meek sail bellies to the whistling wind.
 The boatman ycers round to the robbers caye,
 And peels his song that echoes far behind.
 Can you tell us kind friend, in that dark miad,
 That seems all mirth and innocency now,
 What thoughts of blood and carnage are combin'd ?
 What noble powers kind nature did endow,
 What high attainments education did allow ?

He lived a youngster in a foreign land.
 He oft hath stood on England's clifly shore,
 Or dashed his foot against the pabbled strand,
 And caroled to the ocean's thund'ring roar.
 He had enriched his mind with various lore,
 And gained a sovereigns smiles for all his toil.
 He sighed to rove when England pleas'd no more
 To shun the fight, the din, the blood, the spoil,
 He slew his wealthy lord, and left his native soil.

He reeved the tackle of the swelling sail,
 And poising on the bending urall stood ;
 Then answered to the merry making gale,
 Or plunged most sportingly beneath the flood.
 He hugged the icy yards with fortitude,
 And cheer'd the lads with many a jolly song.
 And when the foreign snow white cliffs he view'd,
 He thought of home, repented once his wrong ;
 Then steeled his seared heart with foul resolves, and strong.

" Oho, my chieftain, ho my cremite,
 The roving lads are out with heart and glee ;
 Oho, my chief, this is a merry night,
 Aye, hark, I hear their stirring jollity.
 This is as a long night, as night may be,
 The mellow moon is dancing on the deep ;
 And come the laughing breezes o'er the sea.
 The shrill ton'd owl too, his vapors keep,
 Arouse the chief and let us on like lightning sweep.

Forth from the shaded cave, a stranger springs,
And the light skiff goes bounding gaily on,
Upon his brow is the dark frown of kings;
The devil in his eye, and with'ring scorn,
Curls on his lip, sword, pistol, casque forewarn,
Of some dark deed. His frame of iron nerves;
Just hints he was for daring actions born.
Bold, wary, be his giant might reserves,
When danger comes, then acts a soul that never swerves.

"The Pirate where? why stay my Buccaneers?
Think they their chieftain sleeps away the night?
His arm unnerved! his heart wrap'd up in fears?
Think they he loves not the Pirate's fight?
Rebels his feelings at the bloody sight?"
"No chief they know, their leaders heart full well,
They feel most cheery on their moonlit night.
This night to let their swords, their courage tall,
The Pirate, ho! she comes my chief, on yonder swell.

On deck the Pirate chief, eyes well his crew,
And his keen glance detects the latent heat;
That warms the bosoms of those desperate few,
And makes the warmest pulse, more quickly beat.
And the dread dangers of their calling greet,
He too of hatred, feels a deeper fill;
He longs the dread, stern hour of strife to meet,
When the loud war shouts a fierce rage instill,
Crawls o'er the Pirate's time-worn frame, a strengthening chill.

Who'd be a rover on the windy seas,
Drag out his days in toil and bitterness;
To gain forsooth, one hour of hard-earn'd ease,
And live without a friend to mourn or bless.
Cut-throats, his mates, his recompence distress,
Foul blood his elements his being crime;
Who thus destroys a soul once pure, sublime,
Not men but fiend such actions with the feelings chime.

The Pirate dashes on, and the fierce crew,
Loll in their death charged gale, wild winds blow
To their whistle, shrill as the shrieking mew;
The colors, penoned on breezes flow.
And the light spray whirls round its sails of snow,
The night watch shouts, "The sail! ho! lads the sail,
Down go the gaffs, the studdings down they go;
And nought is heard there, save the humming gale,
And the big waves as they dash against the wale.

The stranger prow, is dashing high the foam,
Right on she comes, nor spies the lurking foe;
The mariners perchance now dream of home,
Of joy they knew, but ne'er again shall know.—
'Tis the last dream that they shall dream below,
Their distant friends shall ask them long and loud;
'Till time shall mitigate their wasting wo.
Ah! yes, the coral soon shall be their shroud,
And the huge monsters o'er their putrid corpses crowd.

'My Buccaneers!' Up, fly the canvass' folds,
 Once more the Pirate to the breezes swings—
 'Thy Buccaneers!' The angry thunder rolls,
 And the blue vault, the starry concave rings.
 'My Buccaneers!' The Pirate chieftain springs—
 The pistols flash, swords clash, the daggers gleam,
 The trembling canvass to the tackle clings,
 And echoes o'er the deep, the dying scream,
 And flows along the shattered deck, a bloody stream.

'Tis done, 'tis done—the work of death is done!
 And the last heart is bedded in the deep—
 The canvass falls, and the rich prize is won.
 Many true lads have bled, and they shall sleep,
 'Till the Archangel through the world shall sweep—
 Yes, they shall sleep unconscious, though they be
 Of the dark waters, that their bodies keep—
 They soon shall rise like spirits pure and free,
 And awake to life and immortality.——

Q. Q.

History of Spain and Portugal.

Lardners Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vols. 19 to 23, inclusive. This excellent work has been ushered into the world under the most favorable auspices. Forming as it does, almost the only attainable information, direct and entire, on one of the oldest countries in Europe, around whose history, the darkness of the middle ages has ever hung, it must be regarded as invaluable. The author in excessive care to confine himself to a recital of Peninsular affairs, is plain in his style, approaching in some instances, the dry. Yet he certainly exhibits transcendent talents as a historian.—Ingenuousness, and impartiality seem stamped on every page. Neither fearing to do justice to an enemy, nor wishing, by covert insinuations to scandalize any action that might confuse or disgrace his countrymen, sect or party, he has shown himself above all intrigue for royal, or popular favor, discovering his sincere regard for truth, and determination honestly to regard it. His opinion, when circumstances require, is frankly given, but in no case without sufficient reason. In short, it is a work that amply sustains the justly celebrated character of the 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia.'

T.

A Glimpse at the Republic of Letters.

THIS is truly an age of books. They swarm as did the locusts of Egypt. Numerous and copious volumes, containing the ancient lore, revised, corrected and supplied with additional notes, together with later and recent literary and scientific productions load the shelves of the book-seller, as well as those of some of our public libraries. An unprecedented number of presses are likewise kept in constant operation, from which issue daily, books and periodicals of all sorts. Surely many of the sons of Science and Literature pay their *devoirs* at learnings altar. Law, politics, theology, history, biography, natural, moral and mental philosophy, receive constant attention. Especially do fictitious writings abound. They exceed calculation. Poetical productions are not a few. Incessant additions are made to the world of Literature.

By assiduous investigation and careful examination, scattered facts and materials are discovered and brought together, so as to afford a methodical and comprehensive view of the peculiarities of different ages and countries, and of the lives and characters of various distinguished personages. Out of great but isolated principles long established, together with those recently inducted from general and undeniable facts, new sciences are created.

Yet the body politic of letters is not altogether rid of those who are charmed by Platonic dreams, and those fascinated with the reveries of the alchemist. Among certain classes, a spirit of speculation upon the future exists. The phenomena of the heavens, and the great and rapid changes amongst us on this footstool, excite their serious attention; they are ready to conclude, that something anomalous is about to succeed. Would not the case be well with them, and the world at large, were the waves of their expectations circumscribed by the principles of inductive philosophy?

No theory of whatever materials framed, or however absurd, provided it has once taken root, has wanted patrons and advocates.—Phrenology and idealism, though to most, subjects of ridicule and merriment, are, notwithstanding, to some, in a degree at least, what alchemy was to a class of scientific enthusiasts of the dark ages.

The Press must needs lend its aid to any science, art, speculation or theory, that interests any considerable part of the community; no proverb more unquestionable, than that, "in the making of books, there is no end." Notwithstanding the numerous authors, whose names environed with imperishable fame, have come down to us from antiquity; notwithstanding those, who, in later times, have become distinguished for achievements in science, literature and the arts; notwithstanding the copious writings, that do excite, the whole circle of knowledge allowed to man is by no means carefully explored, and minutely examined: advancements are still to be made, and errors to be eradicated, in almost every department of learning. Heroes, who will have become distinguished on the drama of life, are yet to be the themes of song. Rocks, hills and dales, oceans, lakes and cataracts, now obscure, will yet be celebrated in verse. New fields of literature will be laid open to the delighted view of admirers in after time.

Many of the writings of the day are evidently inadequate, in respect either of amusement or information, the grand requisites of all type, and need, therefore, nothing but the revolution of time, to gather them into the gulf of oblivion. Many books contain mere ingenious speculations. Many, from their very nature and design, are no longer useful; and very many, the world might do as well, and perhaps, better without than with them, by reason of the manner in which they are written. Fictitious writings occupy a wide and conspicuous place in the literature of the present time. They are sought after and read with the utmost avidity. Consequently, many able talents are employed in novel writings. That the Grecian Gods would have dashed to pieces their golden bowls of nectar, could not, with reason, have been expected; but, no doubt, they mingled a considerable portion of the crystal element with their most precious drink, or suffered from excess. The idea of doing away fictitious writings is wholly absurd. The literary productions of the arch magician, the far-famed SCOTT will long exist, to amuse and delight.* But there may be excess in novel reading as well as many other things. How does excessive devotedness to novels affect a person whose employments is reading and study? Does it not cause him to be dissatisfied with the real state of things, and to long for some visionary land, the offspring of dreams? Does it

* The novelist affords us the means of pleasure, and of cultivating the taste and imagination.

not lead to an abuse of the imagination?—and does it not create an excessive sensibility, that enemy to happiness, and to a manly and efficient character? Is it not the source of the many specimens of Byronic poetry, that may be witnessed in almost every periodical? Does it not, in fine, hold up to the eye of fancy, those strange and confused images, which blunt the reason, and thus render the man incapable of clearly distinguishing between truth and error?

Excess creates aversion, and is, therefore often, for a time at least, its own cure. Appearances in the horizon of Letters indicate a change in the literature of the day. Lardners Cabinet Cyclopaedia, the Family Library, the Library of Useful Knowledge, and others of a similar kind, are sure indications of an extensive reform.

Indeed, after all that may be said to the contrary, this is a period, in which many are awake to the true interests of learning. It was ushered in, connected with all the benefits, which the master spirits, Bacon, Newton, Locke, and the many mighty and illustrious, intellects, have bestowed upon mankind. The maxim, “that knowledge is power,” is now almost universally received; and the inquisition, the crusades, the horrors of credulity, and the civil and ecclesiastical tyranny in all their forms, have taught men to beware of ignorance, as of a fatal foe.

How much is it to be lamented that the tyro should be left amidst the wide domain of letters without any guide, except what is afforded by his own short sighted observation, crude faculties of discrimination, and perhaps a few friends, he may have in the circle of his acquaintance? Do not the reading community lack one thing very needful, viz. a well written, full and correct treatise, showing the peculiar excellencies, defects, and the general influence of the writings of the most prominent authors; in fine, something constructed on a plan similar to that of Knapp's *Advice in the Pursuits of Literature*?

C. A. S.

ERRATUM.

The second line in the fourth stanza of the “Pirates Night Cruise” should read,

“And on the bearded wale he poising stood.”

Sue Winingate.*Cedar Street, B——n.*

"Dick was ever a time so lovely—Your little heart beat right merrily in that cotillion, eh?"

"Ah dear Ned—no call for that sarcastic grin—but those keen eyes!—My poor heart was not encoffined in its usual invincibles, else defiance would have been enthroned upon my brow.—O ye bright spirits of yonder radiant bourn, is she your offspring!—Such powers—Pardon Ned, but"—

"Ye Gods! lunatic!—Man, do you forget the club—the room in H——s hotel—the scene in L—— street? Up! up—What yield—ye coward—worsted by a soft girl! O, Chivalry, this your might?—Your boasted firmness—with all your stoicism, and good fellows indifference, could you not stand the assault a little longer? Two days—O Furies!"—

"Talk not of two days—Go tell the dying man to delay but two days—the wounded Soldier to stanch his wound as long—but tell not the wounded heart to forbear agonizing that time—'Twas Sue—Come greedy-eared world, know wherefore my head is bowed, my cheek suffused!—Yes—and she saw the wound—and when my hearts blood rushed thro' my burning visage, O I did mark delight well kindled in her eye—"I was joyous!"—

"Sue Winningate—Monstrous! Dick, you must not, cannot,—Renegado! Remember your promise Sir—and then the club;—Will this little gust of feeling conquer reason!—surely you forget yourself!"

"O Folly—Never to love. What fools—who then had seen the lovely Sue? All commonalty I renounce—nay detest—they're not congenial.—A bad promise broken is half repented."—

"Was never hope withered—constancy never broken in the test act?—Ah luctus memorabilis! I loved—away—memory? 'tis a blighting curse—and yet 'tis sweet. Loved! Oh tell it not in Gath—'twas my bane—I'll no more, no, though 'twould save ten thousand from unearthly gloom. Wolves—Ah Dick to the Rescue!"—

How Madcap, 'dye think all vile, all by habit, constitution, and primitively by Nature herself, weak crafty, deceitful?—I will not hear it—preach to the winds.—A rake has yet a heart and so has Sue Winingate—Let them be joined.

U.

January 1, 1834.

A happy and prosperous NEW YEAR to thee, most gentle and courteous reader. Joyfully do I greet you on this occasion of good feelings and well-wishing—nay, wonder not so to see my brow sparkling with the frost of a winter's night, nor shrink back from the chilling grasp of my icy hand, but sit down for a moment, (with the PHILOMATHESIAN in hand,) and I will tell you how all this has happened.

Now I have always believed that dame Nature, or whoever it may have been that had the mixing of my fantastic mould, took care to spice it with, at least, twice the usual *quantum* of curiosity, for it is utterly impossible for me to refrain from exercising a *Paul-Pry* curiosity upon every subject which smacks of the marvellous. I know not how it may appear to you, Mr. Phile—Philomathesian, but in my mind, there was always something “passing strange” in the shifting of the Year; how the Old Year could consign over the management of affairs to its successor, with so little ceremony or bustle, that no one could explain the process by which it was performed.—At night, we sink quietly to rest upon the bosom of the Old Year, and upon waking in the morning, find ourselves carried swiftly forward in the arms of the New; while the former is, in the space of six hours, entirely forgotten, or spoken of as something which pertains to antiquity. My mind has never failed to be agitated on this subject, upon the recurrence of every anniversary since the day when I listened to the nursery tales, or instructed in the legendary lore of certain wiseacres in the neighbourhood, who had read the thousand and one stories of the Arabian Nights, could relate a “thousand and one” witch stories of their own, and several of whom had experienced something more than the inkling of a glimpse at a *bona fide* witch while busy at her *tantrums*. But eschewing all digressions, I wish to ask you reader, if there be not something in this metamorphosis marvellously strange, and hitherto, unaccountable? Why, I have heard them say, that just at midnight, when the Old Year gave up the ghost, the clock ceased its ticking, for an unmeasured space of time—that the moon and stars all stopt, abrupt, in their course for as long a period, to gather breath for a new start on their yearly career—some affirmed there

was a meteor visible at the same instant, which was reckoned the burial torch of the Old Year, while others talked of a strange form that came sitting on the midnight wind, and such mournful and unearthly groans as would make the boldest heart beat quick to hear; and many an eye-witness was ready to testify, that precisely at twelve o'clock, the cattle of the farm yard all knelt in silent devotion at the solemnity—it may be this was on Christmas-eye; but all the other circumstances were indubitable facts connected with the change of the year. And the annual ebbings of curiosity had so long worn and fretted my patience, that I last night determined, if the thing was practicable, to fathom the mysteries of old Father Chronos and, perchance, give a peep at these short-lived children of his.

Accordingly I repaired to a spot, the location and general description of which, it is far from my present intention to reveal, neither can I say precisely how I came to the selection, but have no doubt it was by the influence of some instinctive premonition, for the place was most opportune for the occasion, as propitious for my object as Kirk Alloway for Tam O'Shanter's adventures. It was prodigious cold. There was no raw wind to annoy me, not the least breeze, but I verily believe it was because the atmosphere was congealed, subjected to a complete stagnation by the action of all the frosts that ever hovered about the North Pole, and it seemed as if I were in an atmosphere of frozen quicksilver. Yet there was no retreating, for having come here with the intention to watch until past midnight, had I bolted now, the jeers and raillery of a certain *duo*, who constitute two thirds of a certain *trio*, would have been more insufferably sharp than the keen age of a Greenland night; and right lucky do I deem my fortitude. It may have been a quarter of an hour before the "witching time" of night, when a long drawn groan was audible from a distance. —It might be the moaning of the wind over the hills—no, it was repeated, and lo! that august personage, the Genius of 1833, suddenly appeared in view. I shall not attempt his description, but if any one is curious about his appearance, or his noble spreading wings, for he had a magnificent pair before they were soiled and worn by use, go to the same spot a twelve month hence and watch for his successor. For my own part, I thought myself *frozen up* to a preparation for any thing which might present itself to my view, but really I was unprepared for a sight so awe-inspiring. As he approached the spot where I stood shivering, he slackened his pace, and thus outspoke the grave OLD YEAR.

The goal! the goal! how welcome to my sight; and yet that goal which makes the close of my toilsome course must surely prove my grave—the end of my existence. Yes, 'tis finished, and cold oblivion comes—then let it come. Already the New Year appears to take this ponderous load. Advance, my laughing youth, and put a period to my toil, for weariness has conquered me, and I am unable to make the *two ends* of my course meet."

"Really, sire," said the New Year, "I cannot conceive why you should talk of *toil*. Prithce, haste on the little remnant of your course, and let us see that trifle of yours, which you deem so wonderous weighty; it surely is not such a world that it can tire my vigorous limbs."

"My boy of the ruddy cheek, I see the smoke curl out from those eyes of thine, which will gladden the hearts of men in winter. But I once felt as fresh as you now do, and thought to finish my course in half the allotted time. Now I am old, my joints are frozen, and every sinew a slave to frost. My time has come, and I shall be remembered only as one who bore a mighty load of care. Even the grand illumination, that was to light me to my grave, some meddlesome spirit has hindered, and set fire to all my starry rockets some forty nights ago."

"Father, this is no time for groaning. Give us that trifle in your hand, and name each parcel that I may know what it is which outweighs all my conjectures."

"Nay, importunate boy, should I tarry to name the half, half your journey would never be performed. First, comes a host of hard times, a mighty heap of weighty rubbish; for all imaginary as they are, there is such a continuity of groans, and such rivers of tears, that they well might load one less vigorous than yourself.—Here is a little bundle of *cayanne*, which Yankees call Nullification, the lesser half of what I started with. Best reserve it to season the Congress *stew* this winter. And here is a world of doubt upon the merits of thirteen candidates for the next Presidency.—Now let me hang the Union on one side and the States on the other, "to keep the balance true." But Randolph is gone and your load will lag heavier, for he was like hydrogen, of a buoyant nature.—Here, take the Bank Specie and tell the old General" —

"Father, the time is up. I must away."

"Then take this bale of English stuffs—Reform! Reform! and petitions longer than the Chinese wall! And here is old Ferdinands empty seat and Portugal's crown if no one comes

to claim them, let John Bull take them as toys for his children to play with. Ah! take the whole load, in confusion as it is; one charge I have however, for your special care. It is my last my dying request, that you will see that it receives no harm."—Imagine my astonishment, reader, (to say nothing of gratification,) to see him produce our own editorial drawer, replenished with a superabundance of manuscripts, and the six firstlings of sprouting intellect. He was proceeding in his charge to the impatient youth, when the notes of the village clock, which was just beginning to strike twelve, drowned every word he spoke, and he was every moment growing more *Edson-like*, I even thought I could see the stars twinkle through his flitting form, when at the instant the hammer struck the twelfth blow upon the bell, the New Year by a dexterous manœuvre tumbled him in among a confused heap of sundries, seized his voluminous bundle, and in an instant was under way on his new and untired course. I did wish for a few moments, that I knew what directions he gave about the "charge," but we have only to wait and we shall know this and much more. As the new fledged son of Time, sped on his way, a little zigzag at first until he recovered his equilibrium, I observed he scattered his various commodities on every side, and with a profuse hand, so I have no doubt we shall soon hear of strange events that have happened; but whatever may come, Heaven grant that he may scatter blessings upon the heads of our patrons and correspondents, and when he shall have finished his course may he find us all in the enjoyment of health, peace and happiness, present and prospective.

Tt.

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"THE VIRTUE LENDS TO INTELLECT HER CHARMS."

THOUGHTS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE SULTAN SALADIN.

WHERE ever we find a charatcer strongly marked, with great and generous qualities, we are ever disposed to do it reverence.— It is an involuntary, but noble impulse of the mind. Greatness of soul, wherever discovered, will always command respect. However vile, and abandoned a man may become, a disposition to honor exalted virtue, will yet remain in him,—a star that shines through the most clouded atmosphere. It is hard to conceive of an intelligent being, where its influence is not felt. When every other good sentiment or impulse is driven from the heart—a deep and settled consciousness of the worth and dignity of virtue and a disposition to admire and esteem it in others will always remain fastened to the soul, surviving the wreck of all else that is excellent. A bad man, indeed, may be disposed to deny its influence, but it burns within him; so unwilling is he to endure the pang it occasions, that he is careful to shun the society of the good, in order to escape the pain. So that wicked men seek the company of the wicked, where there is little to trouble them.

But what the base, unwillingly admire, a good man loves to honor, and endeavours to imitate. Thoughts of exalted moral excellence are familiar and pleasant to his mind. He feels himself honored in the society of the truly great, and attains to higher moral dignity by looking upon its portrature. There is too a glory in

hearing of great men, for they are of the same great family of which we are one ; and we seem in some measure to reflect their greatness. For this reason a truly good man, is always striving to elevate the condition and character of the community, by shedding the light of truth, through all its members ; and for the same reason, his thoughts dwell, with intense eagerness, and he studies with keenest relish what ever is revealed of the future state, as presented in the Bible, where the virtuous and redeemed soul, will shine with ever-brightening lustre, and glow with purest radiance unstained with impurity, unclouded by error.

The Sultan Saladin was a man of wonderful energies of mind, and if we consider the age in which he lived, and the people over whom he reigned—we must confess the probity and integrity of his character truly admirable. The greatness and strength of his mind, at once appear, in the fact, that notwithstanding, the obscurity and meanness of his parentage, he rose to an Empire over the whole of Syria, and in a short period under one closely Knited government, widely separated tracts of territory, that had always been rivals and enemies, and concentrated in his own person, the hopes and fears of a vast people. His active spirit, awoke energies which had never before been excited—instituted harmony and order, where all had been confusion—and reigned undisturbed by feuds and rebellions, over a people of the most restless and turbulent character. He disciplined armies, that had obeyed little but the impulse of their own wills, to sustain long and successful wars, against the chivalry of all Europe, inflamed by the strongest passions that can operate in the human soul, and finally he died quietly in the Holy City which he had so bravely defended, beloved by all his subjects, and the terror and admiration of his enemies.

But the boldness and active energy of his mind, is not yet so much to be admired as its lofty moral greatness. He lived in a country where craft and cunning, were the only instruments men used to get power—in an age, when the most barbarous cruelties were practised, towards a conquered foe—and when successful duplicity, was the grand political *throw* of ambitious potentates—Saladin rose superior to the genius of the age. While he was wisest in the cabinet, and most daring in the field, he was generous and forbearing to the vanquished—*candid* and even *banded*, to a scruple, to all with whom he had dealings. Towards him and his race, the christians, exercised a deep and unyielding hate ; to them he was ever gentle and kind. He offered every facility in his power.

to those who sought the holy sepulchre and sacredly fulfilled the treaties, entered into, with the crusaders ; this is the more remarkable when we remember, that the christians, were not over-careful of their faith.

The mind loves to dwell upon a character that unites, with a blaze of glory, a sterling and unshaken integrity. It is a splendid picture of human nature. There is so much in a vast extent of empire and piles of wealth to rob a man of all the kind and gentle qualities of the heart, that we think it almost a wonder, where we discover one, who shows himself above their influence. Our admiration is increased, when we find him among ignorant and savage heathen, where there is nothing to guide him, but his native good sense and wisdom. We applaud a character at one time, while at another, we would simply approve ; we abhor actions now, which we would have been inclined to pity and forgive before. This is a very just and important distinction, and [it is an excellent quality of the mind that prompts us to make it. So too where ever we discover a great man, in circumstances, we little expected it, we are struck with an agreeable surprise, and it produces an effect which otherwise, it never would.

There is something highly agreeable, where we see a man show himself superior to the thoughts and prejudices of others by whom he is surrounded, and rising like a column above the great mass of mankind. It creates an emotion, some thing like that we may suppose the traveller would feel, who should find an obelisk or a pyramid in the desert of Arabia. On the plains of Egypt, it would have occasioned no wonder—but rising in this wide circle of sand, it fills him with astonishment.

In instituting a comparison between Napoleon and Saladin—it would seem that we were bringing together, the antipodes of character. In all moral qualities, indeed, they are essentially and totally at variance. The Emperor, was fierce, suspicious, an arch hypocrite, full of deceit,—displaying on a magnificent theatre, the cunning and knavery of a clown :—the *Infidel* was frank, noble minded, generous, without a shadow of fraud. But there are points, where they meet. Both rose to exalted eminence, from obscure stations. Both were warriors, and developed the high temper of their minds, in the fields of war. Napoleon's mind, was by far the most vast and daring—more rapid in its movements. He could combine with astonishing facility, the energies of large masses of soldiery, and centre them on a point. He could force into a

single effort, more gigantic powers of mind—conduct a field of battle with more masterly address—and in all the more active and brilliant qualities of the soldier, he was the greatest. But the Sultan does not yield to him, in his influence over the soldiery—in that magical diffusion of the spirit of the chief, through all the subordinate members of the army—warming with his own mighty thoughts the hearts of his soldiers, and animating the whole mass with the glowing ardour of its head, in collecting in his person the whole glory of his people. In the loftier qualities of character, the Infidel is far in advance of the Emperor—in probity—integrity—and moral honesty. Napoleon we admire and wonder at, for the astonishing displays of gigantic genius.—But his morality shocks us. Not so with Saladin. Like a splendid monument, that at a distance inspires us with admiration, for its loftiness and huge dimension—on a nearer approach, it delights us none the less, by the beautiful harmony of all its minor parts. H.

THE INDIAN PATRICIDE.]

In a contest between the early inhabitants of North Carolina and the Tuscaroras, who afterwards joined the Five Nations, the Indians were headed by a brave chief Wewakonah, or the King of Big Thunders, so called because whenever he went into battle the thunder was the loudest. During the engagement the Sachem was severely wounded, when his own son generously undertook to bear him from the battle-ground—the sequel is below.

WEWAKONAH.

Hold Outalassi, hold! 'tis madly vain

To strive against the doom of adverse fate.

Manitto speaks, and who shall dare complain?

Help me to gain this bank; my soul is faint—

Go lade for me the cooling stream. My head

Whirls giddy round, dry thirst has seized my throat,

And all the world, above—around, grows dark.

Oh! son of war, we sin'd the Red Men erred,

That they did e'er permit these treacherous Whites

To plant their iron feet upon our soil,

Now, base return! they cruel trample us.

The cowards' ball prevails. The deed is done,

And Wewakonah seeks the land of souls.

O Son, be glad; the King of Thunder goes

Where thrice each moon the fresh magnolia blooms,

And I shall daily feast on White Men's hearts.

But now our harass'd bands thy presence lack;

Go, save the remnant from the blood-drunk foe,

While here their Sachem sits, ere he shall start

Upon that long and weary journey where,
The swift canoe seeks out its darksome way,
Through bogs and fens of that wide, sedge lake,
Whose circuit holds the islands of the blest.
Take now this crown, this sacred talisman,
Tis' fraught with gems more glorious, in my sight,
Than all the glittering gauds which they can boast,
Who tell of kings beyond the wat'ry deep—
Towards made pale by fear, an unripe race,
Like these who dwell mid icebergs of the North.
This crown owes nought to foreign art or skill;
Behold the braids that once did crown the scalps
Of White Mens' wives; now deck'd with teeth of him,
Who first, presumptuous, shed our brothers' blood.
Oft had I watch'd, with eye of deep revenge,
His tall and cruel form. At last the hour
Replete with vengeance came; with madness wild,
Our warriors from their ambush'd covert sprang,
And joined in fiercest fight. I sought his blood,
And quick he fell beneath my vengeance-stroke.
All day I hover'd near, and when his corse
They, weeping, laid beneath the fresh-cut turf,
I marked the spot; at midnight tore him thence,
Then forced these trophies from his lying mouth—
Tore out his tongue, and from its resting place
Of foul deceit, rent forth the villain's heart,
Then "Vengeance" cried, and left his shameful corse
To gorge the kindred wolf. So do, and more
To him who slew thy sire. When I am gone,
High raise for me the earthly mound, and there
Place by my side the hatchet red with blood,
And dreaded bow, whose fatal force the foe
Hath often felt, and falling kiss'd the earth;
My quiver too, well fill'd, that when the time,
Predestined comes, that Nature lives again
By sleep refreshed, no Chieftain shall be found,
Who stands so proud as Weewakenah brave.
Go tell his widow'd wife to deck herself
In costly metal orbs and wampum wealth,
Then all who pass that way shall point at her,
And say "behold the Thunder-Sachem's wife"
Tell those who may survive this days' sad work,
No hope remains—their souls, of hope bereft,
Shall henceforth starve, or feed on cold despair.
The land their fathers trod, and where entomb'd
Their ashes quiet sleep, they soon must quit,
To seek a home beyond the Father-king of Floods.
But rushing forth, like falling avalanche,
Or mard'rous cougar bent on rapine's feast,
Let them avenge our wrongs; on man and child
Full vengeance take for all our thousand woes.
Tell them to strike when the broad heaven is black,
When loudest thunders mutter in the sky,
The spirit of their chief high on the cloud
Shall sit, and point the way—

The Indian Patricide.

OUTALASSI.

They come, they come!
The foe approach, again I'll bear thee hence.

AWAKONAH.

No. Here my couch of death is spread; one hour
And I am gone. Go thou and aid our men—
Nay, wait; 'twould glut with joy their dastard souls,
If then their foe might rack with torturous pains;
One blow of thine—will foil their pray. Strike, strike,
And do the friendly deed—' twill murder them.

OUTALASSI.

So base a deed, my hand shall never do—
May Otab's curse blight me, unless I bear
Thee safe from harm, though thousands strike around.

WEWAKONAH.

Nay, keep thy strength to wreak it on the foe—
I hear their tramp—O son! one friendly stroke;
Come, haste to cleave my scalp—ne'er yet thy axe
Has drunk of nobler blood. Dost fear? then go,
And let them burn with fire the Thunder-king.
Dost wait? see in the clouds! the Big Man stands,
And thunders loud; his voice is strong with rage.
See! see! how from his eyes red lightnings flash!
Masitto beckons me, farewell—farewell—

OUTALASSI.

By Otab, he shall sacred be, whose arm
Hath fell'd so brave a chief. That deed I'll do—
(*Strikes the axe in the old man's brains.*)

How from the gash his soul leaps joyous forth!
Enca! O ingrate son, what hast thou done?
Enca! 'twas his own lips that gave the word,
And I did only strike, the holy chief?
A father too! Madness has seized my brain—
With strength unknown before wantons my nerve,
And wo to him who feels my hatchet-stroke.
Now for each drop that from the old man flow'd,
Huge streams shall spout from those who caused his death,
And Weewakonah's tribe shall paint them red
In blood of those who crush our Indian race.

I hear a voice, it rides upon the wind;
The voice of him that's gone. It comes sublime
Upon the whirlwind's sweep. Lo! on the cloud
His spirit rides and sings the song of war.
But ah! his notes are of another world—
That bursting peal! his voice in thunder speaks:
Up! rouse thee, patricide, thy father calls.
Yes, sire, I hear thy voice—I know thy will;
To thee their hated race I will devote,
Despair shall be my guide—revenge the mark.
The name of Thunder-king shall freeze their souls,
And men shall talk of crimson floods that flowed
Where fell my hatchet-stroke. Yes, though our race

Shall disappear before their western march,
Although the sun shall mourn with paler face,
When he upon our tribe no longer looks,
Their legends long shall tell, that once there lived
A bloody Chief, whose victor scalps out-told
The stars that glitter in the summer's sky.
By day, by night, no rest I'll know, nor reck
For aught, save that their scalps my cabin deck.
Nor old nor young I'll spare, but all shall quake
With fear, with fear their stoutest warriors shake,
The mother clasp her child in close embrace,
The trembling sire aghast, with bloodless face,
Shall stand, when he shall hear that spell, hear'd far and wide,
Red OOTALASSI's blood-stain'd name, THE PATRICIDE.

Oohoka.

THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE.

Among the questions, which have been agitated at different times, without any approach to a definite conclusion, are those which relate to the precedency, or excellency of one virtue over another; which has long been a topic of controversy among men, whose very idleness may have driven them out into the community, and who, perhaps, have neglected some obligatory office, on account of their tenacity to a preconceived opinion, or an improper desire for its promulgation. The Omnipotent, has exhibited an evidence of his wisdom, and kindness to them, in the intricacy of this dispute, in as much as he has discovered an approach to definiteness, attainable in ratio to its necessity.

It is readily granted by every believer in Revelation, that *all* its moral precepts and rules of action ought to be strictly followed; because, if they were not all to be regarded, ignorance and uncertainty would fill the moral community with confusion and discord; but which duty ought to be most highly esteemed, may continue to be controverted without any great unhappiness, if all these precepts be practiced, as far as circumstances and need require.— For upon practice, not upon belief, is the prosperity of society founded; and merely logical and inquiring controversies affect but little more, than to raise the enthusiasm of an opponent. It is almost impossible for us to peruse the histories of the Author of our Religion, without observing how little disposition he manifested to countenance vain inquisitiveness; how much more rarely he

was inclined to gratify curiosity, than to administer to the wants of the afflicted ; and how much more he desired his disciples to excel in philanthropy, than metaphysical discrimination. His injunctions have a direct tendency to correct principles, if indeed they may not be considered the foundation of them, and to direct men in their daily intercourse with their fellows ; destitute of all vanity and artifice, plain and intelligible—such injunctions, as an honest disposition cannot easily misunderstand ; the interest of which we shall not mistake, unless, in fact, we may not wish to discover it.

To “do as we would wish to be done by,” is the comprehensive measure of justice, given for the purpose of regulating us in our intercourse with others :—a law sufficient to adjust all differences among men, as far as their sensibilities are respectively concerned :—a law indeed, of which every person finds commentary in his own bosom, however destitute he may be of erudition ; without appealing to the disputation of those, who may make an interest of contention.

True it is, that over this principle some sceptics have thrown ingeniously wrought mantles, which finally have only served to benight their own understandings. For the purpose of destroying it, they ask—Is a man, conscious of improper and unreasonable desires, conscientiously bound to follow it, and satisfy them in others ? But surely, it cannot require any great depth of the understanding to perceive, that the wishes which we ought to gratify, should be such as we approve ; and that we are compelled by this same will, to pay no regard to those desires in others, which we condemn in ourselves ; and which duty requires we should disregard and disapprove.

There is another difficulty attending this law, in which is brought into requisition some reason in the direction of sensibility : this is observable in the case, where a criminal applies it in asking pardon of his judge, who must be sensible, that if he should be circumstanced as is the culprit, he should then desire the forgiveness which he now refuses. This difficulty will soon disappear, if it be recollected, that the parties are, on one side, a *criminal*, deserving condemnation, and on the other, a *judge*,—the representative of a community, in whose hands has been deposited the power of administering justice only, not of liberating malefactors. This magistrate therefore, in pardoning a person meriting punishment, literally betrays the confidence of his constituents ; exercises an authority unlawfully ; and, giving away to his own caprice, imparts

what does not belong to him; and in fact, breaks the law itself, by doing to the community what he would not like to have done to him.

Some more conscientiously tenacious persons, by whom this universal will has been criticised and dilated, increasing the doubt and hesitation already attached to it, make another distinction, which they carefully designate as *obligations of right*, and those of *benevolence*. Now, the acknowledged and immediate object of this precept is, to establish a principle of justice among all men; and I know of no sophism, or evasion, or maledicency, that can raise a simple objection to do away its intention, when it is understood as it should be,—as evidently intending this, that every man should allow those obligations of right and benevolence, which he should consider as belonging to himself, in similar situations. Undoubtedly, in adjusting the extent of our munificence, and the objects of it, we can have no other guide than what is here given; because we can have no clear conceptions of what others may suffer from want, and consequently, what we should impart to relieve them, only by imagining to ourselves, how keen would be the pangs, with which we should be pierced, placed in like circumstances. It can but be expected, that the donor and donees should be at variance as regards the extent of the assistance or bounty; because the former is naturally inclined to parsimonious givings; while the latter, inclined by selfish considerations to expect much, indulges great expectations.

But finally, in all inquiries regarding the exercise of charities, it is best for those, the minds of whom are not biased by zealous or superstitious fears, to determine against their predispositions, and insure themselves against deficiencies; to assist more than conscience dictates, and, if the medium be indeterminate, to incline towards that extreme from which there is the speediest return. Every man is certain of this, that if he were placed in the situation of the suppliant, he would desire more than he can now persuade himself to give, however much his imagination or passions may be excited; and when our understandings can fix upon no definite rule and our sympathies impel us onward, it is surely the part of wise men, to err in that from which the least evil can be expected.

N. N. N.

MUSINGS—THE SACRIFICE.

"It was the dead of night before I entered the Cathedral * * * *—The lofty ceiling—the altar dressed in mourning, dimly lighted by the small tapers—the deep silence, and awful solemnity of the hour, interrupted only by the bell tolling, pressed heavily upon the spirits * * * * I busied myself until the procession entered, by looking upon the paintings, with such light as the tapers gave out."

TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

I.

'Tis Midnight. The mastered soul is heaving
 'Neath the weight of silence, oer the spirit thrown;
 Along the fretted roof, the sound of footstep leaving,
 Dies in an echo. Not chiming Bell alone—
 The sable altar, and the marble stone
 Of buried dead—and golden cross, and glare
 Of sister-tapers, and the whispered moan
 Of spirit-winds, haunting the midnight air;—
 Call from the deep of soul, the solemn voice of prayer.

II.

With stealthy tread, I course the marble aisle
 Calm and alone—mute as profound of night,
 The faintly gleaming tapers, shine the while
 Bathing the holy walks, with vestal light,
 Reveal the Temples pictured walls to sight.—
 —Th' immortal of the slumbering clay is there;
 Death hath no fetter, for the spirit's might,
 Dust is the robe the captive angels wear,
 Ere to the Throne of Light, they course through realms of air.

III.

Draw near!—Hark to this sculptured, lettered stone.
 "Here lies entombed a Royal Prince's dust."
 Perchance, a peoples *Love* he made his throne;
 Lo! what a polished steel, is gnawed of rust!
 A Nation's cherished hope—an Empires trust
 An heir of Realms, lies mouldering in this cell,
 A Kingdom's Glory garnered here in dust;—
 A people's tear flow'd freely when he fell,
 A burning star, is quenched—sad peals the solemn knell.

IV.

Here rolls the ocean wave, oer Pharaohs host;
 The billows scorn the struggling arm to stay.
 The briny surges, drowns the tyrants boast,
 The dark sea holds not from her stormy way.
 In watery shroud, the steel-clad warriors lay.

While frightened seabird wails in moans of woe,
And roving wild-winds, join with ocean spray,
In solemn dirge, for armour'd dead below—
Strong was the venging arm, that wrought its purpose so.

V.

There on the canvass'd wall, the tapers glare,
Throws a dim ray!—'Tis haughty Babalon,—
The Monarch dome, and massy tower, are there;
And holiest spoils from Juda's temple won—
Mark the sad wreck, avenging wrath hath done.
An echo lives;—of yore, the Monarchs roll'd,
A willing system, round this blazing sun;
The mighty trembled, when her tale was told,
Now but a thought for scorn, thou more than Rome of old.

VI.

How the soul lingers here, and reads sublimed,
The burning truths framed on the pictured wall;
A realm of thought; deep passion clothes the mind,
While from the canvass glows the breathing all!—
Here reign the mighty! Here the mighty fall!—
Thou marvel man; immortal thinking worm
The Vultures climbing through the starlit hall
Mock thy towering will—and onward roam
Through heavy rolling clouds, the mighty eagles home.

VII.

The blaze of torches!—and the solemn tread,
Of heavy moving masses,—and the chime,
Of chanting choir, slow winding o'er the dead!—
The measured tones of tolling bell, the time,
The spirit hour of midnight, and the shrine
Of mitre in the torches glare, the eye
Of doomed captive, meekly turned to climb
Where glory beams from Jasper throne on high—
Tell to my startled soul, that angel form must die.

VIII.

Must die! where is the warrior chief, who owns
A brother's love all garnered in that form?
—The quivering lip, the startled eye—the moans
Quick bursting from that throbbing breast, beware,
So fragile reed, must rend beneath the storm.—
Where is the warrior chief? A brothers arm
Perchance might save that marble brow from scorn,
Roll back the billow, ere it whelm in harm,
And wreck that precious bark, that trembles in alarm.

IX.

It were not much to die,—when we can hear,
The sound of hostile armour, clashing round;

—The neighing steed, the shout, the glancing spear,
 The smoke and roar of cannon, and the ground
 Strewn oer, with wrecks of banner, plume, and mound
 Of steel clad warriors, doomed to die,
 Breathe through the soul, a glory to be found
 Thus on the field where Heroes love to lie,—
 No! It were less than death, thus in the field to die.

X.

It were not much to die, where we can feel
 The arm, of fond affection, round us twined,
 And see the tear of sorrow, warmly steal,
 From the pure eye of love; and sweetly find,
 The hand of mother, sister, wife or child,
 So softly resting on the cold, damp cheek,—
 To know that hearts are bursting, while the wild
 And rushing winds of midnight, 'bove us meet,
 This turns the cup of death from bitterness to sweet.

XI.

But thus to die—denied a tear of love,
 Or gentle sigh of sympathy, to charm
 The wounded spirit, fluttering, as a dove
 Caught in the meshes, trembling in alarm;—
 Burn in those ghostly eyes, the heaviest harm,
 Nor cross, nor cowl, speak aught but deepest woe,
 To her, with eye all loveliness, and bending form,
 And cheeks all pale, with hues of death,—for low
 And deep, from chanting choir, full strains of vengeance flow.—

XII.

Who would not grieve, a traitor-shaft should reach
 The towering Eagle, roaming there in light,
 And strew in shame, that plumage on the beach
 Which now with golden hues, are spread for flight,
 To pass the rolling clouds;—to view the might
 And beauty of the Royal bird, in dust?—
 Who would not grieve, the tempest breath should blight
 The rose in early bloom, and fling in scorn,
 Its folded leaves, and robe of beauty to the storm?—

XIII.

Her Brother came not—on the battle plain
 In garments foul with blood, and clotted gore,
 Was found his body—covered oer with slain;
 The Hero perished, in the heat of war,
 While fell around him Roman hearts,—and oer
 His bier, was thrown the wreath of fame. She died,
 As dies the Martyr—scorned, but pure. She wore
 Her thoughts, too much without a guise,—and tried
 The way to life—as Heaven had taught, with God her guide.

PHILOSOPHY OF MORAL INFLUENCE.

Whatever is invisible in its operations, while it produces effects which are manifest, never fails to awaken curiosity, and excite us to arduous and patient investigation. Nothing is more natural to man, than, passing by that which lies within his more immediate observation, a knowledge of which would advance his interest and happiness, to busy himself in theorizing upon mysteries that lie beyond the scope of human intellect.

The construction of the heavenly bodies, and the laws which regulate the motion of planetary system,—the causes of volcanic action, and the attendant phenomena of earthquakes,—the principles of gravitation and attraction, of repulsion and magnetism, have not escaped his eager inquiry. But how few have critically studied the philosophy of their own nature, and determined the law of that influence which controls the whole machinery of man.

Mankind like the Universe, are kept in motion by a hidden combination of influences; and the few have always been the larger bodies, around which the many have constantly revolved. The nature of this sacred agency, which bears such sway over the empire of mind, can be understood only from a studied acquaintance with the principles of human nature. Unlike the obvious truths of science, it does not obtrude itself upon the notice of every common observer; neither can rules be given that may lead to its discovery. But while we see the majority of people acting on matters of the highest interest, not so much from a conviction of duty, which they settle by mature reflection and impartial inquiry as from the bias which they chance to receive from the leaders in the cause, let us enquire what course can best be pursued when the feelings and efforts of the community are to be enlisted.

And here we would further assert, for the purpose of seeing more clearly the importance of our subject, that, as it is true, men act more from impressions received from others, than from fixed principles which are the fruit of their own convictions of right; so also it is true that the success and triumph of any cause, depends less upon the real merit of that cause, than upon the manner in which it is exhibited and defended by those who would promote its interests.

The measures to be adopted are far from being the same in all

cases where the energies of a people are to be aroused to associated effort ; yet the similarity which exists in the phenomena of the human mind allows of some principles of a more general bearing. Mind wherever it is found is the same in all its essential properties. Education and habit may give direction to its development, and increase or lessen its capacity for receiving impressions ; but its essence remains unchanged. We say, then, that, with like susceptibilities, men will be affected according as the peculiar character of this action may agree or disagree with their particular inclinations. A course taken to influence mankind, the tendency of which is to excite their rage, and immediately call forth their opposition, is begun with extreme hazard, and often attended with entire failure.

The mind, nerves itself to the utmost, when assailed by boisterous zeal. It is at once thrown on defence—every avenue to conviction is closed, and not a single accent of the speaker can find a conducting power to the soul. Men feel instinctively that there is little of merit—little that claims serious deliberation in a cause, which for its success must needs be enforced with all the outcry, and passionate ardor of a heated fanatic. In fact they read its *nonimportance*, if not a want of sincerity and heartfelt interest in its advocate, from this very labored enthusiasm. True, energy and warmth, answerable to the theme, are essential to every speaker who would produce the greatest possible effect on the hearts of his hearers ; but let access first be gained by gradually awakening the dormant powers of the soul, and as the opening grows wider and wider, the impression may grow deeper and deeper as the tone of his eloquence may increase. But who that wishes to feel the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of the river, would place the ear suddenly under the thunder of its cataract, before following it in its course, and first listening to its gentler murmurs. True it is, that the heart loves excitement ; yes it loves to be carried to its utmost pitch upon the smooth and flowing streams of well-timed eloquence ; yet, how quick does it revolt, and firmly fortify itself against every power of persuasion, when disgusted at any affected, or astounding train of the mere man of rhetoric. It is a point too obvious to need proof that bare words and periods, however well chosen and logically arranged, *if these be all*, are materially deficient in the convincing power. There must be some law of affinity,—some secret community of feeling between speaker and hearer,—some principle of sympathy, that the same emotions may vibrate in every breast ; then, and not till then, can

the speaker execute his design. The case may be, when the speaker has to combat unblushing hypocrisy or sophistry which no argument can confute, he may like our Lord, assailing the Jewish doctors, O fools and blind! pay no difference to feeling or opinion, but use such language as will most effectually silence cavil. Much regard must be ever paid to the state and circumstances of those whom the speaker designs to influence; without this knowledge, a commencement is needless: the spot where the breach can be wrought must first be found, then success may there attend the proper effort. There is an influence in soothing, which the smothering gusts of vehemence in vain attempts; but of such nicety is the work of thus touching the inner circle of the soul, that he only has the power, who watches narrowly and governs wholly his own passions.

If war was to be waged against the moral darkness of the world the only weapons are the mild radiance of goodness, affection and truth. If reproof is to be administered, the voice of kindness needs only to be mingled with it to render it effectual. As the flower smilingly opens its leaves to the gentle sunbeams, but refuses the storm a particle of its odor; so the soul of fine perception is melted by kindness, but shuts itself against every rash intruder.

M*.

LAKE SACRAMENT, IN 1757.

I.

It was a day of fight, and many an eye
From the red turf was watching for the last
The setting sun; or, hushed and fearfully,
O'er covert mound a look of farewell cast
On its flushed disc, as slowly down the west
Burned the bright steps of day to twilight and to rest.

II.

It sunk—and with it many a hope was quenched;
And brave hearts quailed, and tones that long had cheered
Grew tremulous, and gallant brows were blenched,
As the dusk hour turned dark, and harsh were heard
The night winds whistling through the forest glen,
And stirred waves shouting far their revelry again.

III.

Night for the savage; and 'tis night again.
Round the spent band mad yells redoubled roar;

Howls every hill, while onward to the plain
 Echo, and howl, and howling warrior pour;
 Sings with strained bow-strings every thicket near,
 And the lit rifle thrills—not on the victim's ear!

IV.

The mound is still that sheltered them—not well,
 And hushed all voice, save that, which soon shall be,
 Of those who, dying, still in death would tell
 Some thought of home—the heart's last memory!
 Alas, for those who live! the battle-slain
 Find shroudless graves, yet free—the living for the chain!

V.

The forest sleeps again; whate'er the fate
 Of that too daring few, the strife is done
 The last cry echoes o'er the wave, elate,
 As 'twere in triumph—and that last is gone.
 Stretched in grim rest by fires along the shore,
 In dreams the savage fights some long-fought battle o'er.

VI.

Day glimmers o'er the headland, and its beams
 The Sachem warriors to quick senate call,
 'Bring forth the captive!' He is there—yet seems
 As he had sought where others fell to fall;
 Alone, in bonds and blood—for yet undrained
 Dark drops fell warm, yet slow, for life within him waned.

VII.

O'er his young brow one solled plume nods alone;
 And the starred clasp, that girt him with his blade,
 Is cleft and gory, for its glare but won
 The guided bullet from some covert shade—
 Yet the calm bearing of the brave is there,
 To match in spirit still, foe, failure, and despair.

VIII.

Short council done, for vengeance now deferred,
 To store his life the prudent leech is sent?
 For future torment in his veins are stirred
 To firmer life, life's ambers well nigh spent.
 Meanwhile they seek their tented town afar,
 And, sunk in serpent rest, revenge for the war.

IX.

Close in the shelter of the mountain shore
 Slept then (an island now, of thicket pine,)
 A low peninsula, its arm of yore,
 Now sundered by the waves unnoted mine;

And through its groves, with wigwam smoke oercrowned,
The nursing savage crew in mimic warfare bound.

X.

Thither the conquerors with their captive come,
Not much in triumph, for tall youth were gone ;
And but one victim ! Yet their grief is dumb—
That life, for lives shall be in bitter pawn,
No tear by Indian mother sorrowing shed—
His pangs shall better soothe such mourners for the dead.

XI.

The Indian maiden, gazing on his brow,
Weeps not the brother or the loved one slain ;
But she—that pale one bending o'er him now—
Doth she thus nurse him that the stake may gain ?
Perchance, with other thought she lingers nigh
And guards while others go ; perchance, a softer why.

XII.

" Bring forth the victim ! in my ear has rung
" Too long the call of vengeance for the slain ;
" I cannot sleep : beneath my couch are sung
" Low muttered wails ; and from the battle plain,
" Still unavenged, in visions of the night,
" My son's, my brother's blood comes ever on my sight.

XIII.

" The moon has waned, that, waxing o'er them there,
" Saw fall the vainly brave ; 'tis time they rest.
" The victim and the ring !" With ready care
The circling faggots for the torch are drest ;
E'en now, impatient, through the gathering crowd,
Rolls the deep funeral chant, with muttering vengeance loud.

XIV.

Now to the prison tent with eager rush—
He is not there, ye baffled sons of hate !
Go, quench the torch—your bootless death-song hush !
Forth, sweep the land—the lake ! Ye are too late.
But he—weak, fettered, sentineled, alone—
How hath such victim thus from toying tyger flown ?

XV.

No step hath stirred the bordering sand in flight
Where moored at dusk, at dawn the bark is found ;
And morning saw the sentry of the night
Still sleepless treading on his wary round,
Thrice on his bow he leaned him ere the light,
In marvel that so hushed could rest weak-hearted white.

XVI.

In vain the search, though faulted rage may brace
 Fleet oar and runner to get fleetest speed.
 'Tis the third midnight now, and yet no trace
 Of him the doomed of late, the strangely freed.
 With drowsy song, the night waves from the deep
 Curl o'er the voiceful strand in weariness to sleep.

XVII.

With muffled oar, a light bark on the lake
 Seeks through the darkness now yon neighboring isle ;
 Soon reached, and lightly from the covert brake—
 'Tis he—the white man, sheltered there the while ?
 That same dark maid is by him ; and they greet
 In fear's brief terms and low, as periled souls may meet.

XVIII.

"Whiteman, if right the runner's tale I read,
 "Broad sheets are in this breeze—it bears them well !
 "They pass by morrow's morn, and thou shalt tread
 "Soon in glad freedom where thy kindred dwell.
 "Go, glad the weepers at thy father's door,
 "And bid the white girl wear again the smiles she wore.

XIX.

"Go—but when memory whispers of this hour,
 "Oh, deem me not a savage !—though my brow
 "Hath duskly ripened since I felt their power,
 "I am not like them—let thy freedom show ;
 "I am not of them—there were tears as well
 "Once for my loss as thine, as bitterly they fell.

XX.

"They fall not now : the turf hath long been piled
 "O'er those who loved me once ; by yonder fires,
 "The stern old warrior greets me as his child,
 "And deems me still unconscious of my sires.
 "I may not tarry—if he miss me there,
 "The doom, I turned from thee, the traitor maid shall bear."

XXI.

Hark ! the quick dipping of the distant oar
 Chimes on the night air, and the maiden's ear
 Hath caught the whoop her fancy heard before !
 Away—they seek this isle ! 'Tis capture here,
 Elsewhere but death—perchance deliverance still ;
 Thine, maid, the noiseless oar—'twill ask thy better skill.

XXII.

No stay—with muffled speed they leave the isle;
 Their shelter, night—while thick around them sweep
 The swifter scouts that seek them, by the guile
 Themselves had taught, eluded on the deep;
 She joins their war-cry, answers back their hail—
 And, ere 'tis morn again they meet the welcoming sail.

o—y—

SCIENCE.

It is an adage, old as Locke's *confutation* of the doctrine of innate ideas, that nothing is known until it is learned. Whether this be a misfortune, it is not our present purpose to inquire. Our curiosity, however has been much gratified in viewing science in the abstract,—the disadvantages which attended its rise, retarded its progress, and rendered its course circuitous.

Its history teaches us that its birth-place was among the wild dreams of the astrologist and the alchemist—that it began its being while the absurd hypotheses of these visionary schemers commanded the credulity and admiration of the most learned nations.

While the world was thus eagerly engaged in carrying forward its utopian projects, nature's secrets were occasionally and accidentally discovered, which did not fail to yield their quantum to the aggregate of human knowledge. Men blindly tasked their energies, yet not without profit. For while the votary, of Alchemy, fondly fancied, that he had penetrated far into the mysteries of nature, and indulged the delusion that soon rumor, with her thousand trumpet-tongues, would proclaim him the discoverer of the Philosopher's Stone, Chemistry gradually crept into existence and crushed the hopes of him who thus vainly strove for immortality.

Although this system, like many of a kindred character wrought its own ruin, yet it prepared the way for the introduction of a science, which has been and will continue to be of inestimable service. Even in later times, although men have employed their efforts unwisely, yet some good has been effected. For notwithstanding nature, seemingly possessed of a kind of overbearing malignancy, with her *veto* yelped *friction*, has nullified the nine hundred and ninety nine inventions of a perpetual motion; yet the science of machinery has been much improved.

But our limits will not allow us to mention more instances of the misdirected zeal of the sons of science.

Examples sufficient are before us to subserve our purpose. We are taught that at the first men learnt things by chance, and that while they were ignorantly searching for imaginary properties, they blundered upon some true, and important principles, based upon nature's universal law. Their knowledge, however, was so limited, they were unable to profit by their discoveries although many of them were of the first consequence.

But in this chaotic state of things, when men had long been made der the sport of the grossest absurdities, nature, who "hath framed strange fellows in her time," indignant apparently, that through human blindness so many of her loveliest charms were yet unknown, unappreciated, and unsung, commenced making a series of intellectual giants, entitled *Philosophers*. It must be remembered, however, that they were of the first order, for this title has been strangely applied in almost every age. The first began with a masterly hand to reduce the crude opinions of his predecessors to a system, and proceeding so nearly according to the philosophy of nature, he succeeded remarkably in the investigation of its phenomena, and thus being enabled skillfully to wield the information which he had acquired, he exclaimed with a kind of Pythagorean triumph, "Knowledge is power."

Others followed with great energy and intrepidity, each securing some new trophy in this wonder-working enterprise. These master spirits have been enabled by a concatenation of experiments to promulge [nature's laws to such an extent, that modern philosophers are furnished with *certain data* by which to be guided in their researches. They brought light from darkness, order from confusion and left their works, "as lights, as land-marks" to those who would further prosecute scientific discovery. But the glory of these great achievements by which science in general has been brought to its present state of perfection, is attributable to men of different ages and different nations.

Its course has indeed been ambagious, like that of literature the seat of which we find in Italy at one time, in Spain at another, now in France, and now in England, and now—where?—we are by no means disposed to boast, although there may be some slight appearances, which augur favorably for a country of more western longitude.

It is a pleasing consideration, that there have been minds sufficiently powerful to grasp so many of the intricacies of nature, which

once eschawee developement; O there is something truly sublime in the accomplishment of such deeds of noble-doing! Once men were satisfied with the belief that there were only four elementary bodies, but now they number nearly sixty. Yes, the deep and dark caverns of the earth have revealed their long-kept secrets! The very skies have been scaled with thought; and shining worlds, before unseen, have yielded to the power of human ken!

B.

TRES FRATRES—A DIALOGUE.—SCENE 1st.

PREFACE.—Unlike other distinguished scholars of this, and former ages, who would represent the sloven a paragon of every excellence, poverty a virtue, and sure index of talent among the literati, we confess a want of that part of Johnsonianism, Goldsmithism, and Knickerbockerism, (what big words! but—) which is the object of so much half-admiration, and amazement. Why these should be thus considered in such men, and censurable in others, and why so much literature should be based on such trifling circumstances, as tho' they formed a material part of their characters, we are completely nonplused to determine. Be it as it may, we most heartily condemn all attempts at aping them, and are determined the exterior of our talent-case, shall never present such an appearance, even should it command the veneration of all succeeding generations. Our room too, not on their model, is furnished sufficiently for the accomodation of my two friends and self, and when sitting around the not unrickety table, compose a trio, known by the appellation "TRES FRATRES." Such a meeting happened not long since, in that cold snap, (as the world says) when things looked dark, and drear about the 'firstlings of sprouting intellect', and we really felt our little souls severely tried by the threatened decease of our darling, when Lactantius observed,

'Tis strange, that for the vile matter of a little trash, such as bankers use, or bankrupts, for in practice they are one, that this our noble child should be left unshielded from the storm of gibes that always falls upon the head of public characters, who steal from existence like a corporal on half-pay. 'Tis hard to feel our honor in the dust, tho' untainted, yet defenceless, and refused the boon of retiring honorably from public view.

True, said Wencontre, my pride can never brook such a catastrophe, since this—centre of all our hopes has been made the special ‘charge’ of the year. Why to see it ranked among the crowns and kingdoms of the earth, then so suddenly cease to be—to die, when supplied with superabundance of intellectual food, for want of a little bodily sustenance, “in medias res,” in its rising glory to take its exit from mundane cares, is too much for Vermontese, whose affections are so strong that—

Ah, said I, here’s a hint—throw the seven numbers in one scale, and our worth on paper in the other, and the one which preponderates may be considered the prevailing party, and must carry all its designed measures till enough of the other is superadded to produce an equipoise,—’tis but an experiment.

O heavens! cried Wencontre, you can’t abide such result, remember our—

Why said Lactantius I’ve much faith in trials, and good sense is weightier than sand; here’s all the implements at hand, now for it. —

Done, and O the Philosophers scales effected nothing half so wonderful! The seven were raised in a giffy, and we verily concluded it would take five more to restore the equilibrium. The Joy! Purer never filled the breasts of doting parents. Now pecunias res, we gladly grant your dismissal; but let us consult, for the welfare of literature. Brother men is this beloved what you’d have?

Wen. A question unanswerable, Sir. In our circumstances, pressed with difficulties on every side, which none but those in similar circumstances can realize, I think we’ve prospered above measure. But I would have rather more circumspection used by many of our contributors, who take such boisterous elements of composition, their productions bear too much the semblance of uncultivated nature. They ‘mount the whirlwind’ when a breeze would waft them away—play with the lightning bolt, when a shaft of the bow would fell them—turn a mountain as on hinges, when a door is equal to their strength—tempt the heaving ocean, when the placid lake would engulf them. Materials should be better adapted to their strength; then instead of pompous descriptions, semi-poetic prose, turgidity of common sentences, we should have more attention to sentiment, better arrangement of circumstance, more simple yet delightful thought.

Lac. Why sir you’d mew our expanding intellects, so closely as to stint them forever. Heaven forefend from such a fate. Let

the mind rove untrammelled ; gather her images from all that is rich lovely, grand, or terrible. Who would not be more delighted at seeing a thick, luxuriant grove of saplings, than to see the same trimmed to mere stalks—straight they may be, but no beauty is enwreathed with the regularity. But in forest-trees, we delight in beholding the mighty trunks, tall, strong and gracefully branching only at the top. Yes, I would that our loved mountains of green, were raised to the lofty Andes, that a second Popocatapetl, were belching out in flaming wrath, all their base washed by a second ‘Amazonia’s tide,’ and the mountain-surf of the broad Pacific dashed against the eastern shore of the calm Champlain. We gather strength from handling, from merely skimming such displays of Nature’s might. What tho’ the mind just bound from crag to crag, among the mountains, dive beneath the caverns of their porous base, ascend some fiery cloud

Buoyant on floating iron—

and tho’ our descriptions be surcharged with verbiage, and partake of the nature of the uncouth scenery described, ’twill be compensated by living tho’t improperly garnished forsooth, but such excrescences are to be fretted away solely by application.

I. ’Tis evident, brothers, you are aiming at the same object, and it is not the first time, good men have differed about the course. You vary only in the ideal of the elements, not literature itself.—

We are perfectly agreed in that, and only wish to discover the most eligible method, to obtain it. For this is composed of thought, grand, perfect, thrilling—and for the investigation of every literary subject there is a store of such in the mind, and the difficulty is, we do not always get at it. On whatever we found our castle of ideas, let us beware that we arrange them well. Undoubtedly the majestic of Nature, bodies forth most admirably the heavings of our own bosoms, yet we should use it only for the visible figuration of what we feel. For descriptions lose their lustre like polished metal by being much handled. But when mental emotions are delineated, and illustrated by all that is sublime, though it be read ten thousand times, a warm gush of feeling, a kind of hearty welcome rises to usher it to the heart, where it is always delightful, always approved.

Wen. True, true, but I’m an advocate of consistency, and will have proper emblems, not so huge as to be monstrous, not so vivid as to seem far-fetched—

(Cry of fire in the street—they all run.)

I.

MELANCHOLY.

Slowly pass the days away,
 Gloomy are the long sad hours ;
 Melancholy throws her sway,
 O'er these mournful hearts of ours.

We've heard of pleasure here below,
 But we have never known
 Aught, that could ease our lengthened woe ;
 Or soothe, afflictions moan.

'Tis true we learn from others here,
 That there's a bright, and sunny hour :
 That there are hearts so calm and clear,
 As spurn afflictions power.

Oh ! we have heard the poet tell,
 How fair and pleasant is this earth ;
 Where joys, unmingled ever dwell,
 And all is gayety and mirth.

We have seen the lover's joy,
 When the maiden's witching smile,
 Smoothing quick his anxious brow,
 Sweetly did his cares beguile.

But to us 'tis all a show,
 And our lives, still pass along :
 Clouded by unceasing woe,
 Joy, will never on us dawn.

Beta.

THE HERMETHENEAN.

We have received the 4th No. of this publication and are much gratified with its appearance. Most of the pieces, and especially, the Metrical, evince talent, and are creditable to the authors. We most heartily wish them prosperity.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

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"NOW REASON! TRIM THY BRIGHTEST LAMP."

SUPERSTITION.

To consider sacred and inviolable, those opinions, which have been received—those institutions which we or our fathers have established, is a principle common to human nature. This principle, whether it is founded in that ~~worldly~~ selfishness, which affects to elevate us above our fellow beings, or that spirit of emulation, which scorns to listen to the reasonings of others, has its seat in the vile affections of the mind;—exercises a tyrannical dominion over civil and social intercourse, and restrains, with a ~~relentless~~ hand, all moral and intellectual researches.

At one time we see ~~this bias of the mind~~ exhibited, in giving permanency to sentiment, and institutions, by throwing around them a rampart, that bids defiance to all attempts to reason and reform; which are utterly abhorrent to all true maxims, and which serve only to debase and brutalize those very beings which should shine forth with angelic lustre. Again we see it clearly developed in those political excitements and enthusiastic reforms which rage with maddening fury, regarding neither reason nor truth, and which show no mercy, especially to those who yield implicit obedience to their resistless power.

But notwithstanding the cause of error has frequently been checked by their irresistible power, truth and reason are waited by their

withering influence. Unaided by that wisdom, which, while it warns of impending danger, points to the course of safety, we emerge from one state of degradation only to plunge deeper into an everwhirling vortex, which more rapidly hurries us down the gulf of remediless destruction.

Of what avail was it to France, that, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, she was aroused from the deathlike slumbers of papal superstition, by the demon of infidelity? True she seemed to burst the satanic spell that for centuries had chained and degraded the entire continent of Europe. But what did she gain? Though she withstood the prince of darkness, when robed in the attire of an angel of light, how did she quail before him, when having thrown off the mask "he frowned out at full," and with fiendish vengeance, enslaved, tortured, and devoured! What though she threw off the power of bigoted priests, and laid open to public view and public detestation, the crimes and miseries of the inquisition? Was it not to unsheath the sword of infidelity,—to see her streets and public halls drenched with the blood of her choicest citizens? Thus we see a nation, after having slumbered with the stillness of death for ages, arise with all the energy that triumphant madness could excite, to rid herself of a bondage more servile than that of the most abject galley slave, or the miner who is doomed to spend his wretched days in the damp vaults of the earth. But unaided by the light of truth, she is driven forward by the same darkening delusion, which, assuming a form more hideous in appearance, more terrible in its nature, fastens more securely the chains upon its unhappy victims.

But if this principle acts so powerfully upon the minds of men, why may it not be appealed to, inculcating and enforcing virtuous sentiments upon the consideration of a people that are slumbering on the brink of ruin, unconscious of the awful gulf that yawns beneath them?

The advancement of christianity, the true spirit of liberty, receive a check rather than an impetus from that delusive prejudice, which hopes without reason and condemns without evidence. The maxim which constitutes the immovable foundation on which the pillars to the temple of truth rest, is, principles of civil policy as well as notions of morality and religion should be received only after a thorough, yet candid investigation; and when received, never should be exalted above the reach of reason or the possibility of change.—Should then be inscribed on the walls of every capitol in legible

characters, so that every one might understand and feel its import, LET TRUTH PREVAIL, we should quickly see despotism, ignorance and superstition and all their concomitant evils which combine to make this world one vast charnel-house, fleeing like the locust of Egypt before the blast of the western breeze. There can be no state of moral or intellectual improvement, which, when considered as beyond the reach of all attempts to farther advancement, will not only fail to elevate the soul but will invariably conform to the base and degrading passions of the heart. How does the emotion of benevolence glow in our bosom, how does the pulse quicken, when we contemplate the progress of reform, near the close of the fifteenth century, when we in imagination read her motto, "Freedom & Thought," as her banner is unfurled by the northern breeze, producing consternation in the very heart of the papal dominions and causing the crowned heads of Europe to tremble on their thrones? But how does the heart sicken and the blood stagnate, when the reformers proclaiming their sentiments infallible, we behold a fatal check put upon the operations of this mighty engine of truth, which seemed to promise universal emancipation to the long degraded and enslaved inhabitants of the earth.

When we reflect upon the tragical scenes which this world has witnessed, it is natural for us to expatiate upon the miseries that have fallen to the lot of man, and the crimes which he has committed. True there have been scenes on which angels might gaze with tears of gladness. There have lived those whom we can liken to no others, than those pure spirits that stood before the throne of God. But such cases have hitherto, been of but rare occurrence. A sad sickning spectacle every where meets our eye when we cast a single glance over the annals of the world. There is not in the wide range of thought or speculation, aught too monstrous or absurd for the depraved understanding of men to embrace and approve. By a superficial glance at the brutal and obscene rites of the pagodas of India;—the savage cannibal as he feasts upon his own species, with the recklessness of a beast of prey;—the unnatural mother as she throws her helpless infant to be devoured by the voracious monsters of the deep,—or the ungrateful child as he leaves to perish alone, an aged and infirm parent, we can have some faint conceptions of the crimes man has committed, of the woes he has endured! But why all this? Is there not a tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? The cause alone, lies in the bosom of self conceited and superstitious man! The more wretched his condition is, the more

firmly, as with sinews of steel, he clings to the causes of degradation, and with fiendlike vengeance thrusts away the messengers of truth. If ever the dead calm of superstition is broken, it is by the introduction of new prejudices, not less fatal to the vital principles of human happiness. Thus mankind change from one form of degradation to another as lava is rolled from side to side in the midst of the burning crater. But notwithstanding a fatal maody has ever raged among men in their dark abodes of ignorance, producing not only indistinguishable wretchedness, but natural and eternal death, they, with one hand grasp the venomous serpent, with the other shield themselves from the light that emanates from the temple of truth, the grand palladium of liberty.

But shall the millions of Idolaters never be emancipated from the chains of ignorance or superstition;—shall Mahomedan delusion continue forever, to make the Eastern Continent one vast aceldema,—shall the hierarchy of Europe never be demolished by the triumph of religious freedom,—shall American infidelity never vanish before the full blaze of Gospel light?

Then may the planets cease their annual round, the stars of heaven refuse to shine, the bright orb of day be extinguished, the general pulse of creation cease to beat, and all nature hasten back to her primeval chaos.

F————M.

TRES FRATES. (*continued.*)

(*Three days after, at Laclantius' room.*)

Lac.—Fit representation of a passion-wrapt soul brother Wen, that frame encircled with glowing flame.

Wen.—Too vehement—it rushes, it rages not so furiously. The mind bears not down with the sweep of the tornado, nor has it that cracking, rock-rending power of elemental warfare. Nor is there that which tells it to the eye. Like the sun-beam for speed and stillness—glowing at times like molten brass, or bursting with explosion. But that consuming desolating flame is far too strong.

Lac.—Your vademecum then, is this, you'd have “all done smoothly”—all by the nicest polishing brought to that refinement which would not offend the chastest ear; and the ultimatum would be a rhythmical diction, not wholly unadapted to music.

Wen.—Yes, music for the soul. My chief labor should be, to make our productions natural. Nature, in our case is under the delusion of “a little learning,” ‘exhibiting a wonderful propensity for the marvelous.’ If above naturalism, we are out of the sphere of usefulness, beauty, and propriety, and can offer no compensation for such unnatural digression, but a kind of elevated slough of unawakening detail, through which our readers must pass to a narrow island of an idea, and even that seems ready to quash in the mire around. The permanent deposit of thought, seems expended in numerous fantastic dresses, which correspond admirably with poverty of brain, but will serve but meagerly the general cause of enlightenment.

I.—Right. If we would have our thoughts ‘wedded to immortal verse,’ or prose, our labors should be for the desideratum you mentioned. But my troth-plight for it, if our works are to be inseparably connected with ‘mortality’—untimely, and disgraceful, strive for those accomplishments and touches, which “perish with the using,” or smother your ideas, just struggling for existence, under a superincumbent mass of verbiage.—’Tis of little moment however, to show how any writing may be made ephemeral; and since I am so “conscientiously tenacious” of our honor I will not, “criticise and dilate,” upon rules, for the benefit of any person, “however destitute he may be of erudition; without appealing to the disputation of those, who may make an interest of contention.”

Lac.—Amen! ha, the deposits of brother Wen, have been restored to you. Horror! can you calculate your gain by the transfer?

I.—Nothing but “glory” probably. Yet who asks more? ‘Laggan’ toiled for this, for this Mr. Spectator ranged the vast extent of learned life, and a certain virtuoso looked deep into the relics of antiquity.

Wen.—For what other object do the Poets labor, wending their darkened, yet more darkening course through poetic leagues, (if these are made of feet,) of interminable, unmeaning rythmical discourses, suited certainly for “glory,” as nothing else can be infered from style, sentiment, design. ’Tis said, however, a degree of darkness contributes to the sublime, and this must be the object of those seemingly benighted; censure in such cases, is therefore unpardonable, inapplicable, inelegant.

Lac.—Though I've nothing to offer in further commendation of that character, yet there's much that might be said eulogically of the beautiful. *Tale-ology*, it must be confest embodies the most beauties, especially of description, and must ever render that species of composition exquisite in a poetic mind. There, may be gathered the flowers from the most distant climes which flourish, unacclimated. The maniac may give his own history, relating the miautiae of years. "The wrecked and drowned, and saved" adventurer, passing through lives and deaths innumerable, has a bright picture to portray, and all is charming.

I.—After this descant on general literature, let us return to consider the interest of our child of many hopes! What is wanting.

Wen.—Thought.

I.—Such as 'breathes.'?

Wen.—Aye. Thrilling—speaking thought.

I.—Will this secure immortality?

Wen.—This is the only method.

I.—Should Reviewers disagree with you, what then?

Wen.—The effect will be mere nullity if incorrect. The great reviewer, on whose judgement the final literary destiny of every author must depend, The enlightened, will cause a revision, and justice, not malice, must triumph.

I.—True, but he who rises under the mountain-like mass of reviewers' stigmas, must have strength well nigh super-human.

Wen.—The more glorious will it appear, then.

I.—Were it not much better the censure should be avoided.

Wen.—Let Nature be followed, come what come may.

I.—How does instruction grace our dear Philomathesian, Lac-tantius?

Lac.—The world is past that Sir. Ere this our day sages have lived and wrote, and what is worse for us, still are writing, and the world will prefer them, so strong is the power of prejudice. This is one of our constitutional difficulties, and extreme caution is requisite in so managing our affairs, as to seem on perfectly smooth untrodden ground. The world is full of learning, and needs not so much any great additions to the genereral stock, as some variations, and interspersed amusements to give it zest, and we should rest satisfied that so large a space for our employment, is still left us.

Wen.—You touch a tender chord, by your amplification. Your praise does not reach the mark I had placed for the true merit of our favorite and what more tenderly cutting than this? You cannot

surely think it entirely incapable of answering some valuable end in the capacity of a general instructor?

Lac.—Not when conducted with this view.

(*Philomathesian enters in propria persona.*)

Philomathesian.—Most noble fathers! if for the purpose of some sordid gain, you'd have your child drudged to the servility of instructing an insensible, sneering, half-souled world, you've much mistaken the metal of his power. I cheer the disconsolate, and laugh with those who laugh. My sympathising soul is universal in its affections. I visit the student in his reveries, and inspire him with greatness; animation lightens his brow when he beholds me, and rapture kindles at his heart. His mind is put in motion, and I urge him to his mightiest efforts. This, this is my office. No vanity shall come nigh me, or mark my footsteps. The benefits I confer are numerous, but I will not place them in public view. The world shall feel them, though it sees them not, and for them, only shall be taxed my living. FAREWELL.

Away he flew. No trace remained. Never could it be determined how his ingress was effected, but we were sensible of his presence and are not inclined to put that in the *subjunctive*. No dandy-like appearance challenged for him reverence, though his bearing was frank, generous, noble, and we could but contemplate him as a gentleman of honor.

I.

THE STRANGER,
OR A
HISTORY OF THE PISCATORIANS.
AN ODD CHAPTER.

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

THERE; Mr. Editor, I have been mad long enough; I have pouted, and looked sulky, and scowled rage, fury, most malicious spite and bitter defiance upon my enemies until the violence of my anger is spent, all my better feelings are kindling anew, and, in the happy tide of the sympathetic glow, I am half inclined to relent from a rash promise made in the sullen moments of my peevishness. Already is there a grateful calm existent in the place where my heart

should be, but, Mr. Editor, you know that I have been an unfortunate and much abused man. The world are such liars; Oh! this tale-bearing world! why there is not a tyro, who reads the *Philomathesian*, but says he can look quite through the whole plot of the *Piscatorian Legend*; he at the very first glance identifies the author as Logan's self, declaring us some love-born swain, tired of our unity and raising all this "hue and cry" only to persuade Miss Annette that a duality would be preferable. Herschell's Telescope was a small matter when compared with such a wisecracker-optician!

"This is a pretty affair," said a young lady within my hearing the other day, (she was vastly pretty herself,) "I can understand this whole matter," (how I loved her for her understanding,) "I presume that I am as well acquainted with this Annette as I am with my own mother," (I loved her a thousand times more for her acquaintance, only I thought her a little too presumptuous,) "and this is all hyperbole expressed in most verbose bombast. Annette Aubury! Annette is a little sour looking girl, who lives in a little hut, on some little island, in the Lake, not Byemore by any means, that name is, fictitious; and she is a little bread-and-butter lass, who was never guilty of looking one in the face. What a character for a heroine! The insipid little sprig of simplicity never learned the difference between a pianno and a bass-drum. Yet he calls her a Nymph and—I never, never will read the *Philomathesian* again;" and here she burst into a most obstreperous, good-natured crying fit. What could the matter be? Sweet Cowslip, did you deem yourself slighted? Prithce, do be comforted, we have immortalized you now.

Ah! Mr. Editor, I fear we shall soon be in a condition to sympathize with her in her troubles, as chancellor Peccadillo threatens to indite us all for a conspiracy; declaring it to be our object to excite a revolution in favour of Downing, Crockett, Garrison, Ourselves and other worthies, to the utter exclusion of all who are not of the "true Piscatorian blood." Moreover, there is a storm brewing in another quarter. Logan has received a communication from some unknown correspondent, who declares himself of Piscatorian extraction, in the regular line of descent; avers that before the decease of the "Stranger" he received a letter from this mysterious personage, touching their kindred relations, and now counts himself as heir apparent to the manuscript treasures of the iron-bound boxes. This new assailant peremptorily forbids Logan to divulge any more of his family secrets, under no less penalty than being

precipitated from the top of Grassy Mount, into the "cold, cold Lake below.

Alas! by what a "sea of troubles" will he find himself enveloped when all this shall have been effected. After incredible labor, Logan has managed to translate a few pages of most momentous pertinence, but how can he dare publish it? Annette is importunate that it should be printed; for, notwithstanding the neutral location of their abode—midway between Vermont and New-York, and the ambiguity of her father's politics, she has ever been inclined to the policy of Vermont, and so deems it criminal to reserve such a secret from the world. Logan is himself anxious, and after so magnitudinous an exordium of my own, it seems there can be no great risk in venturing to print it. And should what is below be published, be sure to tell the world that it is not a literal translation, but the quintessence of divers mutilated manuscripts, and in no case has one half of it been supplied by the translator.

* * * * *

"Yes," said Achates to the Trojan leader, "we have no longer an enemy left in Italy to disturb us, and I will go up the river to explore this country your mother has chosen for our abode. He had traced the course of the wide rolling Tiber, for nearly two days, until he found it growing more rapid and narrow, as he approached the mountains where it had its origin. The sun had crossed the meridian when he discovered a beautiful little Lake, that was situated a small distance from the river, and sat down under the grateful shade of the foliage, upon its grassy bank. He remained to refresh himself after the fatigues of the day, as also to contemplate the beauty of the surrounding scenery. It was a crystal sheet which lay before him. Not even his own land of Troy could boast of one so picturesque; not even the water in the hundred baths of the Carthaginian Dido was as limpid as the mirror-expanse at his feet.

As he gazed upon its placid surface, the thought of his lost, murdered Alexa came stealing upon him, and he shouted "Spirit of the fairest of the Trojan maids! I invoke thy presence to this abode of loveliness." As his ear drank in the soft sound of the oft repeated echo, he descried a speck upon the opposite side of the Lake. Observing it for some time he perceived that it was a small boat, which seemed to approach. He determined to watch it and wondered as he did so, to see it coming rapidly towards him, with its little sail set, although there was not a breath of air to ruffle the

smooth surface of the Lake. Nearer and nearer it approached, when he saw a woman stand with one hand upon the helm, and in an attitude as if she were breathing upon the sail—it was Alexa! the object of his invocation. Achates wondered at the spectre, and still more when he descried another Lady, who was apparently asleep, but held a fishing rod in her hand, while the line drifted along the water. It was with strange emotions that he waited their approach, but before they had reached the shore, Alexa stooped to place a golden sprig upon the bosom of the sleeping fair, and with a voiceless plunge buried herself beneath the waves! “Gone, as you are ever wont” muttered he, but not aloud, lest he should awaken the other, who still seemed asleep under a kind of awning, formed by the sail to screen her from the sun. The motion of the boat had ceased and it drifted loose, until coming near the shore, he gazed upon the maid and thought her surpassingly fair. He gazed again, and although a few moments before cold drops of sweat had stood upon his face, he now felt a little spot, a mere point in his bosom, which was warm. Presently the warmth increased in its intensity, and began to enlarge, until he dared not change his position lest he should find himself dissolved in the fervour of this strange feeling. Upon the whole, he began to think it an odd affair. A most unaccountable idea occurred to him while he gazed, and his tongue first broke the spell, as he shouted “I am in love!”—“Love! love!” echoed the hills around—“Love!” ejaculated the sleeper, starting upon her feet, then looking eagerly about her without discovering any one, she threw her hook upon the water, sunk back upon her seat, and again appeared to be sleeping.

Achates was not asleep. Not all the soporific drugs of the East could have allayed his bustling ardour, as he ran up and down the bank, without knowing why or wherefore. He had heard of old King Tripod who reigned in this neighborhood. He had heard of his daughter too, and this must be she. He had not a doubt, but grew more and more restless, until actuated by some irresistible motive, he dashed into the water and made for the boat; then seizing upon the line, at the same moment the maid gave it an involuntary jerk, he bounded into the boat and fell at her feet! She started as if she had caught a crocodile. “What a fish!” thought she; but he smiled—she gazed—he smiled again—her eyes fell upon the golden sprig, and they both smiled. Not a syllable was uttered, but he seized an oar, and as they crossed the Lake a spectator

would have deemed them old acquaintances, and mightily pleased with each other.

"You have been quite fortunate, my daughter, in your angling pastime to day," said the old man. "Yes I have caught a man." He smiled at her pleasantry, but she persisted in affirming that she fished him up from the very bottom of the Lake. Surely the daughter of King Tripod could not lie.—Achates never contradicted the story, and it was true, since the country around believed it; and all agreed that she was entitled to whatever fish she had taken by her own adroitness.

It was after the old King had made his last voyage upon the lake, and gone to sail upon the unknown seas of another life, that his son-in-law succeeded to the government of his people; who, either from the story of their ruler, or their own prevailing employment, were thence called the *race of fishers* or *Piscatorians*. Italy had never seen a more stately abode than the huge marble pile reared by Achates, and surmounted by a wooden fish of extravagant dimensions. Even many successive centuries did not see it demolished, and a thousand romantic and wonderful stories were told of the Piscatorian Castle; but the only authentic information is to be sought among the manuscripts of its inmates. Annette, your indiscretion again obtrudes itself upon our recollection.

* * * * *

All was bustle and gaiety in the villa of the Piscatorians. This night, mirth and hilarity held their reign over its inmates, for it was the nuptial feast of the lord of the Castle, the keeper of the traditional manuscripts. For centuries, this habitation had been the abode of his ancestors. It had undergone many alterations, but it was believed that the entire pile had never been destroyed, since it was first reared by the venerable Achates. In the large hall, which occupied the centre, was a marble pile of octagonal form, the origin of which was unknown, and its design only a matter of speculation. Upon its side was engraved, in letters of antique shape and appearance, "Wo to him who shall remove this stone before the appointed time."

The light was beaming from every window in the ancient dome, and gladness prevailed in the assembly. The happy throng had returned from a promenade in the corridor, and were sweeping thro' the centre hall with the bridal pair at their head, when the eyes of the bridegroom falling upon the marmorean pile, he inadvertently uttered aloud, the inscription, "Wo to him who shall remove this

pile before the appointed time." Every voice was hushed in an instant; they knew that a deep mystery hung over the history of this pile, and they had heard that it was something sacred, whose inmost recess, not even the owners of the castle had ever penetrated. "Why is not this the 'appointed time?'" said the trembling bride.—"It is;" "it is;" answered a dozen voices, almost simultaneously.

"It shall be," said the bridegroom, whose resolution was taken—he hesitated a moment; but the visible anxiety of those about him conquered every doubtful misgiving, and he declared that the entertainment should not close until they had seen the unknown interior of the pile.

The guests were all assembled, secrecy enjoined, and the work commenced. There was something forbidding in what they were engaged in, but their curiosity was wrought up to the highest pitch, and it is questionable whether they would have desisted, had they been told that they were intruding upon the sacredness of the sepulchre. The stone which bore the inscription was with difficulty displaced; another appeared, and that too was removed; yet another, and another obstructed their way, but their zeal now counted labor as mere pastime. The inmost vault was gained—disappointment! nothing was found save a solitary cask, which bore the semblance of a wine pipe! The ladies tittered and withdrew; the men declared it a right witty joke of some facetious sire of antiquity, and if the cask really contained wine, the "appointed time" had surely arrived. The cask was perforated, and true enough it did contain wine. They tasted, and pronounced it most exquisite.

The company reassembled, and resolved to make the most of their discovery. The cup was passed gaily around, and their potations were deep and joyous. Some affirmed that it was pure nectar, which the gods had left behind, at their departure from the earth; and all agreed that it contained an inspiration to which they had hitherto been strangers.

The repeated cry of "more wine!" "more wine!" resounded from every part of the hall, while the bridegroom himself stood ready with the bowl to serve them.—Wonderful prodigy! as the wine flowed from the cask a human finger was protruded from the aperture!—he dropped the cup and shrunk from the spot. A universal cry of horror succeeded—the ladies screamed and fainted, and all was confusion, dismay!

But the fumes of wine will render men courageous in all circum-

stances of earthly peril. A "council of expediency" was called, and they determined to make a serious affair of this gloomy matter. The cask was unheaded, and as they expected, an entire corpse was discovered! The body of a little old man with black, glossy hair, and arrayed in a strange dress, was removed from its liquid resting place, and extended upon a couch. They had laid aside their fears and all gathered around to look upon the strange corpse. All were silent and gazed intently, when the eyes of the dead man opened—he stared a moment, and his lips moved, as he spoke; "Has the appointed time arrived?"

The last trumpet of the angel would not have confounded them more. They stood, transfixed, as if they waited for the walls of the castle to fall upon them. Every breath was stifled, and every eye fixed upon the resuscitated stranger. Again he broke the deathlike silence: "Children! fear not to answer the PISCATORIAN SIRE, but tell me, has the appointed time arrived?"

Scarcely knowing what he answered, the young lord, in his trepidation, replied, "Yes; revered Father, the time has arrived." The old man removed the wax which had kept the wine from his nostrils and mouth,* and raising himself upon his couch, continued: "And are those now living in the land of Columbia, who are to usher in the golden age of the Piscatorians?" Remembering the legend, contained in the manuscripts, he replied, "Yes, Father, I believe that they are now living." "Name them to me," said he, growing more earnest.

"The world is filled with the fame of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN and ADAMS, heroes in the cause of their country."

"Name others."

"We hear also of the wisdom of JEFFERSON, HANCOCK and HAMILTON, who are laboring to build up a Republic, where the Piscatorians may enjoy all the happiness which mortals can find."

"Do you count these men as heroes?"

"Yes Father, the world knows none greater."

"They have none of the true blood in their veins. Their names are harsh upon my ear. The golden age has not yet arrived; Your act was premature—Ye have lied to me—Ye sought to gratify your curiosity; and wo to you, unless ye restore me to the con-

* It seems that Doct. Franklin's plan of being domiciliated for a century in a hog-head of wine, that he might see how the affairs of Government were managed at the end of that time, was not so visionary as it has been generally supposed; indeed several eminent chemists have pronounced it practicable.

dition in which ye found me"—then frowning on them with an aspect that congealed their very blood, he sunk back, exhausted—he was again defunct.

This was certainly a gloomy affair. But taking the hint, it was not long before the body was replaced in its former situation, the wine which had been wasted supplied from the cellar, and the cask restored to its appropriate location. The sound of mirth had ceased in the castle. The bride received none of the customary salutations from the retiring guests; but they departed, in solemn silence to their homes, there to pass the night dreaming of spectres and ghosts. After retiring, she lay for hours ruminating upon the affair, and no doubt wondering what topics the incarcerated old man could possibly have as the theme for so many centuries of incessant meditation. Indeed, their feelings had been so wrought upon, by the wonderful scenes of the evening, and their minds so filled by the horrid images of the recent events, that neither the bride nor the bridegroom were able to close their eyes in sleep during all that night.

Co.

MRS. WILLARD'S JOURNAL.

A very pretty, lively work—as many of our readers have doubtless found it. We have just finished perusing it, and are happy to express the pleasure it has afforded us, and invite our friends to a like pleasant entertainment. The small tribute of our praise is *due* to the work, and we bestow it the more cheerfully because it is not only an American production, but the production of an American lady. The feeling of pride with which we greet the productions of our own countrymen, though it may seem to some a selfish feeling, founded on narrow views of things, is, we think, natural and proper, nor are we ashamed to confess that such feelings are ours.—They tend to cherish that love of country, and regard for her prosperity and honor which should fill the bosom of every citizen. It is a similar feeling that animates the soldier in the hour of labor, and privation, and peril—it is this that constitutes the untiring patriot—it is this that forms the strongest defence of a nation. But the elegant productions of American ladies we view with still other

feelings of satisfaction and pride. They cast odium upon the foul imputation of *mental imbecility*, so often made against the female community, and furnish convincing proof that culture only is wanting to render the female mind a deep and fertile soil. This vile scandal has been so often repeated, that females themselves have believed it true, and consequently, have neglected that mental cultivation which is necessary to the developement of mind; and have seemed to think the proper, but less important concerns of dress and manners their chief business. Whatever tends to correct this sentiment, and to convince females that they were made, not for *toys* or for pleasure merely, but for action and usefulness, we contemplate with sincerest pleasure; and such is every production of their hands that evinces intellect and ability. The work before us has claims to this character. It cannot be expected in this short notice that a minute examination of its parts will be entered into, or that copious extracts will be made—nor is it necessary.—Those who wish, can purchase the pleasure of a perusal at a trifling expense, and at the same time contribute to the prosperity of one of the noblest schemes of benevolent enterprise. It is doubtless well known to our readers that the avails of the work are generously devoted to the cause of female education in GREECE, and this fact alone ought to secure to it an affectionate welcome, and a cordial support. The Author, therefore, has a double claim to our gratitude and commendation; for while she has furnished so agreeable an entertainment for us, she has, without hope of other reward than the approbation of her own heart, devoted her offering to the benevolent enterprise of educating the fair daughters of Greece. The zeal of MRS. WILLARD in promoting female education generally, is deserving of all praise, and her past success furnishes the best evidence of her ability and faithfulness; and justifies the expression of her own belief that Providence had destined her for the high responsibilities of her noble work.

But to advert hastily to the Journal—it is written in a style of elegant simplicity, free from affectation and forced dignity—the language is chaste, and the narrative embellished with much fine description. We select the following as a specimen. It is a description of the “Cathedral of Rouen,” which Mrs. W. surveyed by the dim twilight of morning.

“The gray dawn of morning, and the silence of the hour, were proper accompaniments of a spectacle which struck me with admiration and awe. I had heard of fifty or a hundred years being spent in the e-

rection of a building, and I had often wondered how it could be; but when I saw, even the outside of this majestic and venerable temple, the doubt ceased. It was all of curious and elegantly carved stone-work, now of a dark grey, like some ancient grave-stone that you may see in our oldest grave-yards. Thousands of saints and angels there stood in silence, with voiceless harps; or spread forever their moveless wings,—half issuing in bold relief from mimic clouds of stone. But when I entered the interior, and saw by the yet dim and shadowy light, the long, long aisles,—the high-raised vaults,—the immense pillars which supported them,—all apparently increased in size and distance by the obscurity of the hour, my mind was smitten with a feeling of sublimity, almost too intense for mortality. I stood and gazed; and as the light increased, and my observation became more minute, a new creation seemed rising to my view,—of saints and martyrs mimicked by the painter or sculptor;—often clad in the solemn stole of the monk or the nun, and sometimes in the habiliments of the grave. The infant Savior with his virgin mother—the crucified Redeemer,—adoring angels, and martyred saints, were all around:—and unearthly lights gleaming from the many rainbow-colored windows, and brightening as the day advanced, gave a solemn, inexpressible magic to the scene."

It also contains some judicious remarks on the subject of education—which she so well understands, and to which she has so assiduously devoted herself. Respecting dress, Mrs W. has made some remarks which we were glad to see, and which seem to us worthy of attention from those to whom they were addressed. But this is a matter which does not quite belong to us, we therefore beg pardon for intruding our remark.

The book abounds with sentiments of kindness and benevolence, not only towards her friends at home and elsewhere, but towards all the unfortunate. Her attachment to American friends is strongly manifest,—indeed she has shown herself WHOLLY AMERICAN.

But the pure morality of her work constitutes, perhaps, its highest value, and on this account is worthy of attention from all young persons. Her advice to her pupils is such as a mother would give to her daughters, and such as every daughter should observe. We do not pretend that the work is perfect, but our object is not to find fault, and we think any one who will sit down to it with a like feeling will be compensated for a perusal of the book.

H—.

DEATH OF SALADIN.

THE Emperor SALADIN, on his death bed, ordered a herald to unfurl his Shroud in the presence of his Army and proclaim, "This is all that Saladin, the conqueror of the East, can retain."

Upon a royal couch reclined,
A haughty warrior lay ;
Disease his martial limbs confined,
And checked his pulse's play ;
But the stern spirit, chained within,
Shone in the eye of Saladin.

"Go, bring the trophies I have won
"Amidst the stormy fight,—
"The spear and helm and golden zone,
"And plume of dazzling white ;
"And shields that warriors vainly bore
"To guard them in the battle-hour.

"And banners that have proudly shone
"O'er hosts, like forests spread,
"Or gleamed afar, like meteors lone,
"Above the field of dead—
"And at my feet in triumph spread
"Garments of purple rolled in blood."

'Tis done—of many a field the prize—
The pride of captive kings,
Are spread before his burning eyes
Like vain and useless things—
The gorgeous panoply, and spear,
And helm of belted knights are there.

Gone is the lightning from that eye
Fled that high look and proud—
Amid those gorgeous trophies spread,
He saw a sable *Shroud*.—
Of all that he hath proudly won,
But *this* remains to SALADIN.

H—.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CINCINNATI LANE SEMINARY, JANUARY 1834.

THE Manual-labor System, upon which the above named institution is founded, is becoming a great favorite with a considerable part of the community. We deem the system erroneous, impolitic, and wish to see it crushed in the bud. It is coming into vogue in many parts of our country, and threatens to entail its evils upon those who will come after us.

The rapid march of modern improvement, and the exigences of the country demand, that the standard of education, as it regards professional men, should be elevated rather than depressed. The lawyer, divine, statesman and physician, all, need be able to summon, on an emergency, all the mental faculties into vigorous operation, and to possess an extensive and thorough knowledge of their several professions. The golden age of clerical empirics, who daub with untempered mortar, of quacks, who kill instead of preserving life, of pettifoggers, to whom common sense is a stumbling block, is rapidly approaching an end. This is an age of action, exertion, of rivalry. The professional man, especially, unless aroused by some strong impulse to vigorous and untiring effort, finds the plank yield beneath his feet, and sinks. Yet the standard of our literary institutions is altogether too low.

Our Colleges and Universities will bear no comparison with those of Europe. Some of those in England, Germany, Prussia and other countries, contain more than four thousand students, are endowed with princely funds, furnished with libraries containing hundreds of thousands of volumes, apparatus and cabinets of the most costly and splendid kind. The crisis has come when national vanity and adulation will not hide from our own eyes the actual diminutiveness of our literary and scientific institutions. Our inferior seminaries and petty colleges are becoming altogether too numerous. Had the cost of a number of these been expended upon one, it would indeed have more effectually furthered the true interests of education. The Cincinnati Lane Seminary has a preparatory department, and a theological department. Taking the report for our data, we infer that the student completes his course of study during a term of four years, and then enters immediately upon his professional duties. He labors three hours per day, in a cabinet-making, printing, coopering, or farming department, all of which several

departments constitute a part of the institution. "The pecuniary aids," says the report, "secured by the labor of the students, are to be reckoned, among the peculiar benefits of the manual labor system. This system furnishes, to a considerable extent, or entirely, the means of self education." Another characteristic of the institution is that the different branches are pursued simultaneously, as far as practicable.

The object of the faculty is to keep all the departments of study fully before the mind, during the whole course, and never allow any branch to be crowded out by an exclusive attention to any other." Supposing that the system here brought into view were general, what would be its effect? The graduates of our regular colleges generally spend eight or nine years in preparatory study, previous to entering upon the duties of a profession. After all their expense, study and effort, they by no means find that their well-directed energies have been needlessly exercised to prepare themselves for success in their several employments. But agreeably to the plan of the Lane Seminary, narrow down the term of study nearly one half and let three hours per day be spent by the student in manual labor, for self-support, while all the departments of study are simultaneously crowded upon his attention, the interrogatives, which his condition would more naturally suggest, are not, whether, he would become a thorough scholar, and a successful practitioner, but whether, agreeably to the nature of the case, his attention would not be distracted by the multiplicity of concerns, his mind jaded, the sphere of his thought contracted, and in fine, whether his intellectual vigor, energy and activity, would not be impaired and he lose all spirit and interest in the pursuit of learning.

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely, sobers us again."

A prevalent opinion is, that the best exercise, is that which is conformable to the habits and disposition of the student. In our view, walking hither and thither about one's room, or in the open air is better than to stand at the compositor's case and set type for three or four hours; vigorous exercise this, truly! Nor does the violent exercise of the ax, plane or saw appear congenial to the necessarily sedentary habit of the scholar.

We cannot perceive in the plan of the Lane Seminary sufficient opportunity granted for sociability, and the performance of those

offices necessary to keep the heart and mind in a suitable tone, and to acquire those collateral accomplishments requisite to secure a proper and lasting influence in society. Is this forsooth an institution peculiarly calculated to raise the standard of our colleges, and to send forth into the harvest-field men of "thorough education; of powerful and discriminating minds; of original and independent thought;" men, fitted to meet and vanquish "the champions of infidelity," and to supply the exigences of the "church and country?"

"Students abroad, who wish to come to this institution," (the Lane Seminary,) are pertinently reminded, "that it would not be improper that they should bring with them such tools as they may need to carry on their own business." How does this comport with the professed design of the trustees to render the path of learning as easy as possible? Is the cost of tools and of carrying them about the country no consideration? Such hints furnish food for thought. Again it is intimated that the student unless he is characterized, we should judge, by *peculiarly* "energetic, economical and industrious habits, and if he possess but little or no knowledge of tools, ought not to rely, to any considerable extent, at least for the first year, upon his labor as the means of defraying the expenses of the institution." This is all plain enough. The writer knows a mechanic endowed with genius, perseverance and energy, who served seven years' apprenticeship, labored industriously nine or ten hours per day, and obtained, as a compensation, his bed and board. How long a term of apprenticeship, we beg leave to inquire, need the Lane student serve, that his workmanship and the manner of executing it may not excite the risibility of a tolerably skillful mechanic? Will the articles possess peculiar value because manufactured, though rudely, by the professed scholar? We had thought that purchasers generally were less moved by the soul-stirring spirit of benevolence, than thus to slight their peculiar interest. Albeit, "life is short, and art is long." As a general rule, man, the creature of a day, has not the mental and physical resources, requisite to acquire skill in one, two or three trades, and then become eminently successful in either of the learned professions. Thanks to this enlightened age, such a course is needless and impolitic.

We should like to witness for our own satisfaction and indubitable confirmation the probably rapid progress, which the Lane students, on an average, make in becoming adroit at the bench, whose chief object, it will be recollected, is a thorough education, and who la-

bor three hours per day. With respect to the farming department, we need only say, that the facts of the case and general conviction are firmly averse to agriculture, as connected with a seminary or college. The community so far as informed, we believe, generally allow to Dr. Beecher, president of the Lane Seminary, a good degree of talent and those qualifications requisite in the head of a literary and theological institution ; but, it seems, that he and his fellow-compeers must be completely nonplussed to devise how to put and keep their great scheme in thorough and successful operation.

Admit that a "sound mind in a sound body" is the greatest of Heaven's blessings. Admit that many students in our seminaries and colleges sicken and die for the want of exercise : But

"Whilst fools one vice condemn,
They run into an opposite extreme."

The enthusiasm manifested by the friends of the manual labor system has been not a little heightened by frequently associating with it ideas of *self-made* men ; but unhappily not one among the thousand is endowed by God with the force of genius, much less the invincible will, the unconquerable spirit, displayed in those, who, emerging from poverty and obscurity, directing their course upward and onward, throwing aside every hinderance, and surmounting every obstacle, have advanced before the nation's gaze, and shone forth lights of the world and demigods of fame.

Every institution devised by man has its attendant evils. In our opinion, a little variety is the soul of life. Shops, not with a view of pecuniary aid, and gymnasiums have been connected with many of our colleges and seminaries ; with what success, we skeptics believe, facts have not fully determined. After all these Utopian prospects, we as ever are firmly convinced, that the human intellect must grow, if it grow at all, by *mental* exertion.

Having made these remarks, we take leave of the manual labor system and the report, with the settled though disagreeable conviction, that the Lane Seminary, after the present excitement occasioned by its novelty is over, and it has dragged out a few years of half inanimate existence, will be metamorphosed into a college or seminary not differing materially from one on the now usual plan, and thus stand out another melancholy witness, that many schemes specious in theory are not possible, because founded upon false premises.

T. A.

THE OTHER HOME.

FATHER, how long ere we cease to roam
 In this lonely land, from our other home?
 I saw it, last night, in a dream of the past—
 Bright, beautiful still, as I saw it last.
 The warm steps of Spring had gone over its hills,
 And channeled its breast for a thousand rills;
 The snows were fast melted and sweeping away
 O'er the ledges, that flashed in the cataract's spray;
 The ice was all gone from that beautiful Lake,
 And again the freed waters their wild music wake;
 And the isle that I loved—it was sleeping there,
 Like a cradled thing, for the waves to bear;
 And the soft airs came up from the water's breast,
 And stirred its dark pines from their solemn rest.
 Around was the beautiful earth, and on high
 The glorious sights of a vernal sky.
 And I wept, as I gazed on the brilliant scene,
 For I knew 'twas not mine, as it once had been—
 Father, Oh! come, let us cease to stay
 From that bright other land of our home away.

Mr Boy, 'tis no longer a home for us there;
 Yet grieve not: this spot is more brilliantly fair.
 Look! were the land, or the wave, or the sky
 Of thy vision, more lovely than these to the eye?
 Thy brother is forth by the streamlet away,
 He hath reared for his sister their dwelling of play;
 As wild are their steps, and as merry their smile,
 As they were when ye strolled o'er your favorite isle;
 Ay, thou canst hear them in merriment now,
 Go, join them, and banish the cloud from thy brow;
 Here, child, is thy home, for thy kindred are here
 And this shall soon prove, as that other land, dear.

FATHER, I know how the stranger will tell
 Of this rich scene of beauty wherein we dwell;
 But he never hath been in that brighter land
 Where the beautiful hills of my first home stand.
 And my brother hath treasured no thought, that may cast
 O'er the present, the shade of a lovelier past;
 He may shout by the streamside, and sister may sing
 In the bower he hath twined with the branches of Spring:
 For they deem them at home, as they merrily stray
 Through the dull, lonely paths of the forest away:
 But where are the mates of my pastime now?
 Away, where the scenes of our revelry glow.
 I can see them, almost, as they bound along
 O'er the hill, through the glen, with the voice of song

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

It is a scene my memory loves to keep :—
A gentle eminence looks calmly down
On the broad waters curling at its base ;
And on its brow a ruined fortress seems
With its gray, crumbling ramparts fallen round,¹
To tell long tales, unchronicled, of times
When war wrought sternly on these bastioned heights.
And in their rear, along the hill-top spread,
Covered with shrubby pines, a level plot
Sleeps in most solemn quiet. 'Twas the hour
Of the first twilight, when I gained that height.
A deeper dusk had settled on the paths
Of the thick grove, and gathered to the boughs
Their nestled denizens ; and through its depths
The winds came piping from the waters up,
And strolled away among the voiceful pines.
That grove was full of graves—deep sunken ones,
And hollowed in by time, and filled with leaves.
Here in long ranks the dead were singly laid,
And there wide graves the hand of havoc dug
To sepulchre its slain. No record now
Tells if these buried bands, in the red fight,
Purchased with gallant deeds such quiet graves ;
Or if disease, inglorious, garnered them
To the dark chambers of the fameless dead.
All, save tradition of the strifes of yore,
Has perished from us, like an untold dream.
Long years have rolled above them, mouldering here,
And seen the pine, that sprouted o'er their bones,
Lift its broad branches to maturity,
Fit monument for those that slumber thus
In long forgotten graves, unnamed, unknown !
Ay, they have slumbered long and well ; and men
Have trodden o'er them, wondering, as they went,
At such wide fields of congregated graves.

SLEEP on! sleep on, forgotten slumberers,
In your own shroudless rest ! There is no spot,
Not ev'n the marbled yard mausolean
That flanks some gray old church, nor sombre vault,
Gives fitter urn for dust to crumble in,
Or softer slides into oblivion
All mention of the gone, than this ye hold.
Ye are not all unmourned : the waves beneath
Lift up their voices dirgelike ; and the breeze
Hymns many a requiem above your rest.
The turtle mourns you, and the raven brood
Give through the grove dark wing and funeral cry :
And it is well if, when long coming years
Have made our graves such sunken things as yours,
We have ey'n these to mourn us :—FARE-YE-WELL!

BOOK-WONDERS OF THE DAY.

In the world of Romance, the most conspicuous, because the most extensive object in the literary creation of the present time, we find little that challenges attention, either for its intrinsic worth or any peculiar features of novelty. Alas! we fear the mantle of Scott has descended upon none of his contemporaries. Our own authors fail to satisfy the expectations they have excited, and in common with the transatlantic novelists, manifest a disposition to gratify a vitiated taste rather than to correct and chasten it. We have almost daily proof that the storehouse of Romance is inexhaustible in its resources, but the quality of the article now in the market is decidedly inferior. Quantity, and not quality, now appears to be the paramount object; so emphatically true is this, that while viewing the vast heaps of newly manufactured novels, one cannot but wonder from whence came all the *stationary* that has been *waisted* in their fabrication.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S BOOK is counted a rare literary wonder, at least in the opinion of the mob. But we by no means find it easy to join in the adulation bestowed upon the Major's witticisms. An occasional anomaly of this nature is all well enough, but a continued repetition is intolerable. The barbarous, outlandish dialect, and the puerile orthography, used by the writer of these letters, is an abuse upon the language. It is an example, a precedent for silly trifling; and such a tissue of semi-satire cannot fail to disgust every person of sense. Satire is safe only when entrusted to the hands of the judicious; but is too often used for the detraction of merit instead of the ridicule of vice. We speak not of the effect of these letters upon the existing parties of the day; we care not for this; but their character is a complete burlesque upon the Letters of Junius, and their general political effect upon the community must be every thing opposite that of the writings of such men as Madison, Hamilton and Evarts. However, others may think of this matter, we utterly detest this spirit of sarcasm and caricature, which has enlisted the lithographic art into its service, and seems likely to produce as shameful results here, as it has already done in England; where knaves have long since learned the policy of eschewing argument, and adopting ridicule, as a more efficient way of accomplishing their own sinister purposes.

THE LIFE AND ECCENTRICITIES OF DAVID CROCKETT is, we understand, reckoned quite a wonder, even in London. Indeed the Colonel is no insignificant personage—a right valuable man in his place. The book is replete with characteristics peculiar to its hero, who is, perhaps, as genuine a character for originality as the present day affords. But we regret to see the spirit of imitation which it has excited. There is really danger that the "alligator" genius will be multiplied, as these things go by popularity. We have already many heroes of "wild-cat" renown; and we fear lest a race of *Crocketts* shall spring up in the West, who may deal out their "American thunder" with such lavish profusion that the tame and gentle class of man, like those who inhabit this Northern "land of steady habits," would find themselves totally inadequate for such an emergency.

Stepping quite over those prodigies of by-gone months, Journals of English Tourists in America, we come smack upon a little wonder, the offspring of a female writer.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS FROM FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN, BY EMMA WILLARD*. We have seen several notices of this publication, some moderately encomiastic, and others savoring strangely of panegyric. Public sympathy is greatly enlisted in her behalf. She has manifested a lively interest in favor of female education, and has rendered no little efficient service as an instructress of young ladies.—She has also been the victim of public persecution. Not long since, she was charged with an opprobrious peccadillo of the mind, or of the imagination rather—in fancying herself a poetess; and another crime more flagrant, at least more overt in its nature—the publication of what she very erroneously termed a volume of poems. But Cicero committed a kindred fault; let Mrs. Willard be forgiven.

In the preface to her Journal, the Authoress has erred by attempting to anticipate criticism; thereby indicating a mistrust, a doubt of the expediency, which should always be settled in the mind of the author before venturing upon the public arena. But listening to the importunities of others, and hoping to serve the praise-worthy cause of female education in Greece, she has ventured to publish—and her publication contains some fine descriptions, some crayon delineations which do her much honor, and cannot fail to please. She has often displayed a richness of coloring, an elegance of diction, and sometimes a happy evidence of discriminating judgement. Yet her book, viewed as a whole, is precisely what she herself found Paris to be—a collection of opposites—the great and the small—the elegant and the mean—the moderately sublime, and the immoderately ridiculous.

She has so much of profound frivolity, such an important littleness, in clothing objects of emptiness in grandiloquent importance, that she appears like a country rustic, staring, for the first time, upon the imposing scenes of a magnificent city. A little after, she affects to look upon kings and princes as very pigmies; seems to take whole empires within the embrace of her ken; assumes the air of the casuist, or turns politician, and sends Buonaparte agonizing, into eternal exile, in the land of infamy and disgrace.—In fine, almost persuades us that she could herself wield the sceptre, or the sword, as easily as her own "gray goose-quill." But the bombast, the over-strained descriptions to be found in the book, are less annoying than the petty trifling, the tedious detail of unimportant nothings—in the words of the Apprentice, "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

Is any one curious to know the three most prominent characteristics of the Journal, in perfect candor we say, the first is egotism—the second, vanity—and the third, we know not what unless it be a compound of the two first. Every thing of this nature, although more allowable in epistolary correspondence, and between friends, should have been expunged before it met the public view. More especially in this instance, as the book is intended as a kind of manual guide for her "dear pupils" and fair countrywomen, whom we earnestly entreat to shun certain faults it contains, too conspicuous to please, even in them.

Our Authoress entirely fails to impart that information which she is capable of doing. For whether we accompany her to her quarters, the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, to her "favorite bridge," to the *Lowvre*, or where you will, you still find, the most conspicuous object in view is—Mrs. Willard. It is only a cursory glance you are permitted to throw upon the numer

* Our correspondents, H— and Nn., one would think, were reviewing different works—yet differing as they do, we think there is pertinence in each. The reader may cater for himself.—EDITORS:

ous surrounding beauties; it is a single one which challenges your paramount attention. Yes, reader, in the great Capital of France, the emporium of literature and refinement, wonderful for its noble specimens of art, renowned for the celebrity of the deeds, of which it has been the theatre, even here—"turn your admiring eyes which way you will," you still behold—Mrs., or, as she is fond of being called, Madame Willard.

How gracefully she "trips the light fantastic toe" along the streets of the gay city, or as she describes it, in her "substantial pair of thick shoes," leaps the muddy gutter of *Rue St. Honoré*! How remarkable a feat did she perform when she tumbled through the trap-door in the lofty roof of the *Hotel*!—"Dick to the rescue!" By and by, with all the grace of the "Lady of the Lake," she is seen perambulating the green turf upon a Lake-shore in England—barefoot! We hope she does not intend to restore those days of classic simplicity, when Nymphs and Fairies had never dreamed of the foolish luxury of shoes. How charming, when seated upon the "same sofa" with the English nobility! We gaze upon her in perfect awe, while she vanquishes the infidels and skeptics of the old world, by her bewitching logic, some specimens of which she has furnished, for the reader's benefit. Then think of the honied adulation she received from every quarter, and with becoming modesty, no doubt, offy she has rehearsed it—we hope in full as copious measure as she had patience to receive it. But her congenial element is in the company of La Fayette. We can blame no one for loving La Fayette, that champion of liberty and benefactor of our country; neither do we question the filial, sisterly character of her affection. But this is a wicked, cavilling world; and she has exhibited herself in such a plight, as will, and has already called forth some severe strictures. It is allowable in Maj. Downing to talk of "I and the jeneral," but in the autobiography of a lady—*query*. Indeed from her own account of the opera scene, in the box of La Fayette, we could not forbear—we know it was ungenerous, but we could not forbear recurring to the scene of the Poet: "*Speuscam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem*," &c."

It may seem ungenerous, to dwell more upon the Authoress herself, than upon her Journal; but in treating of the book we have thought proper to confine ourselves to its most conspicuous topic. In regard to her "seminary," which makes so prominent a figure, her teachers, and plan of teaching, we would remark; in seminaries of a kindred character, the most effectual method of benefiting the cause, to which they are devoted, and to sustain their reputation, has over been found to prepare young ladies for the station they are expected to occupy in society. We grieve to see Mrs. Willard wasting her time and talents in employments so unbecoming her reputation.

To recur to the Journal, we regret that our limits will not permit us to make some extracts, to show the propriety of these strictures, as likewise to point out some of her excellences. Yet we trust, that any skeptics of our impartiality, who may come in contact with this veritable wonder, will read for their own satisfaction; but should they be able to determine to what department of literature to assign it, their powers of criticism infinitely transcend our own. It is, however, our opinion, gratuitously by the way, that the Authoress would do well to hereafter disregard the indiscreet advice of friends, but to take the same course with her Journal, she has wisely pursued in relation to her *Poems*, condemn, and recal it. We will render up our own copy with the sincerest pleasure.

Now, wishing her success in completing her "Volume on Universal History"—with a tender anxiety that her eyes may recover from the injury they sustained during the compilation of the Journal, and with sentiments of the most profound respect, we bid *Madame Willard*—adieu.

NN.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

Vol. 1.**April, 1834.****No. 10.**

SURGITE REMIS!—virg.

GO AHEAD!—crock.

THE UNIVERSAL PURSUIT.

The acknowledged pursuit of mankind is happiness. Clothed with an assemblage of graces, it presents itself in a manner peculiarly attractive. Nor is it a visionary existence of the fancy merely, fabricated in a wild and unrestrained imagination. Neither does it consist in fitful passions, or in ease, or retirement. The indulgence of these is so far from excluding misery from the heart, that it exposes us to attack from every quarter. He, who yields to every impulse of passion, soon fans the latent sparks of mortality that lurk within, into consumptive flames which eat out all his joys and sap his very soul. The votaries of appetite plunge themselves into a dark and dismal sea of degradation which "is curled by no" healthful "breeze," there to revel in the stagnant waters of eternal contempt, and drink deep the cup of woe. "Now the distempered mind has lost that concord of harmonious powers which form the soul of happiness." Base and degrading passions have unstrung the heart, and rendered obtuse all the finer feeling, and they cherish a rank aversion to those simple and temperate recreations which alone relish with the virtuous. Nor is the bower of retirement the abode of unmingled delight. The deluded recluse is often afflicted with a malady most destructive to peace. Inaction congeals the

blood around the wheels of life, withers the roots of being, and sinks him, depressed in spirits, into the gulf of despondency. Peace and contentment, early companions of happiness, spread their pinions and speed their flight from the unhappy victims of hypochondria. — The charms which are unfurled in the natural world are clouded from their vision by the mists of despair.

Happiness, in a word, is not found positively in any sublunary pursuit; for in an unqualified sense it consists in the possession of perfect felicity, a full fruition unalloyed with the dregs of disappointment, sorrow and pain.

Yet, comparatively, it is an epithet applicable to man. The untutored savage whose mind is bound in triple chains of ignorance, and who grovels in the dark regions of superstition, unconscious of the blessings which are profusely scattered in the paths of civilization, is far more happy than the slave of base and degrading habits. Though erudition has not unfurled her treasures of light, illuminated his mind and stored it with useful knowledge; luxury and degradation, on the other hand, have not blunted its perception, drawn their sable veil over his intellect, emasculated the entire system, distorted the features and symmetry of his form, changed the fresh glow of his countenance into a hectic flush, not closed the avenues of his soul to natural streams of enjoyment. He, whose location providence has happily cast, where the glorious effulgence of civilization has dispelled the gloom which lowers over savage ferocity, enjoys immunities to which the barbarian is an entire stranger. In all cases, as the standard of civilization is elevated and the melioration of mankind effected, the sources of happiness are enhanced. When intelligence is generally disseminated, and ignorance, and superstition fade before the light of science, then, and not till then, do men feel and know that they inherit the power of improvement and elevation. Then too, they learn that sounding titles and pompous pageantry are far from making men great or happy; but that true worth and solid enjoyment are the legitimate effects of the developement of their own minds and untiring practice of virtue.

* W. *

A FRAGMENT.

I stood upon a mountain peak—
I caught the last, the fading streak,
Which glimmer'd in the west.
'Tis an emblem of hope as it triumphs o'er sorrow,
'Tis the herald of peace and of joy on the morrow,
I said, for it augurs the best.

I saw the cloud of night arise—
The ling'ring light before it flies—
The bright streak fades away.
'Tis a sign of despair as it steals o'er the mind,
Its gay hopes to wither, its bright visions to blind,
When genius begins to decay.

I heard the thunder's deepest growl—
I saw the tempest's blackest scowl—
The lightning's brightest glare.
'Tis the storm of grief—'tis adversity's hour,
That brings all its terror and spends all its power,
To darken the mind with despair.

I look'd again—the storm was o'er—
The moon rose mildly from the shore,
O'er the waters of the east.
'Tis the calm of the soul—the end of all pain—
No care shall corrode—nor grief yet again
On the heart of man ever feast,

X. Y. R. T.

THE OBJECT OF EARLY INTELLECTUAL DISCIPLINE.

It is the object of every correct system of education, while it enriches the mind with acquisitions of knowledge, to give it also a command over that knowledge, and power to apply it with promptness and effect in any emergency. That a man may possess much knowledge and be eminently versed in theories and facts, and yet be deficient in the tact of applying them with advantage in the hour of need, is a position as easily sustained, we imagine, as that one may possess an abundance of nerve and physical might, and yet fail of a very ordinary achievement from an awkward and ignorant application of his powers. This faculty of promptly and skillfully applying for practical purposes, knowledge already gained, resides

in the mind itself; and, to extend the analogy to which we alluded, is as distinct from those treasures of knowledge which it uses as its instruments, as the skill that dextrously directs a bodily power from that power itself. Which of these—great acquisitions, or a ready command of such as it does possess, best entitles a mind to the term *powerful*, it is idle to inquire. Perfection, and even eminence in intellectual capacity, would imply both of them; and though perfection in this, as in every thing, is beyond our reach while here, the nearest possible approximation to it is the aim in every effort of a noble mind.

Assuming then that a powerful mind is one possessed of great acquisitions, and a facility in the practical application of them, and that it is the end of education to form such a mind; we say that is the best system of instruction, which tends at once to store the mind with substantial science, and give it over all its acquirements the most absolute dominion. Original and inventive genius, we conceive to be only another name for the ready use which some minds make of their knowledge, skilfully applying known truths and common ideas, for the discovery of the new and unknown. Discipline and information, then, are the objects of education, in its popular sense; and, fortunately, the acquisition of knowledge by a strict course of study is usually the most feasible method of eliciting native intellect. The toil of research is the more patiently and cheerfully endured, as well as more valuable when it compasses the object of positive information, and at the same time puts in efficient requisition, and thereby fosters, the powers of the mind. That study, therefore, which, taxing rigorously for its conquest these powers of mind, still yields to our efforts the earned harvest of knowledge—which, though demanding toil, still crowns with success every earnest and persevering enquiry—which, with all its difficulties, is yet fairly within the grasp of an effort adequate to its importance—that is the study we need, and such is the only description of study which will answer the two-fold purpose of education which we have just mentioned.

That is a wise constitution of things, which makes every thing valuable, and especially every thing of intellectual worth, the purchase of exertion. This exertion is itself its own reward; for, besides the treasures of information around which it throws the lengthened chain of our capacities, the increased extension and firmer grasp of that chain are its sure and legitimate consequence. Who is not conscious, that if, in the use of any one piece of valua-

ble information, or of any one branch of science, he is more ready than in another, it is one to the mastery of which he gave special and vigorous application? Were it so ordered, that the mind might be abundantly enriched with abstract science without exertion of itself, its hold on such dead freight would be of necessity feeble, and all its operations would be characterized by misdirection or imbecility. On the other hand, were the price of wisdom a more stern and toilsome application of the mind—a toil to the intensity of which the reward was palpably disproportionate, discouragement would be the consequence, and, taxed in the outset for bootless labor and unavailing energy, the mind would recoil into contented poverty. As it is, the exertion requisite for thorough investigation of any useful science, is, both in kind and quality, the very exertion needed to give a permanence and practical form to the acquisition itself.

Many of the exercises which are deemed essential in a course of education are manifestly of far less real utility in themselves, than others of a more direct application to the business of life. Still the peculiar tendency of these pursuits may be such as no others would have. Certain processes or operations of the mind may, by means of them, be ensured, and rendered habitual by early and continuous exercise. Much of the business of education is with theory and the formation of correct intellectual habits;—the material of positive knowledge, though never utterly lost sight of as the object of pursuit, forms not, in fact, the prominent object. A foundation is rather to be aimed at in early discipline, on which the sterner tuition of active life and the fit application of those educated powers to noble pursuits must rear the superstructure. Action, application of theories to things, and the substantial knowledge which experience alone can confer, must give bone and sinew and finish to the intellectual man.

E. R.

THE EXILED POLANDER.

“Strangers, I know you not,
 But you are human beings;—For the love of God,
 Let a poor exile and a wanderer sit
 Beneath your happy roof, and rest awhile,
 And drink a cup of water, for the Sun
 Is dry and withering to my little strength,
 And thirst and tiresome weariness and grief
 Press heavily upon me, and my head
 Is racked with pains; so take a stranger in
 And hear his tale of woe.”

How sweet it is to know, to feel we have
 The power to heal the wounds which sorrow makes;
 To bind the broken heart; to deck the brow
 With smiles, where grief and sallow misery
 Had long communed. Oh! 'tis a happy thing
 To be benevolent, to plant the rose,
 The thornless rose where thistles only grew,
 And smooth away the rugged path of life.

The stranger finished his repast,
 And from the bounteous table he arose,
 And as the grateful tear moistened his eyes,
 His heart broke forth: “God bless the holy deed.”—
 For hunger too had preyed upon his strength,
 And wrung from him full many a bitter tear.
 Musing awhile he sat, and then he spoke
 The sad and fearful story of his wrongs;
 And as he spoke the silent tear coursed down
 His manly cheek, for death was in the tale.

“Yours is a happy, a thrice happy land!
 Your home is bliss by day, and in the night
 You seek your couch, and feel secure from harm;
 And your dear offspring—they too seek their rest,
 And no dark dreams of bloody Cossacks break
 Their sweet repose. Alas! for my dear home,
 For poor unhappy Poland! She too once
 Could boast of peace and harmony; she too
 Once could smile away the day, and night
 Was not all terror, nor was the fair moon
 Which Nature formed to deck night's loveliness,
 The lamp whose light but pointed out the place
 Where dwelt a friend to Poland. Oh! great God!
 But thou art good, and kind, and merciful,
 And just in all thy ways, and I submit.

I had a sweet, a lovely home,
 'Twas not a splendid pile of chiseled stone,
 Upreared amid a crowded bustling street;
 But a low dwelling in a peaceful vale,
 Where from the world and all its pomp and pride,
 I lived retired. Nature dressed up the scene
 In her own imagery. The tall old trees
 Waved their green foliage as the breeze went by;
 The mountain's summit caught the morning smiles,

And the last ray of sunbeam lingered there,
As if it still would gaze on the pure scene.
A chrystal streamlet murmured from its base,
And the Vistula rolled its waters by
In silence, and in grandeur. There I lived,
And with my dear SALONI life was sweet,
And worth preserving. But the spoiler came,
And dashed the cup forever from my lips.

It were a long, a tedious tale to tell
Of all the wrongs which Poland had endured.
The haughty Russian trampled on all right.
Justice had fled the land. The laws of God
And human nature were but words to them ;
And words ne'er bound a tyrant or his clan,
When 'plunder' was their watchword and their motto.
I saw our dearest rights plucked, one by one,
I heard deep groans and sighs ascend amid
Those scenes where joy and peace were wont to reign ;
And my blood boiled indignantly, and then
A patriot band stepped forth to rescue her,
And hurl defiance to the haughty Czar.
Great God ! could I stand tamely still and see
My country's struggle and not join the cause ?
I pressed my dear SALONI to my heart,
And my sweet babes, (forgive the starting tear,)
And then commended them to God, and flew
To my dear country's rescue. Then it was
That freedom struggled fierce with tyranny.
And then it was that Poland stood alone,
And Europe gazed with cold indifference on her,
And no kind sympathetic hand was raised
To shield her from the Czar's indignant rage.
One time I thought her cause would raise up armies ;
That the first spark that kindled into blaze
Would soon relume the porch of freedom's Temple,
And gather in her Votaries. But—Oh ! Shame !
Deep, crimson, everlasting shame be theirs,
The crowned ones, who could thus sit and see
The land of Kosciusko drenched in blood,
And lift no helping hand to save the blow !

We fought our country's battles long and well ;
And Prague and Warsaw saw their fields heaped up
And cumbered with the hordes of Nicholas.
But what could single handed Poland do
Against the force of all the Russians ? Fight !
Say you ? She did ! But every battle field
Saw some brave champion of Freedom fall,
And none stood to replace him, for she put
Her every effort forth when first she stood
Unshackled and alone. We saw our hope
Of succour from a foreign land cut off.
We sent forth every appeal for help
Which honor, or which sympathy could urge ;
And like an echo from a cliff they turned,
And brought us no assistance. Thus it was
That grief and black despair came over us.

Our every stay was gone. Warsaw had fallen,
 And in her walls were let loose fire and death,
 And, lo! the aged sire, the sleeping babe,
 The fairy form of youth and innocence,
 And manhood's sterner features were sent down
 From health and life to death's still cold embrace.
 And then the Cossack hordes spread o'er the land,
 And woe and bloodshed followed in their train.
 'Twas then I thought of my sweet home, and then
 I flew away, as the wind flies, to where
 My peaceful cottage stood. But ah! too late!
 My humble dwelling lay a smoking heap,
 And all around was silent as the grave.
 I raised my voice amid the awful stillness,
 And called aloud on her who erst was wont
 To welcome me with joy, my own SALONI.
 And from the silent groves there came no sound,
 But the faint echo of my questioning.
 In agony I sought to find some trace,
 Some token of their fate; and by the fount,
 Oh! God of Heaven! her bloody mangled corpse
 Lay black and festering in the noonday sun!
 Her form of loveliness was gashed and torn,
 And cold and stiffened, and her eyes were sunk,
 Those ruby lips were swollen and terrible.—
 I made her a low grave beneath an elm,
 And laid her there in silence and alone;
 And, as the clods fell heavily upon her,
 I cursed my hapless fate, and wept aloud;
 And no one heard my wailings but my God.
 And where were my dear offspring? they were gone,
 And ere three months were told, the tidings came
 That they, with thousand other wretched Poles,
 Were to be sent away into the gloom,
 The everlasting frosts and dreariness
 Of cold Siberia, there through future life
 To make atonement for a nation's sin
 In struggling to be free. And where was I?
 Alone and desolate, without a home,
 An outlaw and an exiled, proscribed man.
 My dearest earthly ties were torn asunder;
 My hope, my comfort mouldering in the grave;
 My children, all defenceless, far away,
 Without a father or a mother's care,
 To smooth the bed of sickness, or of death.
 I took a sad farewell of the green hills
 And flowery vales of my own native home,
 And sought within this happy land, to end
 My few remaining days. Peace I shall find,
 And plenty; but my joy and happiness
 Are done on earth. The grave enshrouds the form
 Of her who blest my youth, and in the grave,
 And in that untried bourne beyond, is placed
 My only, my last hope for every bliss."

* . T . *

UPWARD AND ONWARD!

It is a task not easily performed, by persons possessing only a moderate share of shrewdness and "Political-ology," like most of "us Quill-drivers," to give only a plain definition of the term, "Great-man." According to the general acceptation of the expression, there are so many things involved in obscurity, preceding some of its deducible parts; and this obscurity presents so many obstructions to its elucidation, that few have undertaken a work, the performance of which, so arduous with all, I shall not attempt. But judging from the eminences over which Epaphrodottus Douster-swivle Esq., (whose name always puts me in mind of a "*douster-devil*," or "*duster's-shovel*,") had to pass; the foxish qualifications he possessed, and what is more, judging from the extra-encumbrances, conscience and virtue, of which he *dis*-possessed himself—judging from these, I suppose it is no easy matter for a *small man* to become a *great man*.

In ascending the illuminated path of political eminence, and performing immortal achievements for the highest benefit of a grateful world, how did his magnanimous spirit exult, when he prepared his feet for climbing the ladder of renown, by putting on the sandals of deceit, falsehood and roguery! With a mighty effort that distorted the aspect of his "toll-taking" cheeks, and wrinkled, in most superlatively ludicrous grimaces, his smiling visage—he elevated his right foot upon the first round of the political ladder. Then came the greater work of raising his body. But this he was prevented from doing, as he said, by a "mimicing flock of corn-fed, pumpkin-eating, good-for-nothing, would-be-great-men, who had just left the "rat-hole of oblivion," and now retarded his elevation to "*immortal infamy*," by throwing a whole handful of lies in his face, and misrepresentations in his eyes, casting divers falsities in his teeth, heaping bundles of calumny upon his back, and filling his pockets with "stubborn facts," and untying his sandals, with sundry other impediments, which are easily coined by honorable opposing aspirants. In a fit of desperation, he made many fruitless attempts, but just as he was on the very point of rising, his foot slid, he tumbled and fell; when one of his detested opponents, "just in the very nick of time," hastened up the ladder, and shone as a great man. All

"who have tears to spare, prepare to shed them now," for what a fall was there! and what a tremendous crash!—He had not only tumbled back to the same oblivious corner, mourning, and cursing the trickish regues that opposed him; but had, moreover, brought back many sorrowful bruises, entailed by the fall. To any other man but our famous hero, this would have been a fatal slip. Yet I have been confidentially informed, that poor Mr. *Duster-shovel* swore by his honor, that if he did not kick the whole fawnish gang from the ladder, it would be because he could—could—never get above them. The quantum of *stubborn* was too great in his *heart* to be crushed by such a catastrophe; but while it was bounding like the *hart* of the mountain, he was more resolute in his undertaking, and put in requisition his flaming intellect, for devising a new plan for another "lunge." And by the way, his talents were not "so far between" as to be strangers; but in early youth, his parents, in the fondness of their hearts, discovered many indications of a bright genius; and all the good, gossiping dames in his neighborhood positively declared, that nature had designed him for a "Great Man;" and, ergo, so it must be, his last mistake to the contrary notwithstanding. What again was a brighter indication, was the fact, that while yet in the sweet embrace of his "*Alma Mater*," treading under the magnificent dome of the halls of Literature, and shining with the dazzling effulgence of a mid-day—star, he was peculiarly expert in drawing frightful looking apparitions, and hideous hobgoblins, on the College walls; besides many other things which were indications of great-littleness.

While making preparations for another electioneering campaign, and racking his brain to devise the best plans of operation, an old, experienced candidate gravely whispered in his ear, that he had joined *no party*. This was a valuable hint to him, which solved an enigma that had long puzzled his addled-pate—why he could not rise in the world, as other great men did. To save himself the trouble of another tumble, he immediately joined the strongest party; collected, marshalled, and trained a company of be-torn, cider-drinking, whiskey-swiggling, beer-faced *friends*, assuming the importance of a man, upon whose shoulders rested the whole burthen of all the political institutions of one mighty Oligarchy. Instead of mounting the "rostrum," in a caucus, and making a speech about liberty and equality, ending exactly where he commenced, proving nothing more than that he was a genuine ninny, and that his subject was not understandable; he filled his pockets and his hat, with

"slang-whanging," extra-newspapers, crowding together *Suns*, and *Stars*, and *Globes*, and *Worlds*, and *Lights*, and *Auroras*, and *Banners*, and *Journals*, and so on, to the end of the chapter,—making a most villainous conclave of "blue spirits, and gray, black spirits, and brown."—He talked exceeding wise about all things, and slew whole battalions, leader and subaltern, of the opposing party, by the very point of the—tongue. He would give a "glass of grog" to all who would vote for his party candidate; and it was a matter of grave, philosophical speculation among the neighboring gossips, who were noted for attending strictly to business, that is to say—to every body's business but their own, whether he made more friends by his beer, or his—tongue. By way of episode—it is a fine thing, in the career of a "Great Man," to have a quantum of friends, to prognosticate favorably, and in season; to collect *sage* in "Dog-days," so that they may give a *seascning* to their prognosticating, *sage* remarks, without which Esquire *Douster-devil* would never have been famous.

But to return,—our hero was a politician in full—he told long stories,—read his "political slang-whangers," and doled out slander by the whole-sale. When an election came on, he marshalled his forces of tatterdemalions, his rough-cast models of roughness.—His red-nosed, squint-eyed, raw-boned, long-jawed *friends* were put in trim. He walked up to the polls with mighty importance,—made speeches, shook hands with all the rag-a-muffins, and finally, "cut a pretty considerable of a caper," as *Col. Jack* would say, (I guess.)

Many a grievous hour did he labor, and much was the cost; for he had spent most of his property, nearly all the powers of his lungs, and as to his daily habits, it would have defied all the *sage*-ing gossips to have determined, whether he would have turned out to be a great man, or a great—*toper*.—He succeeded again in getting his foot upon the first round of the ladder, summoned his ragged race of *friends*, and by dint of much blowing, much talking, many electioneering speeches, and as many efforts, he gained a firm standing on the first round of the "Political ladder," when a great man from above, departing very far from the known custom of dignified personages, smiled upon him, took hold of his hand, and very kindly helped him to ascend.

This is the manner in which Epaphrodottus Dousterswivle, Esq. became a "Little Great Man," and since his grand exaltation, he has handed me two rules or regulations, which I recommend to all noble geniuses, who have been so fortunate as to have good

prognosticators ;—which are,—Firstly, join the strongest party ; and then,—Secondly, “go ahead” in all circumstances with the party, least by amalgamation, you meet a “blow-up.”

Nos*.

THE PEDESTRIANS.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

THOUGHT and humour ! How to blend thought and humour, wit and sentiment, fancy and judgment, vivacity and talent, and this happily too, in one rich casket of the most beautiful flowers, and most delicious fruits—“*hoc opus, hic labor est.*” The puny efforts of undergraduates, the maxims of sages, the theories of philosophers, and the rhymes of poets, in these modern times, are all drawn forth in such mournful strains, and betray such an original and overwhelming desire for the “grand, gloomy and peculiar,” that authors and theorists seem to have chosen the dark hour of midnight alone for their cogitations, or to have been inspired by the chill whistling of a Northwester. Mortal, miserable man, draws on his skull-cap of reflection, and by some ill chance draws it over his eyes. He then beholds the world a dark and dreary scene, and avoids it ;—shrinks back into his shell, and sleeps away his life in a gloomy, misanthropical state, complaining of fortune, and weather and sky and earth and air—yea, everything, including even women and children.

How foolish ! Wake up from these dreams of wretchedness ! ‘At least, we will, Jack,’ exclaimed Bill Easter, one bright Thursday morning after Commencement, in an elaborate argument with his chum, on the great pleasures and profits of a vacation trip up Lake George. Bill Easter’s brain had been the occupied theatre of the sweet visions of anticipation for some six weeks, and many a scene, for such a trip, had been played in advance upon the stage of his imagination. He had already persuaded Columbus Cadinkee to be his companion, and only wanted force of argument to conform to his wishes the will of the aforesaid chum, to complete as grand a trio as ever gazed in unison on the battlements of Ticonderoga.—And be not surprised, gentle reader, when informed that he succeed-

ed to a charm in the great object of his undertaking; a most illustrious example of determined perseverance, and decision of character. Two fleeting hours had scarce rolled over one twelfth of the heavens, their apportioned arc of the great circle of the universe, before the chimnies of West College were receding in the distance behind Bill Easter, Jack Meekman and Columbus Cadinkee.

Behold in your imagination these heroic sons of science, as Cornwall-ward they tread their way. The former walks with light, elastic step, his heart buoyant and bounding as the hart of the mountain crag, his eye black as a hazel-nut, and his nose keen as a hatchet. Bill Easter was indeed no ordinary compound. Blessed with an eel-like body, mounted "*ad erectum*" upon a pair of candle-molds, he eased himself along with admirable gentility, (for mind ye, our heroes chose land security, wisely eschewing both the dangers and avarice of coaches and coachmen,) and by the shrillness of his vocal organs, and the afore-mentioned symmetry of his form, he was an object both visible and audible to all the plough-joggers and dairy-women, whose peaceful residences the happy trio chanced to pass. Jack Meekman, was short, thick and sleepy—a go-behind, rather than a "go-ahead," and as he himself says, no connection of David Crockett. As for Columbus Cadinkee, he was indeed a literary character, well worthy the institution to which he belonged. True his mind might have been strongly tinctured with the spice of pleasantry, but then he kept a journal of the way, and was withal a poet—a poet of feeling, sentimentalism and sublimity. The prospects of these travelling literati were very good, both with regard to the pleasures they anticipated, and the scientific researches they hoped to achieve amid the hydrogenous particles of the crystal lake, and the mountains of mineralogy which tower around it. But alas! what stupendous project of human calculation presents not its obstacles! Yea, sad reflection! The very foundation of their hopes was made to tremble from the want of "*pecunias res.*" The Treasurer, being called upon for a report of the financial concerns of the company, was under the necessity of presenting the heart-rending intelligence that there was a deficiency of the deposits; that in fact the amount of specie in the Treasury would barely suffice to answer the probable demands of steam-ferrriage to and fro upon the Lake. And as a prophetic vision painted, before the imagination of the poet, the unpleasant result of such an affinity with the finny tribe, as a return down Lake George would require, if cash were wanting to give them a footing upon the floating island, they con-

cluded, it being now just four o'clock, to seek some refreshment at a private farm-house. They entered, in military file, consecutively and successively, Bill in advance, Columbus subsequent, and Jack behind. The good lady of the house was engaged, as all other good mothers should be, doing two things at once—mending un-talk-about-ables, and rocking the cradle. Aunt Betsey sat in a corner, behind whom stood a fresh looking lass of sixteen, combing the half-silvered locks of the reverend maiden, which now quite beclouded the bewitching wrinkles of celibacy. "Sally, set them gentlemen(?) some chairs," said the kind Mrs. ———, who? Blank!—What a queer name!—which being done, Bill Easter crossed his legs, and with all college complaisance, made known the object of their visit. "Well, we've nothing very good," answered our smiling hostess, "but, Sally, you get a clean table-cloth, outo' the under-drawer, and we'll let them have something, I guess." Sally jumped up, and flew round like a shot-kernel dropped on a shovel—the old lady herself laid by her work, while Aunt Betsey twisted up her hair, and succeeded Mrs. B. in the immediate application of her energies to the above mentioned cradle.

Soon the trio with gladness began to chat and chew around the kind offerings of unboasting charity,—over which peered the upper story of Bill Easter's tabernacle, the garret of his body, and honored residence of his intellect, saying at least, if we drop the metaphor, that the character he played in the scene, was that of "chief gormandizer and carving master General." Nor was Jack Meekman, so often in the rear, on this occasion, very much behind. He however kept in subjection the "unruly member," which in Bill played lively pranks, amidst the pork and beans now suffering mastication, while he charmed his kind benefactresses with wondrous stories of College and Commencement. Speaking of the *fair part* of the vast congregation of the preceding day, his feelings and voice arose to a high degree of enthusiasm, but suddenly he closed his strain with a wink to Cadinkee and a modest whisper. "After all?" said he, (we presume, by the by, that his whisper could not be heard without the house,) "after all, not one was there who could vie with this kind maiden, whoever she is, that has spread us this good dinner."—"La sez" said Aunt Betsey, for what old maid was ever deaf at all?—"I don't think much o'these 'ere flatterers."—"Really, Madam," returned Easter, "I trust that is not my character. Indeed, I did not suppose I was overheard, but I certainly was honest in the remark. It is true we have many fine ladies, but

nothing strikes me with such effect, as the unassuming kindness, the bright eye and ruddy countenance of the fair daughters of nature, who now and then are found among the enterprising yeomanry of our mountain state." "You admit," said Columbus, "do you not, that yesterday there were bright eyes and ruddy countenances in that assembly?"—"Oh! certainly, but then you know the beauty and simplicity of the human form consists in that certain mysterious expression of all the gentle qualities of soul, which softens the son of science as the classic abode is changed for the presence of such an angelic—Why, what's the matter, Jack—you choked?"

"Che-o-o-o-che-u-o-o—Get some water—get some water—U-o-o-o!"—Sally ran—Good Mrs. B. sprang forward, and patted him on his back—Bill Easter's tongue commenced new evolutions, and doubled its velocity! All was consternation. The happy festival was changed to a scene of the most turbulent commotion. — The water came, but alas! it was vain. Every effort to relieve the sufferer only added torture to torture. Aunt Betsey ran for the camphor-bottle. The child in the cradle screamed. Sally seized the camphor and spilled half a pint thereof in Jack's bosom, ("Only think o'that,") but still the great work was not accomplished. The horn was blown to call the men-folks, and forthwith, John the cowboy, was dispatched for Doctor Notathome, who lived two miles distant. The Doctor being absent, word was left for an immediate call, as a most trying case demanded his attention at the house of Mr. Blank. In the mean time the cloudy swellings of Jack Meckman's visage were gathering a dreadful blackness. Night came. Divers things were said, and divers more were acted. The clock had just chimed "XI." Darkness hung over the horizon, and the sky itself seemed to mourn in sympathy, alike affected with the dreadful disappointment of our unhappy heroes, when lo! the Doctor entered. He found his patient almost lifeless, and altogether whiteless, attacked as he had been by an awful "stuffocation."— He proceeded to give him a decoction of lobelia, which failing of success, he resorted to pharyngotomy, and thus relieved his patient of a considerable of a sizeable piece of a bone. The subject of this woful misfortune was however left very weak, and almost helpless.

'Twas Friday, (Friday is an unlucky day, is it not?) and the subject of a trip up Lake George was again resumed. That Jack Meckman, however, must stay put, was decided. Promising him,

however, that they would return in three or four days, Bill and Columbus began to place one foot before the other.

"Gone, ha!" says the reader; "well, what does all this stay at Mr. B's, amount to?" Ah! my dear friend, wait—wait, for you may, by and by, learn of events that soon after occurred back here at Mr. B's, which decided Jack Meekman's happiness for — as much as a half an hour, of which these things were the ominous precursors. But we must hasten on. Ho! ho! here comes Jack, the Ferryman. And in fact our ambulating trio—no, duo, now—are already crossing the silvery waters (silvery! muddy, rather. Well, no matter—this is description, must call it silvery;)—silvery waters of Lake Champlain; while now the noon-day sun sends forth his golden rays—probably; we cannot say certainly, as it was very cloudy all that day. We need not stay to speak of Jack the Ferryman; every body knows and remembers him, who has ever been honored with his services. Always sociable—was now—told a fish story withal, at the recital of which the bright expression of his African features was lighted up with an animation that would have added grace to the finest orators, that drink at the limpid fountains of our own sweet Alma Mater. But yet it was all himself, all African, all nature. "Yes," said he, "and I did it yesterday. A flock of pigeons struck yonder, on that limb—caught my gun and fired—split the limb, I did, and caught 'em by the toes, ye see—waded in to cut the limb off—ah! what d'ye s'pose bit my ankles so? Had on de long boot, and sarve ye sars, what a booty! Fifteen pigeons, and one hundred and fifty-four pickerel!" "A fish story sure enough," answered Bill, "no doubt it is true, for I've heard it a thousand times."—"Then Bosworth tell'd ye. He bought the pickerel, ye see, he did; and how much d'ye guess they all weighed?"—"Oh! perhaps they weighed —" "I'll tell ye," said the Ferryman, "four pounds and a quarter!!"—At this, Bill's risibles being somewhat affected, "*vox faucibus hæsit*." But the jolly son of Charon, still rolled out his eyes and stories, transporting his audience, *in mente*, from fact to fancy, but, *in re*, from Vermont to New York.

'Tis four o'clock. Our heroes are ascending the battlements of Ticonderoga, treading the soil that has been drenched by the blood of thousands, gazing upon the monuments of Earth's mightiest revolution—the pedestals of a nation's immortal glory, and Columbus Cadinkee is beginning to feel the true spirit of poetry. Already his Journal stands aghast with wonders—its once spotless pages fast

blackened and bluened by the sublime solutions, the overwhelming inundations of pure and classic thought. His transcendent works have already sent his name to posterity, at which place they have doubtless ere this arrived. Many more are now in the press—*ure* of those passion-wrapt productions of ‘Promethean fire,’ that are heaped in boundless manuscripts upon the mercy and table of our Philo-mathic Editors. And more may come. When the returning vessel of the crystal Lake shall have divulged her tragic scenes, when the star-lit silence of some sweet hour——“Run! the bell has stopped!” Faith, so it has, chum!—we must go.

* * * * *

Mr. Printer! Stop those type one moment. The following burst of feeling, penned upon Mr. Cadinkee’s knee, is too good to stay with “Q. in the corner.” The first stanza, we own, is rather above common capacity, but the ‘*par excellence*’ comes afterwards, where we think he subsides into pretty regular

RHYTHMIC THUNDER.

Would I could place one foot on Mount Defy—
And one on you, Old Independence high,
Would I’d a harp, as large as Lake Champlain,
And fingers big as pines, that spread the plain;—
My notes of praise should sound o’er land and sea,
And all the world should hear my poetry!

Vast tomb of Heroes! Mound of slumb’ring dead;
O’er whose bleached bones now speckled cattle tread,
Strike up again the din of thund’ring war,
The clash of arms, fore-boding death afar;
Those maddening scenes, all traced in tragic lines,
Disclose to me, and all who read my rhymes!

On thee, strange land! where now the glowing sun
Looks down and smiles, as if no ill were done—
On thy dark soil, of mould’ring corpses made,
Where broken hearts, and brave ones lie decayed;—
Who stays to look, but shrinks beneath the sight?
Oh! sick’ning scene! it turns me awful white!

And yet Man’s mem’ry, pride and honor here,
Are left enrolled—the glory of his sphere;
Who rose in hope—inhaled a single breath,
Wheel’d once in triumph—fell and gasped in death.
Exeunt all—their story’s quickly said:
So race on race are numbered with the dead!

SEEK then a name to live when thou art gone—
To live in love, in gratitude and song.

Well! well! I will; and thus the tribute give
To hearts of worth, while I may chance to live.

B;

Thy name, Old ALLEN! wrapt in poet's fire,
Thy name shall be—immortal as my lyre!

Not last, nor least Ticonderoga's slain
The grateful hearts of FREEDOM's children claim :
Her happy sons, that rove these mountains o'er,
Shall linger round this consecrated shore ;
And all creation raise a mighty smoke,
While I, A POET—Zounds! my pencil's broke!

C. C.

A VISION OF IMMORTALITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—I feel myself urged by some strange, but irresistible impulse, to acquaint the world with my dream of last night.

Yesterday was a day of dark despondency ; my heart almost sickened at the idea of existence. The time had been, when I felt some little ambition for renown ; when I had fondly hoped to inscribe my name, at least a little higher than the vestibule of the Temple of Fame. But now, as I measured the flights of my puny intellect, with the geniuses of by-gone days, I was grieved at my own insignificance. I weighed myself with every hero and poet, every philosopher and statesman of antiquity ; the result was ever the same—"MENE," "TEKEL," "TEKEL." Not one among the *Immortals* of former ages, but had achieved wonders that astonished the world, and provoked its homage, ere he had numbered my tale of years. What had I accomplished? Oh! the count of heroes was finished ; the day of intellectual giants already past. Every avenue to glory had been preoccupied, every path of greatness trod, by some more fortunate predecessor. Nothing remained for me, but to fill some humble, inscriptionless grave.

"Fifty years, and who will hear of *Harry Hartshorn*?" I muttered in a sighing, peevish tone, as my thoughts were taking their flight into the region of sleep. Here too, they had no rest ; but my yielding mind was overwhelmed by the weight of anxiety, which pressed so heavily upon it, even in the land of dreams.—Nature proved unequal to the conflict, and I yielded to my fate—I died.—A most unpleasant dream as you may well opine ; aggravated by

the harrowing thought, that I had left behind me no undying name, no pledge of a well-earned immortality.

I shall not, I cannot explain, to the living, the state of existence after death. Still conscious of what was passing around my former place of abode, I hovered near. But Spirits recognize neither distinctions, nor measure of time,—it might be the sun had shone upon the material world some sixty times, perhaps more, when my formless, invisible shade chanced to reconnoiter the shelves of a bookseller. Lo! in immediate contiguity with the Lives of Scott and Byron, Keats and White, and Campbell, and a host of other veritable worthies, a neat octavo of four hundred pages, entitled, "*Life and Writings of Mr. Henry Hartshorn.*" I was not long in gratifying my curiosity, by a peep at the inside, and admired to see myself pronounced, on the title page, the most remarkable genius which the age could boast. As proofs of my wonderful precocity, numerous specimens of poetry were adduced—much of which I did not write; some that owed its scanty merit to the kind additions of the biographer himself; and occasional stanzas which were original, but called loudly for the very pertinent comment—"Written at the age of nine years," thus demonstrating, that I had truly "lisp-ed in numbers." My translations of the classics, it was averred, were written in the seventh year of my wonder-working boyhood—bravo! only I was certain that I had never, at this period, heard of any other language, than my own vernacular tongue. Thousands of my most important manuscripts had been unfortunately—wisely lost;—enough were preserved to show that the mind of the "lamented Hartshorn," was of the noblest stamp. That it was fully adequate to the abstruseness of Theology, the profundity of Law and Metaphysics, the subtle researches of Science, or the lofty flight of the imaginative poet. In short he was an *universal genius*, and, reasoning from his juvenile exploits, the biographer declared that his hero would have completely distanced all the intellectual Anakins of the Eastern Continent, had not cruel fate put a period to his bright, meteor-like career, in the *seventeenth* year of his age—I well knew that I had passed five weary years of incarnate existence since that period, but a small error in dates was a mere trifle, in matters of this sort. I should have examined the book more in detail, had not a literary gormandizer just then hastily seized upon the tempting morsel. "It is the last copy," said the bookseller, "of three full editions. Ah! the unfortunate Hartshorn lived obscure, and unnoticed, but his name will hereafter exist in immortal notoriety."

Verily, there was an air of truth in this reasoning. Genius was ever diffident, and unqualified to judge of its own powers. At least, I had gained the object of my most ardent desire, a grateful celebrity. Touched by the talismanic wand of the biographer, I was suddenly exalted to no mediocre grade of immortality. This was a secret, the living seemed not to comprehend, that the fate of the illustrious depends upon those who write their lives. Happily for me, one who shall be nameless, influenced by friendship, or some more questionable motive, had given me a name among the Immortals. Farewell obscurity—farewell to the transitory, bootless fortune, I had once anticipated. My pinions are plumed for the Temple of Fame; there shall I couch under the very wing of Apollo—Up, up, up—the effort was too great—I awoke—I lived. And, ah! Despair! no kind *biographer* has yet raised me from my former insignificance. Instead of a glorious immortality, a never dying name, I see nothing in the visions of the future, to encourage my desponding, despairing hopes; nothing but heartless contempt, cold neglect, interminable oblivion.

HARRY HARTSHORN,

A R E V E R I E .

IN moments of joy, when the spirits are flowing,
How Memory delights to wander away;
And Fancy to paint, in colors life-glowing,
The bright hours of bliss, that enlivened our day.

BUT where are they now? they come o'er the soul
With a soft tinge of sorrow in beauty combined;
And the memory of friends gives a charm to the whole,
That spells with enchantment the deep feeling mind.

THE gay notes of mirth full quickly are fled,
For a pleasure more solemn and deeper by far;
The pleasing communion with scenes that are sped,
Which nothing of earth for a season may mar.

THE spirits of those, whom we loved in their lives,
From heaven's bright dwelling in radiance descend;
The victim of death in glory revives,
And a moment we list to the voice of a FRIEND.

THE sorrows of earth for a time are forgot,
Amid the pure rapture of seasons like these;
And the grief and the care that belong to our lot,
Die softly away into calmness and peace.

PHILO.

"WHEN I WAS OF YOUR AGE."

ALAS ! Alas ! Since the teens of my grandsire, into what woful degeneracy has slidden down this old gray-headed world ! Times were when there were giants in the earth, and not many generations back, if we may credit the recollections of the old. Why, Sir, for ten generations past, without excepting even the two last, my sires have been most veritable heroes ! To be sure, their names have but dimly struggled down through the revolutions between ; but, if the shadows of their memory be so glorious, what must have been their real substance ! If in the poor eloquence of my grandam's story they were such and so great, what would I give to tread back the years that intervene and gaze upon their very selves !—And, oh ! what times were those in which they lived ! Even yet there remain some few, who can tell us of the better years that are now all gone—tired journeyers, who remember with regret the brighter land they have left behind. They tell us of a nobler age, while yet in primitive loveliness and strength, this goodly planet wheeled gallantly on in its pathway among the glorious stars, and loudest sang and lightest danced in the cotillions and concertos of the spheres. But now its pipes are hoarse, its joints grown stiff by reason of its many years. It stumbles on, as best it may, in the same old beaten round ; but, alas ! our earth is not as once it was ! The majesty of primeval days is perished, and the darkness of degeneracy is gathered in its stead.

Degenerate as we are, 'tis some comfort to be nobly sprung. I have heard our family traced back through at least ten glorious generations, embracing—let me think—two Deacons that I know of, and three Divines and a Puritan Counsellor that I hear of, thence starting away across the waters and ending plump in one of the fattest peers of the British realm. Proof of this may be gathered from the family portraits, which the good mothers of our line have ever made it a point to preserve. For I am told in English families of such standing as ours, they keep a choice gallery all hung round with pictures of their ancestors ; and, as such habits very naturally flow in the blood, it seems quite likely we are, lineally at least, a noble sort of folk. Be that as it may, we have nigh upon a score of large looking, lord-and-lady profiles, complete likenesses, they say, strikingly done in white paper and black silk, and hung in *vis-à-vis* pairs above the parlor mantle-tree. I should like the practise

passing well, if only it were cis-atlantic and republican. As it is, I love to sit and gaze on those little mimic faces of the noble beings from whom I derived the blood that is now welling so warmly at my heart. As I watch the still features before me, a thousand tales of the 'olden time,' rich in remembrances of the dead, rush to memory, and life and expression gathering to each line, I seem to gaze, in very fact, on the reverend sires of other centuries.

It may be fancy, but really, I sometimes think I can see in each of these profiles something characteristic of the age in which its original lived. Either there is a peculiar boldness and nobleness of feature in the more ancient of them, and an air of comparative refinement in the more modern, or my fancy is in fault. You know it should be so, for the old will tell you there was just that difference in the real personages. We must conclude, in short, that all who have gone before us were most wise and potent, men of immense bone and huge practical wit; that we, having been deferred till this late day, are, as we see, vastly small; and it is very problematical whether we shall be able even to see many generations to come. Nor is it much a marvel that our fathers were such magnificent beings, if we take into account the times in which they lived. Why, in those goodly days, hemp growing twice as long, and boys twice as correct as in these times of sad degeneracy; what good reason can there be, why our forefathers, in point of both physical and mental powers, should not have become absolutely enormous—altogether unparalleled in these lesser years? All things were then better and larger, and more pithy than now. Matters went on a statelier plan; at least, the old will tell you so; and who will misdoubt the gray-headed? For why should not things gone be better than the things that be? I know it makes us small in the comparison; and there, perchance, is the core of our infidelity. But are we not small—quite small?—and might there not very easily be beings nobler than even WE? But there is other proof. What shall we say to those relics of some vaster æra that have come down to us in the shape of trencher-like buttons, broad knee-stays, and garments of enormous cut? I well remember of swinging with a playmate on the hooks of a giant sap-yoke, an antique piece of lumber, grown utterly obsolete for its immense breadth of shoulder-way. 'Twas a tight fit for my fourth progenitor back. His too was the old hat, still kept as a memorial of undeniable greatness, behind which we used to hide in our early sports. What are all these but proof, little short of positive, of a higher and better and greater

state of things gone by? If they don't prove this, do tell us what under the sun they do prove. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

A week or two since, I spent a few days at home. I found them all, good folk, so as to be stirring, I thank ye, how do — tut! what am I saying! By the bye, how beautiful is the picture of a family group, clustering beneath one roof the reverend sire and dame, and the sons, and the son's sons that have sprung up around them! Within one household may be found the representatives of three consecutive generations—the tottering twain, whose memories are wedded to the better times of the last century—the busy beings of middle life, reflecting the manners and interests and spirit of the present—and merry childhood, whose laugh seems to ring out from futurity and tattle of coming times. Such was the group that gathered in wide circle around the hearth of my home. It is a lovely scene, deserving a dozen similes. Take one. Even so have we seen a venerable basswood, whose head was lifted to maturity amid the suns and storms of other years, now looking quietly down from its thinned and drivelling branches upon a little forest of sprouts, sprung close around its roots, and sizing away from the tall thrifty treelet down to the switch twig of last June.

To return. We were sitting near the south door on one of the first bright afternoons this spring, my grand mother watching through her large round glasses the slow growth of a stocking she held in her hand, while the old gentleman's tongue was busy with 'Auld lang Syne.' The topic on which he had been descanting with much volubility, if not eloquence, was the superior capabilities and achievements of the young in the year seventeen hundred and odd, compared with those of modern youth. He illustrated the argument by recounting sundry of his personal exploits of that period, in relating which, it is curious how his dim eye lit, and his withered features caught again the flush of youthful animation, his cane meanwhile flying perilously all about in most emphatic gesticulation. "When I was of your age," said he, adjusting his cushion and winding off by way of improvement, "I was a match for half a dozen of your exquisite modern whipsters, punily shuffling in pumps and peering sprucely from their dickies"—(how I blessed the ample linen behind which I found refuge from that glance!) "There is no comparison, not a bit, between the noble-spirited, daring, toiled youth of my day, and the lackadaisical, mushroom beings that are now just stepping out upon the stage. Then, the certificate of one's manhood was to be worn about him—a head to devise, an

arm to do ; now, the veriest stripling may mount him a smooth suit, lounge, and languish and lisp himself into undisputed possession of *young gentlemanship* ! And what is the result—not of this merely, but of the prevailing spirit of change and innovation that characterize the age ? Look !—the day of small things has come upon the earth ; the glory and the majesty, that rested upon the stern, independent, stirring spirits of the past, have departed, and effeminacy and wavering and deep slumber are fast coming in their stead. What next will the world come to ! ” And he sighed and looked solemn. I suggested that the present improved state of society seemed to demand of the young a different course—a discipline more intellectual than was requisite in less polished times. “ Well, to be sure, yes,” he replied, “ it’s all very well for them now-a-days to go to College ; at least, some folks sometimes need some such thing, likely ; I never felt the want, myself. In my day, the young were taught to *do*—an education far preferable to the pelaver and book-mongering of these theorizing times. We had not learned to polish then ; substance was sufficient without the gloss. Now, tinsel and varnish are the order of the day, with the vain attempt to compensate, by a gilded appeal to the fancy, for the weakness and littleness of fact. ” Now what was to be my offset to all this ? I drew my watch—wound it up---toyed thoughtfully with the medal on the chain, and looked, with an air of knowing abstraction, dreamily away into the deep blue sky. I introduced politics—spoke of Congress and the Bank, and reprobated the removal of the Deposites, in the most approved and popular terms. He sighed assent ; then, whisking off on a tangent, discoursed of Washington’s ways, and Conventions, and old Continental currency. Finally, I hit upon the happy expedient of bringing the old gentleman his pipe, whereupon, as usual, he smoked himself into a profound sleep.

My father is more of a modern, but yet retaining somewhat of the sturdy simplicity of the elder time. In fact, he was born but thirty years after my grandfather, and seems to occupy an equatorial space between the iron times of antiquity and the gum-elastic days in which we live. He invariably clambers over the bars in his passage about the farm, because, when he was of my age, he used to jump them, and he scorns now to creep lazily through them. ‘ Forty years ago,’ in his chronology, is the date of every thing noble and nice. He is forever goading all about him with invidious comparisons of the past and present. My elder brother, a browney, generous son of the plough, has continually in his ears the

sound of what others did 'at his age'—deeds, which, do his utmost, he lives some scores of years too late to rival. The sports of the village green have come to be, in my father's estimation, but puerile mockeries of the heroic feats of 'forty years ago.' The bar, pitched by a modern nerve, falls sadly short of the storied distance; wicket is but dull trundling; and the wrestlers—'bating the rheumatiz,' and the looks, even he would even now show them a trip, 'something like.' And yet, by his own confession, he is no sample of the men that have been, nor yet of the men that should be. For it is matter of sore vexation to him, that, in the face and eyes of the greatness of gone ages, and spite of his own precepts, the men of this generation persevere in their obstinate littleness. He seems to suspect every one of incredulity while he dwells with rapture on the really super-modern, if not super-human, exploits of those who went before him; and looks forward with sad foreboding to the time, when a yet smaller and more faithless brood shall doubt his traditions of the past, and profanely deem themselves sufficient for themselves.

The world it seems, in respect of all things excellent and large, has already culminated, and been rolling not slowly, for some hundreds of years, adown the hill toward the quags of nullity. My grief! how it goes! How sadly and swiftly we are staving away, away—Mercy on me! where shall we stop! Long ago, even in the days of the lyric Horace, this tapering process seems to have commenced. "Alas!" cried he, piping dolorously of his own hard times, "alas! what is there, forty years will not diminish? Our fathers,* dwarfs themselves to what their fathers were, have given birth to us inferior still, who soon shall leave yet more degenerate sons!"

Reader! 'tis well, after all, we live as early as we do; postponed a few years longer, we might as well, being nothing, not be.

S. O.

* *Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*—Hor. Lib. III. Ode 6.

INTELLECT REVOLUTIONIZED.

L.—NATURE'S LAWYER.

R.—REVOLUTIONIST.

W.—NEITHER WIT NOR FOOL.

Rev.—Oh! there be prim theorizers in modern intellectuality; cute jugglers in various, wondrous scurrilities, sacrilegiously garbed in the livery of science; hot-house bullies, that twist and distort an honest man's knowledge into a thousand mob-deluding lies, with so provokingly foppish a grace, that I have it seriously at heart, (and nothing in the world would be easier, were it not for the gabbling fools that swagger in their rear,) to level the whole cabal, and all their "wonderful discoveries" in the dust. But what harasses my patience most, is the snarling grin of contempt, which this upstart philosophy has ingrafted into their countenances, to be exhibited on a thousand sought-for occasions, when they attempt to draw myself, and other true philosophers into their quarrelsome disputations. Out of the superabundance of their vanity they have interpolated the genuine philosophy of Socrates and Achilles with so many illustrious nonsensicalities and windy epithets, that they present a bewildering labyrinth to every honest enquirer after truth.—But this state of things shall not long exist. By the powerful assistance I shall derive from my contemplated treatises on innate ideas, and the daily revolution of the sun, I shall sweep their cobweb theories from existence, and level the ranks of the whole ridicule-monopolizing, self-constituted aristocracy, sinking in oblivion their fine spun hypotheses.

Law.—Aye, sir, you'll be President soon; do wonders, no doubt; and obtain the famous appellation of the father of your country, by levelling all ranks to a standard of equality. That all men are born equal, is a fundamental law of nature, and the act of wearing fine spun, high pockets, or any other article of superfine clothing, is an abominable infringement of natural law. This spirit of modern innovation must be checked, at the fountain head, else our doom is fixed, and this glorious confederacy will crumble to ruins.

R.—As to the sublime art of poetry, the days of Homer, Alexander and Cicero, have been swept away in the irresistible tide of

destiny, and such heroic pen-drivers as Shakespeare, Milton and Marlborough, have been making laborious attempts at poetic mimicry. As to eloquence, it is emphatically baby babbling. When the immortal Demosthenes, standing on the banks of the deep rolling Tiber, burst forth in all the fiery impetuosity of irresistible eloquence, convulsing the Athenian senate with uncontrollable fury, and shaking the pillars of the earth,—

L.—Then the earth *does* rest on some such pillars.—

R.—Massacre came down like night, and sealed Philip's eternal ruin. Then Brutus, the tyrannicide, triumphed.

L.—'Tis a scandal on nature that a brute tyrant's side should triumph over the better party. The story of King Philip is perfectly fresh in my mind; why, my great grandfather was on board a man-of-war, in Boston harbor, when the news came, that that cunning savage was slain.

R.—But in times of modern degeneracy, such brisk dictionary prattlers, as Pitt, Burke and Clay, may croak, till they are as hoarse as a certain other genus of croakers, and not excite a smile, or an action, unless it be the action of a scornful smile. But in respect to philosophy, that soul-absorbing, mind-confounding science, these popgun wit croakers, these peppered puppies, these liverless, pale-faced squiblers, creeping out of their dismal, light-eschewing studies, gazing upon the heavenly bodies till they have looked the moon out of countenance, and transcribing some volume of celestial nonsense there obtained, these, these are the lights of the world. And when an honest man corrects one of these perspicacious precocities, he is blessed with a superlatively meaningless, ghots-like gaze, and is enchanted with a hollow, starved-to-death voice, issuing from the sepulchre of his visage, like an admonition from a dead man's grave; "Mortal of ignorance, my bowels of compassion yearn upon you." Or, fearing lest their diplomaships should be defiled by the breath of a degreeless ignoramus, they pour out upon him, "You impudent puppy, you cabbage-eater, you heap of ignorance," in such an impetuous whirlwind of epithets, that you are forced to stand aside and let the froth-bubble pass.—Not long since, out of pure benevolence to enlighten his mind, I told one of these inventive geniuses, that the planet Herschell was once a mountain in the Sun, and, mercy on me! such a wriggling of the nose, such a vinegar curl of the lips passed in review before me, that a monkey would have been completely nonplussed at mimicry. Yes, fools will mistake themselves for wise men.

W.—Then you are in great danger of a libel—

R.—Umph, you bag of wind, a senseless cur could peddle vulgar witticisms with a more coxcombical grace than you. Ah! yes, this mongrel commixture of low conceit, and silly pedanticalities is a scandal upon the literati, and true wits of the age. But this is a wonder-working age. Uncommon keenness of perspicacity has enabled Newton and Locke, to discover that Aristotle was a fool, and Bacon a demigod of omniscience. But let science be consoled. Destiny has appointed *me* as her instrument in revolutionizing the human intellect. Of this I am convinced, since my parents, as they affirm, have discovered an extraordinary intellect in me; yet this may be a delusion; still I have no reason to dispute it. I must then, first convince mankind of their error.

W.—My mind from doubt you *now* have freed;

I stand a convert to your creed.
 'Twas often said by ancient sages,
 That they had lived a thousand ages;
 Strange as this doctrine may appear,
 You've made the matter fully clear.
 In Cataline you find the soul,
 That did Demosthenes control,
 And that same soul nerv'd Brutus' hand,
 To slay the tyrant of the land.
 When Philip died, who fought the Greeks,
 His soul popped out with antic freaks;
 And rovd about in heaven and earth,
 Till Cæsar's body gave it birth.
 When Brutus slew the usurper king,
 The soul leaped out with such a spring,
 It sped like lightning through the air,
 And 'countered Pompey's spirit there.
 Then Cæsar fled on wings of fear,
 While Pompey followed in the rear;
 Around the Sun swift Cæsar bent,
 A mountain from its base he rent.
 At the same mountain Pompey grasped;
 Lo! 'twas not there, and on he passed.
 His speed quite checked, he doubled chase,
 And 'gan anew this ghostly race.
 * Alas! his hour of toil was spent;
 He met the mount which Cæsar rent.
 At angles joined, the resultant force
 Conferred on them a different course,
 Unseen, around the Sun they roll'd;
 By Herchell's name they *now* are told.
 Then back to earth the victor flew,
 And in King Philip* lived anew.
 One truth you've proved from antiquity,
 That men are blessed with ubiquity.
 For when in Greece the Athenian stood,
 He poured his strains o'er Tiber's flood.

* The celebrated Indian Warrior,

R.—Aye, the poet was true to nature. That admirable quotation contains some of the grandest doctrines of antiquity, of which I am a warm admirer. The author of it is—is—a—Mr.—Odds me, 'tis strange—

W.—A Mr. ———

R.—Yes, yes, that's the name. Mr.—stop—what did you call him?

W.—A Mr. Orson—

R.—Aye, aye, Ossian, the very name—strange I could not think—but—well, well, no matter about it now. But let me tell you, it deserves to be ranked with his Fingal. The course of classic literature, which I shall adopt, shall commence with the profound science of Phrenology; and perhaps you, Mr. Wood-cutter, would like to be initiated into its mysteries; and accordingly take lessons—

W.—I am taking a lesson.

R.—But from me, from word of mouth.

W.—Aye, from you, from word, and mouth, and face.

R.—But from the books.

W.—I am, from nature's book.

R.—You misconstrue me.

W.—Then I am the greater fool; 'tis impossible.

R.—I am strongly inclined to believe you, since, from my perspicuity, none ever construed me amiss.

W.—He must be a brainless goat to construe you a *Miss*, and thus abominably scandalize the converse of our sex.

R.—Aye, sir, the hidden import of those last words, "the converse of our sex," shows that you have been intimately conversant with the great men of the age. You shall be appointed first professor of polite literature, for which station I affirm that you are eminently qualified. A man of your learning need scarce be told that the system of instruction will be, the daily revolution of the Sun; the fixidity, and planosity of the earth; the doctrine of innate ideas; the transmigration of souls; the Platonian ethics, &c., &c. Your hand, sir. Ever consider me as your benefactor. Farewell for the present. (*Exit.*)

W.—A medley of oddities, the worst, his project; and the best, the system of his project; too good a talker to seem a fool, yet too mad a schemer to seem wise; a peddler of words, yet a mendicant in ideas, a probable many things, yet a possible more; a—a—what he is; and being such, a blessing on him.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHEN twilight's shades are deep'ning in the West,
 And rest succeeds the bustle of the day ;
 When nature's choristers their anthems close,
 And lose in balmy sleep, their little cares ;
 How sweet to wander down the lonely walk,
 Review the scenes by former hopes endeared,
 And on thy banks, fair Lotris, musing stand,
 And trace in thee the fate of passing man.

Thy glassy surface and unruffled waves,
 Thy varied scenery, rich with nature's hues,
 That gives its beauty to thy verdant banks,
 Returned by thee with mellowed lustre bright ;
 Or, dancing on thy gently heaving breast,
 In soft confusion blent with beauteous tints—
 These mark the current of life's early day—
 Youth's happy season, gay with fancy's hopes,
 That fondly seeks in every smiling face,
 The welcome greeting of reflected love.

Alas ! poor youth, thy visions fail thee soon !
 This placid stream trace but to yonder bend,
 Where, thundering o'er the cataract, it pours
 With stormy violence, now dashing fierce,
 Now driving down the rocks with frantic force
 And tearing in its rage the "forest's pride,"
 And thou wilt find, in fitter form expressed,
 The varying fortunes of thy stormy life.
 When disappointment of thy fondest hopes,
 Or love, or passion maddening at thy heart,
 Shall raise the storm of anguish in thy breast,
 And urge thy progress o'er the rocks of vice.

Ah ! then beware, lest, while with youthful trust,
 Thou glidest down the stream of youth's bright day,
 The treacherous wave betray thy heedless oar,
 And drive thy little boat to sins dark verge,
 Or sweep it down the torrent of despair.

Stop in thy course and view yon simple stream,
 Which, gently gliding through its narrow banks,
 Now winding mid the rocks, now flowing smooth,
 Attains the limits of its destined way ;
 Then, in one sheet collected, calm and pure,
 Descends the steep sublime. 'Tis thus with him,
 The man of God, whose dearest hopes are placed
 Beyond the boundaries of this troubled scene.
 He, winding round the rocks of worldly cares,
 And shunning all the danger, calmly glides
 Adown the narrow channel of his life,
 Anticipating still the boundless joy
 That waits his presence when the sleep of death,
 That dread descent, is passed. Thus in faith
 The peaceful course he keeps, nor fears the storm,
 Nor ruffles at affliction's loudest blast.

PIERRE.

REMARKS ON HUMAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE marriage bell had ceased, the merry crowd no longer thronged the door of the cathedral and the stillness around plainly indicated that the assembly were already collected. Geru and myself still lingered in front of the building waiting the approach of two or three dusky figures whom we had evidently mistaken. At last we entered—the glistening lamps streamed with bright and beautiful flames, admirably corresponding with the richness of all the decorations. Silence that moment was universal. Curiosity beamed from every countenance, as they were intently gazing at the bridal party. Around the altar those kneeling forms, and, within, the commissioned supplicant of Heaven's benisons, seemed fitly attired for an audience with the Deity. The solemnity of the occasion rested like a cloud above me, but unmeaning smiles from some near, awakened a melancholy contempt for the ill timed act, while a thrill of joyous fear crept through my frame, at the last sacred and awful words he pronounced in virtue of his sacerdotal office. * * * * Why, said Geru, as we were seating ourselves in the accustomed apartment, why this pomp, and solemn parade to tell the world they distrust each other? Why these asseverations, to proclaim in the ears of Heaven and Earth their mutual suspicions of infidelity?

"Surely you are mistaken in your apprehensions of their faith," said I; "nothing is intimated in the ceremony but the continuation of the most ardent affection that now exists between them. Do not mistake the motive, do not basely charge them, or the institution, whose forms you reprobate, with engendering the germs of traitorship."

No no, 'tis their suspicious fears, thus indicated. You may think otherwise, but, hark ye, they voluntarily throw themselves together—there is a *cause* for this, which, if becoming the godlike nature of the soul, must strengthen with time, be sanctioned by the rich fruition of unnumbered blessings, and become as indissoluble as the union of spirit with our corporeal frames. If it be not such, why endeavour by this quackery, to strengthen a ligament that cannot endure the strains of life, but must accumulate disgrace the longer it is thus artificially preserved?

These ceremonies, and rigid forms of law show they fear it to be of this latter class, while they would vainly strive to perpetuate,

by a mere parade of love, the *cause*. 'Tis a sad picture of the human heart, to see no reliance placed in the rectitude of its intentions, no strength reposed in moral obligation. The principle is the same every where. The magistrate distrusts your word, high Heaven is invoked to witness your honesty—your neighbor does the same, your fellow is summoned for the same purpose. Were we made to have no security in each other? Why then not independent? Some dark dealings, some embryo treachery, some lurking evil begets the continual suspicion of injury. Safety is the next step, and even these at the consecrated altar, they would fain give stability to the highest, noblest, deepest passion of the soul, or its counterfeit, by an almost impious chain of oaths! O shame!—The immortal mind chainless, resistless, swerving in its most exalted act—it cannot be. The base, pretended love may seek some nostrum in the effigy of lawful sanction; the true, needs no such miserable aids to perpetuate its existence. See in that wretched form, the miserable effect of such a sanction to the hypocritic passion—her heart pierced as with the assassin's dagger, her affections rent from their central point, blighted, perished—taunted for her very love by him to whom it should be most sacred, yet calmly walking to the grave, slain by anguish. Look at that manly countenance, reddening with shame—that eye expands with grief, that heaving breast denotes the rage within. He scorns to yield, but the swelling heart forces the big-tear drops from his eye. Ah, how relentless is infidelity! Stronger than the bonds of life. But these institutions are not chargeable with this mischief, said I. Your institutions sow the seeds—they scatter the Dragon's teeth. Fear makes the child of the nursery practice deceit, and dwell in the pestilential air of falsehood. Pride stimulates the youth to do the same, gain has the same influence on manhood, and we all grow up contaminated by the falsity of the times. Is there nothing to reprobate in the customs of all societies? How little are manly sense, and plain generous affections valued in the social and polite circles; how poor appears mere honesty, when compared with arch roguery. Sense is there pitiful, unless in the garb of lively folly. Merit is unhceded, unless for the graceful routine of compliments and the paltry gentility of an alarode pedant. So that hollow-heartedness is engendered, which is the sure precursor of misery, that despicable regard for punctilliousness in the veriest trifles, and finally forms that case of hypocrisy, which effectually shields them from the point of true honor, and makes them insensible to true dignity. The natural propensity for uprightness, truth and sympathy must be sacrificed to the caprice of fashion, should they chance to differ. These are *causes* of those stifled sighs, the pang, the withered soul. Here behold the legitimate effects of such institutions, here read the history of such discipline.

LA H—*.

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"AUTHORS ARE PARTIAL TO THEIR WIT, 'TIS TRUE;
BUT ARE NOT CRITICS TO THEIR JUDGMENT TOO?"

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF DES CARTES.

INTELLECTUAL superiority can be determined, only by the general principles on which the mind acts—the celerity of its combinations and analyses,—the facility with which it discriminates truth from falsehood, and the independence it exhibits in all its inquiries. Few indeed, are those who unite these excellences, and few can advance well founded claims to this distinguished notoriety. But as the possession of some of them is indispensable even to the preferment of such a claim, so this superiority is measured by the degree in which they exist in one mind, above that in the mass around. Untiring energy is often found where no brilliant qualities dwell; unbounded ambition, or unconquerable zeal, where no true genius sheds her golden rays; still they are at most, but the substitutes for natural talents,—they merely shine, where these dazzle,—or belch volumes of smoke, where these flame. Wonders, no doubt, have been accomplished in the scientific and literary world by dint of unremitting effort; Herculean labors have often been performed under the stimulus of these passions; but we know of no splendid achievements, without, at least, a partial union of those qualities, without abilities to guide, and unwavering perseverance to stretch them to the utmost. Yet the brightest genius, with energy which is never abated, can no more than give a pleasing prospect of unusual proficiency, in any profession. Unnumbered obstacles may arise—or critical circumstances wrench every intellectual muscle. Defi-

ciency in the mind of a great man is sure to be revealed, standing in bold relief even from lofty and high souled acts, and is sure to throw into the shade merits that in other men would be prodigies. Partial weaknesses however, bind them to earth, and create a general sympathy, through all ranks of men who can feel and appreciate the sentiments of the truly excellent, though laboring under error.

But reverential astonishment is not excited for such labors however great.—We are more awe-struck, at the performances of some true Philosopher as we see him darting from truth to truth which, hitherto concealed in mystery, had nevertheless given its influence to man, and tracing each effect to its primary cause, lays open extensive fields of science: He feels superlative eminence. There is something proudly exalted in the idea, that one person should ascend such a height of distinction, and cast a glance over the ages of the past, and those slumbering in futurity, and behold himself still unrivalled, where wondering millions are rising to admire, but never to equal. Such are they, whose memory lives—their virtues and their vices, their mental vigor and defects, their benefit or injury to the common welfare of man. It is in this last sense, perhaps, that the name of *Des Cartes* will endure through time, while the greatness of his mind has been almost forgotten. That he committed errors, is true—but that he possessed the most splendid talents, is no less so. They were not only dazzling, but substantial, as his discoveries in abstruse mathematics, proficiency in the learned languages, and almost every science may well attest. A mind, bold, comprehensive, and acute, rapid in its movements as the storm-driven chariot of cloud, a brilliant imagination, yet perhaps deficient in judgment, constituted its outlines. He acquired the languages with incredible facility, mathematics were his, almost by intuition, and moral science was keenly scrutinized by his penetrating intellect. In his attempt to apply mathematical reasoning to this, and metaphysics, he did more to evince his originality than heighten his reputation. He moved in an intellectual world of his own creation. Discarding the learning, the notions and partiality, the principles of others, he sought empyreal glory of his own, that should be burnished more and more by the successive flight of years. The object was grand, tho' selfish, and the result shows that its grandeur attracted unbounded admiration, but the mighty hand of time dashed it from its pedestal, to be remembered only as an eccentricity of this universal genius: Nature herself could scarcely furnish elements sufficient for his plastic hand to mould, and his all-grasping

mind seemed discontented with Encyclopedian knowledge. With Bacon's rules of philosophising he might have been more than a Newton, and with the calm patience of either, he might have stood unrivaled as a philosopher. In his retirement, in the bustle, and din of the camp, the same unsated desire for the discovery of new truths, still reigned supreme within him; kindling an enthusiasm in his soul, which at once enveloped, and elevated it where kindred spirits could hardly reach. Like a Colossus, he stood alone, enshrined in the sciences he had discovered or augmented.

His rules of Logic were worthy of their author, and the principles he there avows should have been his abiding principles, in all his researches. They would have led him at least on safe ground, and if he had not amazed the world with his startling hypotheses, and visionary projects, would have secured a reputation unchangeable as the stars of the firmament. In metaphysics he was a Pyrrhonist, probably from the habit early acquired of distrusting the conclusions of his predecessors in the science, and being thus led to fear his own might at some time suffer the same fate. Thence he determined so to base his speculations, that the most sceptical could not refuse to adopt them, and so would he lead them gradually from darkness to light. This proved the altar of self-sacrifice. Truth here gave way to his favorite propensity, and consequently what would have been his greatest monument of glory, is the cause of ridicule, and obscurity. As he, who has left the solid ground, to found a superstructure on a hill-side of quick-sand, must soon expect to see his labors lost, so *Des Cartes'* speculations, rising from false premises, could not resist the gradual operations of truth. He seemed determined preeminently to be the artificer of his fortune. Even in adopting the notions of other men, he moulded them anew, so as to give presumptive evidence that he would have entertained similar views, if no one had before him. Superstition and bigotry, could not long trust him with the free exercise of his powers, lest he should sever the almost impenetrable shield that covered them, and expose their hideousness to the sirenized gaze of their trembling votaries. Much time was necessarily spent in unprofitable theological controversies, which might have checked ostensibly the independence which ever lived undiminished at his heart. There are few whom we contemplate with more delight, and at the same time regret, than *Des Cartes*. Leibnitz and Campanella, had brilliant and penetrating minds; but they had their sphere. Many philosophers of far less talent will be remembered for their usefulness,

while he will be mentioned as a curiosity, rather than as conferring any essential benefit on mankind. He ranged with freedom the whole field of Nature, confined only by the bounds of his invention, and those of human learning. His peculiar failing was a reliance on the phantasies of a fruitful imagination, instead of the plain, simple dictates of common sense; and those excellent talents exhibit nothing so wonderful at the present day, as the fatal effects of misdirected effort.

DE SZ.

NAPOLÉON'S DEPARTURE TO ST. HELENA.

THE white flags of England proudly are waving,
As they float on the breeze in beauty unfurled,
And the sea's foaming billows in fury are raving,
As they roll by the man who wept for a world.

BRITAIN'S high nobles gaze on the blue waters,
As proudly they lash the fair ship in their roar,
And with them are seen her beautiful daughters,
To gaze on a man—now a monarch no more.

YE may look on him now, bereft of his crown,
Ye nobles and daughters of Albion's isle!
Ye may look on him now and dread not his frown,
Nor fearing his sceptre, nor courting his smile.

He comes not to conquer—in pride of his power,
Enrobed in his glory, a host to defy;
As a captive he comes—in adversity's hour!
How bravely to yield him, how bravely to die!

BENEATH his dread sceptre the Nations bowed low,
With Europe's best blood he hath crimsoned the field,
He would have in his pride a world for his foe,
But his legions have vanished and he too must yield.

NAPOLÉON'S colors no longer are flying,
But those of the Bourbons' are streaming on high;
His tri-colored banners are over him sighing,
While the white flags of Louis flash out to the sky.

As a captive he goes to the sea-beaten Isle,
And looks back on FRANCE as she fades from his view;
There is grief in his eye, and despair in his smile,
As he bids to her spires a final adieu.

—1834.—

THE PYRAMIDS.

'Tis night o'er Egypt, and her deep blue sky
Is bright with stars; the gentle zephyrs sigh,
Melodious through her citron groves, and high
The cedars bend them, as the wind sweeps by.
The moon is up, and sheds her mild soft beam
O'er palace, tomb, and tower, and silvery stream.
And the far ruins, softened in the light,
Might seem the dwellings—not of past delight.
Oh! 'tis a land of beauty, never bright,
E'en in her ruins glorious; though the might
That made her feared has fled; her power gone,
Though carnage foul has stain'd with blood each stone;
Though superstition's bloody scourge may wave
Her blood red banner—o'er her glory's grave—
Though every field is fattened with her gore,
Her hearts best blood outflowing from each pore;—
Still she is beautiful—the land of song,
Where sages studied, while yet earth was young;
The land of thousand monuments, that save
Her earlier history, from oblivion's grave—
The proud memorials of her zenith day,
Untouched by time, unwasted by decay;
And while earth stands, they too shall stand, and be
Proud registers of Egypt's history.—
Yes, they have stood the test; and trying time
Has wrought her mightiest changes, since their prime.
They've seen, sweep o'er the world, full many a change,
From peace to war,—of passions and revenge—
They've seen their own bright land, the queen of earth;
And echoing the song of joy and mirth.
They've seen her fall—sink from her high degree,
Enslaved by conquerors—black with infamy.
They've seen proud Rome, her eagle flag unfurl'd,
Trample in triumph o'er a conquered world.
They've seen the fiery Moslem, in his zeal,
Blanching the earth with terror, as his steel
Arm'd with the Koran's thunders, red with blood,
Waved o'er the lands, compelling them to God;
They've seen the fellow trophies of their land,
Wasted by years, or by the spoiler's hand—
Her golden Thebes, and Memphis, and the shrine
Of Jove, are levelled by the tooth of time;
And Memnon's golden harp—of ancient day,
Waked into music by the sunbeams play.
Yet shall they stand, and haply they may view
Changes, e'en stranger than the world e'er knew.
Again, perchance, the Ethiopie may resume,
The sceptre of that land, again resume
The light of science in his darkened mind,
And be again the glory of his kind—
Or they may view another age of night
Broad o'er the world, extinguishing all light.

Again may desolation's darkest hand
 Wave o'er the fated world her bloody brand ;
 Whelm art and science 'neath oblivion's wave,
 A hopeless, fathomless, eternal grave.
 Yes, each revolving sun some change must bring ;
 So mutable is man —so frail a thing.
 Time sweeps along o'er palace, tower and dome,
 The piles are with the dust, moss grown the stone ;
 The war-god rages in his demon pride—
 Cities are veiled in sackcloth—ruins hide
 All vestige of the pomp and grandeur's power,
 That shone but yesterday through hall and bower.
 The earthquake heaves, and battlement and wall,
 And tower, and castle, totter to their fall.
 Such have earth's changes been, and such shall be ;
 Less, Egypt, on thy monuments, than thee,—
 The wrath of man, is impotent to blast
 Those bright undying trophies of the past.
 And time can but embalm them in its flight,
 It cannot rend them from their stable site ;
 The Siroc's blast may heap around their base,
 The deserts sands of Afric's barren waste,
 Strive—madly strive, to hide within their breast,
 Those only relics of a world that's past ,
 Still shall they mock the raging whirlwind's wrath,
 Withstand the shock, unlevelled in its path.
 But they, the undying relics of their land,
 Through change, and time, and tempest still shall stand ;
 Till hoary earth by arm ethereal's hurl'd,
 Back to its chaos—crumbling with a world.

P,

IMAGINATION.

THE mind of man is ever restless ! There is a spirit within him
 that cannot slumber. Undying, and untiring, it is ever on the wing.
 Swift as thought, traversing infinity,—ample as the universe, grasp-
 ing all time, the past, the present, and the future. Unsatisfied with
 present knowledge, it is ever prying into the mysteries of nature,
 and searching out the secrets of her vast magazine. Ample dis-
 coveries have rewarded this incessant research of mind, but have
 not allayed its burning thirst for knowledge—and still enough is
 shrouded beneath the pall of darkness to render life a mystery.—
 Things, vast and incomprehensible, every where meet the eye, and
 awaken the energies of mind. To the investigation of these its fac-
 ulties are incessantly directed, with a tireless, but often unavailing

energy. But, what the piercing eye of truth cannot discover, imagination may supply.

In the wide compass of thought or being, what is there, which the imagination of man has not bodied forth with the distinctness of actual vision! Through the vast circle of the heavens—from star to star she holds her daring flight, gives form and features to the myriad beings that inhabit there,—or explores the dark chambers of the deeps below,—or wanders over the face of this fair earth,—or lights up with her presence the coral caves of the dark blue sea. In her wayward moods she visits every portion of the extended universe, and becomes familiar with universal being. The imagination, when duly regulated, and directed to proper objects, becomes highly conducive to our improvement and happiness. Genius and eloquence feel her kindly influence, and acknowledge the inspiration of her presence. The elevated conceptions of Milton, and the magnificent and unrivaled descriptions of Homer, owe their chief excellence to her benign aid. Her enlivening presence does often relieve the mind from obtrusive, unavailing care, give beauty and harmony to the objects and voices of nature, creates a pleasing hope of the future, and throws a new charm around existence. But when left to the workings of her own hidden fires, she becomes the scourge of human existence. The mind that yields to the omnipotence of her spell is lost to repose and happiness. Like the sparless wreck, drifting with the wind and tide, amidst the crash of thunder, and the tumult of conflicting elements, it is borne on the troubled sea of thought, with no star to guide its course, nor beacon light to warn of danger, or beam across the darkness, the harbinger of a quiet haven. She gives to mists and shadows the reality of being. All shapes and forms, and deeds of darkest peril, all passions, feelings, purposes and crimes,—pride, hatred, shame, remorse and dark revenge, are things familiar to her sight. They are the companions of her lone vigils, the inmates of her chamber and her bosom.

Nothing more directly tends to create this disordered state of mind than immoderate indulgence in solitary thought. By it, the social feelings are withered and crushed, the heart becomes estranged from human sympathy, and indifferent to human kindness or hate: objects of sense, and the incidents of ordinary life become powerless and insipid, and only the wildest dreams of the imagination have power to excite the feelings and passions of the soul.—Governed by such an influence, man becomes a selfish, isolated being. He acts and feels alone—in a world of his own creation,

peopled with the creatures of his visionary brain. These are his ministering spirits, the companions of his exile. His dwelling is less among the living than the dead. In the silence of the sepulchre, among the pale nations of the tomb he ventures his unballowed presence, where the worm and the sleeper alone have right to enter. He calls up spirits from the "briny deep" to reveal the secrets garnered in the chambers of her dark domain.

More dreary than the scenes among which it dwells, is the bosom which such a mind inhabits—less troubled is the sea when tempests sweep its waters from their coral beds, to meet and mingle with the clouds, than such a mind when the tumult of thought is stirred within. It is a pestilence of the soul, and its victims are innocence and peace. Its influence on the moral feelings is most appalling. It is *this* which changes the high and generous sensibilities of man into the withered feelings of *misanthropy*. It engenders suspicion, malevolence and distrust towards all—from the all-pervading *Deity*, to the frail creatures of his power. Such was the character of the impassioned Rousseau. His soul was warm and noble;—originally formed to exercise the purest and kindest affections. But they were blighted by the heat of his fevered brain. Had he cherished the generous promptings of his heart—had he communed more with men and less with his disordered mind—had he lavished the warm sympathies of his nature on *real* and not *imaginary* objects, and learned to pity and alleviate human wretchedness, his brow might have worn the wreath of a nation's gratitude, his memory would have received the blessings of a world. But his wild imagination, fostered by unceasing, solitary thought, rendered his heart a seared and barren waste,—the desolate abode of all-consuming melancholy and dreary skepticism. All nature was to him

"A vapor eddying in the whirl of chance,
Which soon should vanish everlastingly.
Others the streams of pleasure troubled much,
He toiled to dry her very fountain head!"

Whence gathered Byron the gloomy magnificence of his skeptic soul? It was in solitary communion with his own distempered mind. He first learned in solitude to hate mankind—and to doubt the existence of the Deity, and then went forth to disgorge the turbid waters of his soul.

Such were GIBBON and VOLTAIRE—whose giant minds strove,
“Titan-like on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which could call down thunder,
And the flame of heaven”

But even when her darkest drapery is thrown around her, the imagination discovers her high original. She is a part of mind—an emanation of Deity. Her home immensity—her dwelling the Universe.

MATTERS OF THE HEART.

No passion possesses a higher and more uncontrollable influence over the conduct and feelings of mankind, than—*love*. Poetry, romance, and every tale of fiction is filled with it. You can scarcely read a newspaper, without being sickened with lover's dreams, and sighs, heart-pantings, palpitations, tremblings and fears; crimson blushes, crystal tear-drops, and a world of sweet and tender sufferings, to which the young sentimentalist—the dignity of the heart—has—alas!—subjected our unhappy race!

This ruling passion, runs through most of the productions which daily issue from our stated press. The earliest flights of fancy paint to our view some blushing fair; and the first effusions of the infant muse are breathed in the soft accents of love. Oh! the honied sweets of moonlight kisses, plighted vows, united hearts, and tender partings! Oh! the remembrance of “joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul!” These are the sentiments, which will secure to the fortunate author, eternal renown; these the works, our “rising hopes,” our embryo great men delight to honor. Talk good, sound, common sense, and you may perhaps delight the gray-headed father, who stands trembling with one foot already in the grave, and the other longing to follow it;—usher into the world an *Essay on Domestic Economy*, and the duty of providing against the wants of old age, and you will, doubtless, meet the views of some wrinkled miser, brooding over his hoarded gold; trumpet forth the praises of prudence and charity, and you may expect, that the withered spinster, from whose unmarried soul, the last ray of hope has been forever excluded, will endure calmly

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and quietly your much speaking, and, perhaps, even acknowledge, that her wintry heart has been warmed by your ardor, and cheered by your wisdom ; and, would she speak the truth, *consoled too, wonderfully consoled*, by your hintings, and surmisings, and fearings, and hopings-for-the-best, with regard to the rising generation.

But what of the rest ? Would you gain their favor ? Do you wish the flower of the age to do you reverence ? Ah ! then, forget not the consecrated shrine of beauty—

———“the tear, the sigh,
The sideway glance, the flashing eye.”

It is really curious to look abroad into the world, and see mankind as they are. What is the subject on which they converse with the greatest interest and ease ? I mean, not those merely, who are confined within the walls of a city, but the happy thousands who are scattered over our green fields, our pastures and forests. Why, to be sure, it is sublime indeed ! It is—*love*. The small talk of a village courtship—of vows, and broken hearts, and marriage, secures to them an earthly heaven ! I have known some happy spirits, who could sit for hours, when no other amusement presented, and talk of the *winkings* and *squintings*, they had lately been so eagle-eyed, as to detect between some innocent couple, who, in *truth*, were as ignorant of each other, as of the fate-telling friend, who had foreseen and been so kind *as* to reveal their future union. No matter, whether the parties concerned are mere children, or approaching to the age of Methuselah, they *must* be “*in love*.” It is so decreed by fate, and that decree seems to be irrevocable.

The infant scarcely escapes the confinement of his mother's arms, before he is taught to fix his eyes, not to say his heart, upon some fair flower, and talk of her as his intended wife. The schoolboy is not blind to the charms of beauty. Even before he has learned his punctuation, or toiled through the dull sameness of his spelling-book, he finds, that other thoughts, than those of the task assigned him, engross too much of his attention, in spite of the surly look and the wrinkled brow of the village pedagogue, or even the terrors of the well known birch, as it whistles over his receding head. With all the ardor of a romantic hero, he figures to his youthful imagination, the far distant, but blissful period, when his *Ann*, or his *Julia*, shall be his own forever. Even the most awkward clown, who delves all day long in the ditch, and at night creeps into a log cabin, to shelter him from the chills of Autumn, is unable to forget, for a

whole week to come, the sensations excited in his breast on Sunday, by the plump cheeks, and mellifluous voice of a buxom servant lass. In short, wherever there is a "*Misse Dinah*," there is a corresponding "*Sambo*;" and our maiden aunts,—I beg pardon, I mean Fate, has decreed, that, "*they twain be one flesh*."

Now we do not deny that it is a very fine thing to be *occasionally in love*,—it makes one so poetical and sentimental! But to be *forever in love*, is an exceeding grievance. Still worse is it, since *love* is a "*matter of the heart*," to be deprived of our free agency, and be obliged to suffer others to choose for us, when none are capable of understanding the "*circumstances*" which affect the choice, so well as ourselves. To be delivered from this inconvenience, we make the following proposition.

Ho! all ye bachelors and maids, matrons and fathers, young men and young women: Whereas, we have hitherto been much annoyed by your interference with our *love* affairs: whereas, you are disposed to pick for us sunflowers, where we would cull roses, and to infringe upon our right of free will and free agency: and whereas, our protestations have hitherto been disregarded, we do hereby, for the sake of freedom and peace, make known to you, that it is our intention, at some future period, to wive—even; and when that time approaches, we do hereby promise, that, on condition you will permit us to enjoy the society of the *ladies* unmolested, we will give you all reasonable notice of our "*success*," and allow you, without resistance on our part, the exquisite pleasure of spreading the report, that we are *engaged*.

O. P. Q.

WILLIAM TELL.

"Oh! dwells there, Freedom, on thy freest hills;
 'No burning soul t'avenge a nation's ills?
 'Is justice fled from dark oppression's reign,
 'And mercy on the shrine of vengeance slain?
 'Shall licensed murder crimson every vale,
 'And through the land resound the widow's wail?
 'Can oft mock'd heav'n wink at the tyrant's guilt,
 'Leave unavenged the blood that he has spilt?
 'In midday feasts he plays the sumptuous king,
 'With midnight glee he joins the revellers' ring,
 'Blood dyes the clay at morn and set of sun,
 'While spirits shriek—"The work is scarce begun."
 'Oh! can it be, that nature's free-born men
 'Can hug their chains within the hungry den,
 'Their wives and children to the monster give,
 'Then yield their lives for having dared to live;
 'Dream of bright days, and yet consent to die,
 'Without the record of a single sigh?
 'Can they endure blood-nursed oppression's stings,
 'And float through life like stupid, senseless things?
 'Let stinging shame their alject foreheads burn,
 'Their offspring's blush console the blushing urn.
 'Oh! lives there none, whose long imprison'd wrath
 'Shall crush the tyrant in his bloodiest path?
 'Spirits of darkness o'er our mountains roam,
 'And freedom weeps in exile from her home.
 'I have a soul, an injur'd soul within,
 'Deep sear'd, and blasted by another's sin;
 'And ne'er will I forgive the guilty one,
 'Who bids the father slay his infant son!
 'Come, soul of murder, grant thine oft-ask'd power,
 'Life of a day, and vengeance of an hour;
 'Nerve my weak arm, direct the feathered steel,
 'And bid the demon from his footstool reel.
 'For this *I'll* toil, and still secure of this,
 '*I'll* own my joy, and crave no higher bliss!"

Yes, Freedom's son, thy country's highest pride,
 Thou man of blood, to guilt still unallied,
 The world shall give thee tribute of applause,
 And willing own the justice of thy cause.
 Thy flame of glory o'er thy bed shall wave,
 Pure as the snow, and hallow'd as the grave.
 Thy own bright spirit patriots' hearts shall warm,
 And ride triumphant through the battle storm.
 Ye men, who writhe beneath a tyrant's chains,
 Let not despair beget acuter pains;
 For, when on earth, the night of slavery fell,
 Freedom still lived, and fled to WILLIAM TELL.

MISERIES OF WEARING A BEARD.

Messrs. Editors :—I well recollect, when I was young, (which by the way, was a long time ago,) what emotions of joy filled my breast, as I contemplated the period when the soft down which fringed my cheek should be transformed into a *beard*. I smiled as I thought of the air of consequence with which I would, then, enter the barber's shop—utter the cabalistic words 'shave me'—throw myself into the high backed chair and undergo the tonsorial operation. I am conscious that I was not singular in my aspirations, and that every urchin eagerly looks forward, from the time he is ten years old, to that happy period when he can claim consanguinity to the goat kind. And this is not to be wondered at—for in the mind of the precocious youth, whiskers are connected with all that is manly—grand—courageous—sublime or *savage* in man; he sees a pair of bushy whiskers adding consequence to the wearer, commanding the universal respect of man and *womankind*, while the (as he is pleased to consider him,) unfortunate person, whose face is as smooth as a hen's egg, "remains a mark, for scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at." But to return to myself. Being thus stimulated with an eager desire of wearing a *beard* upon my chops—I spared no pains, left no method untried by which I might raise a luxuriant pair of whiskers. Bear's, British and Macassar oil, Aqua Tonsoris—Oil Soap and Razors were all put in requisition, and oh! (*'mens horrescit referens!'*) I succeeded. My *beard* did not come upon me with a slow and gradual step like other *mens'*—but it all at once burst upon me like a thunderclap; and I awoke one morning and found myself (not as Byron found himself,—famous,) but I found myself *pilosus*. But I soon discovered that it had been far better for me had I been blessed with no greater quantity of hair on my face, than there is on my heel.

My *beard* I found far from being a pleasing accompaniment to the chin. You, gentlemen, will be better enabled to sympathise with me, in my unfortunate condition, after having some description of my *barbarous* appendage. Did you ever see one of that class of quadrupeds noted for rooting with the snout, that had his corporeal frame covered with a fine growth of *black bristles*? If you have, you know how stiff these *bristles* are,—well, my *beard* is as much more stubborn than these, as these than the down on a green gosling's back. Its growth is so rapid, that, in order to appear decent before

the world, I am obliged to perform the tonsorial operation, at least, once a day, and, on important occasions, twice. I once endeavored to ease my troubles by submitting my face to the barber, but—oh horrors! how he mangled me! I grinned under the operation till I was utterly chagrined; and at length, on the fellow's muttering something about my ruining all the razors in his shop, I jumped from the chair, and, half shaved and half butchered as I was, rushed into the street, where the blood, flowing from a dozen wounds and mingling in delightful contrast with the pure white of the barber's suds, formed a most dolorous spectacle. Since that unfortunate catastrophe, I have kept clear of these Knights of the razor, having sagely concluded that it is better to butcher myself than to pay another person for doing it, and allowing him to pull my nose, in the bargain.

I next purchased a pair of tweezers, and endeavored to pull my tormentors out by the roots, but, by the phiz of me, I could not stand it—I had not the stoicism of the Indian; and, although I succeeded in dislodging the enemy from a position they had taken at the extremity of my chin, I thrice fainted under the operation, and was at last obliged to abandon the attempt as '*a visionary project*!' It was like striving to root up some gigantic oak or lofty elm, that has for many years held firm possession of a rugged, rocky soil.—The only resource now left was to endure, daily, the pain of cutting it off—but I could not endure the thoughts of being forced to this, and I, at length arrived at such a pitch of desperation that I entertained serious thoughts of applying my razor to the bisection of the carotid artery, and thus, like Sampson of old, destroy the enemy, though I perish in the ruins. I was prevented from this rash act by accidentally seeing a razor-strap advertised in the public prints, backed by numerous highly respectable testimonials, which affirmed that, through the agency of this wonderful strap, every unlucky wight like myself might overcome the most intractable beard. Alas! little did the inventor think of its ever having to contend with such a grove of wires as graced my face. However I procured one; and, before it had been in my possession an hour, found occasion to make trial of its vaunted efficacy. I had been invited to an evening party, (for, I do sometimes venture into ladies' society, though all my friends hav'nt found it out yet;) well, I had been invited to a party, and the first thing necessary in preparing myself for the occasion was to barberize. Oh! '*comæ steterunt*,' at the thought. I made vigorous application, for half an hour, of my razor to my

'patent elastic strap'—I heated my water to the highest degree—lathered my phiz with my 'approved patent shaving soap,' applied with a patent brush—raised my 'Roger's patent razor' to my face—drew it gently, but firmly downwards—all's well, thought I, and proceeded—but, *miseracordia!* every step, or rather every hair I proceeded, troubles thickened upon me—I cut on—I sneezed—next followed horrible contortions of countenance—a groan—a shriek—a yell—I flung my razor from me in despair, and faint and bleeding, spent the evening in my room, reflecting on the pleasures I had lost on account of my infernal beard. I need not tell of the other thousand and one evils I experience from day to day—I need not tell how, upon the recommendation of some newspaper scribbler, I was fool enough to apply potash to my face, which took off the skin wherever it touched; and, although it had no effect upon my beard, it left my face in so tender and sensitive a state, that, for more than a month, I could bring nothing of the razor genus within three feet of it—indeed, I need not write another syllable, in order to persuade precocious youths to beware how they aspire after a beard, or to convince you that I am miserable.—Surely, if any one merits the epithet '*misererrimus*' inscribed on his tomb—I am the man.

My object in addressing you at this time is, to obtain sympathy, that some one of my fellow Yankees may be excited to turn his attention to the subject, and rack his brain in inventing a machine capable of subduing the most incorrigible beard. I *did* invent one myself, but the confounded thing, the first time I tried it, sliced off the end of my nose—so I abandoned it—but I sincerely believe that whoever should succeed in perfecting such a machine would be a philanthropist of the most exalted kind, and rank with a Howard—a Wilberforce, and I had almost said—an Owen.

S. A. B.

INSANITY.

We are not writing a treatise on Pathology, or prescribing a regimen for the Maniac ; this is the prerogative of the physician. Yet while this enemy is making depredations in the dominion of thought, we may at least *lock on*, and communicate the result of our observations. Insanity is a mind in ruins. By its operations the brightest intellects have been suddenly hurled from day to darkness, and all that adds dignity to human nature is at once blotted from existence. Concerning most matters of consideration, every discovery lends its quantum of testimony to strengthen some established principles ; but in relation to this curious subject, every fact darkens the night of uncertainty in which it is enveloped, and only serves the more deeply to bewilder and mislead us. This affection is developed under circumstances as numerous and unlike as the countless combinations of associated thought ; sometimes but one class of impressions refuse obedience to the will—these suddenly branch off into a dreamy region, where not a gleam of reason beacons the wildness of its gloom. At other times the mind is wholly abandoned to its hallucinations, uninfluenced by any considerations which the senses, or the understanding of others, may communicate. Like the transient gleam of the expiring taper, it now and then shoots forth a beam of reason, but its flickering blaze only imparts a deeper shade to the returning darkness.

The instinct, which man possesses in common with the animal creation, is soon merged in the light of reason and nearly extinguished ; take from him, therefore, intelligence, and you sink him far below the brutes which surround him. Were he merely shut out from the light of intellectual day, the condition of the Maniac would be tolerable ; but he is still wedded to all the powers of undying existence—convulsed and thrown into disorder, though they may be, yet they are often quickened into the most painful collision. The bewildered traveller describes, in the uncertain distance, the fitful gleam of the ignis fatuus, and he summons all his energies to extricate himself from his forlorn condition.—The deceptive meteor recedes from his advancing footsteps, till he is conscious that he is chasing a phantom. Not otherwise, the Maniac pursues through the wildest extravagance, some vision of the imagination—some fictitious impression ; with a conviction of its reality which no facts can alter, and no reasoning obliterate. The transition from the

reign of reason, to the darkness of idiocy, is often fearfully rapid. The mind, by one precipitous plunge, has left the rank of intelligent beings—the gloom of midnight palls the light of noon-day—and no lingering twilight remains as a fading memorial of its departed brightness.

Minds which have never been highly cultivated, are not so much exposed to this malady. It is only in the region of strong thought that the intellect acquires such ungovernable powers. The current of a gentle river is easily resisted by the impediments which nature or art may have thrown in its way ; but the foaming torrent, as it sweeps down the mountain's side, bids defiance to the most formidable obstacles which man can oppose to its fury. Thus the intellect, whose energies have been exalted by discipline and use, has acquired a momentum which nothing can resist, and over which the will may easily lose its control. Feeble minds may sometimes give way under the influence of severe moral causes ; for no man is placed at such a remove from the ills of life, that misfortune cannot reach him ; or that disappointment may never obtrude its "croaking voice" upon his ear, and rouse to phrenzy his stupid intellect. In such instances, it is usually the result of accident ; but what these fortuities are to an inactive mind, ordinary employment is to a perfectly trained intellect. It struggles with gigantic thoughts, and often unequal to the contest, yields to the intensity of its own action.

Of all the miseries with which human life is beset, mental derangement alone is excluded from the sympathies of man. Let disease seize the body, and mankind are quick to feel for the sufferer and take measures for his relief. Let misfortune darken the prospects of him who had been long the child of promise and of hope, and every heart around him participates in his calamity, and contributes to blunt the keenness of his sorrow. But let the intellect be thrown into disorder, and the victim is at once cast out of the sphere of human regards—the common current of human sympathy stagnates—and he is consigned to a cheerless existence, unpitied and unrelieved. Many splendid intellects have withered from the world, which under efficient and skillful treatment, might have blessed mankind. The very means which have been applied to remedy the evil, have often stamped upon it a permanent and incurable character. Not till within a moderate period, have the evils of insanity made any impression upon the public mind. Hitherto

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the treatment of the insane, has differed but little from that of the culprit. As if delirium were a *crime*, whenever the unfortunate sufferer has approached its fearful penumbra, chains and the dungeon have been the grand catholicon. The efforts which are now made to alleviate this form of wretchedness, but poorly meet the exigencies of society. There are individuals in almost every community, suffering under this malady, in its incipient stages perhaps, yet under circumstances preëminently calculated to "quench the faint spark of reason, and consign them to a lengthened night of mental darkness."

J.

REFERENCE ROMANCE,

OR

NOTES FOR A NOVEL.

Founded on Fact.

It was the soft hour of lovely and super-glorious sunset. Fast faded the resplendent tippings of the dying day, from the far peaks of the melting mountains, which, slowly sinking from the enamored and lingering clasp of the tardy sunbeams that perched them there, ere they spread their little pinions for an upward flight into the cerulean expanse, seemed gathering about their shaggy forms the darksables of a weeping widowhood, as the mists of night curled stillily up their gray old flanks and the rich droppings of an Hermonian dew fell weepingly on the witchery of the scene, in grief, it may be, that a world so bright should be shrouded in the desolate folds of darkness; or in deep, still joy, perchance, at the nuptials of irradiant Day, as he led to the altar tops of the mellow mountains the tawny but deep blushing Twilight, step-cousin to the visionless Erebus. The owl had thrice hooted from the tottering turrets of the time-ruined tower, while, symphoniously with the softened strains of a viewless harp that poured its wild, seraphic minstrelsy through the lonely glen, chimed bassly in the sympathetic guttural of the neighboring marsh, as its pleased choristers came bubblingly up from their deep alluvial chambers, and trilled forth the deep ecstasy of their distended bosoms, when broke on their emerging vision the full glory of the scene. The translucid and pellimpid creek, in quaggy majesty and the calm sublimity of muck, rolled silently by its rich

store of congregated floods. Close from its sloping bank leaned forth sad clusters of sweeping willows, their lowly bent branches rippling mournfully in the current; while in their rear, beneath a line of giant centenarian elms that held stern watch over the royal rest of the subjacent farmyard, smiled out, in wealth of loveliness and sylvan enchantment, a lowly, moss-roofed, and ivy-porched cot! Oh! dead-souled, &c. must he be, o'er whose woe-written brow such scene can bring no smile, such paradise no pleasure!—*Item: Bring in a hero hereabouts.*—Above, in stellar glory, wheeled on the superterranean vault, here, pathed with brightness by the commingling radiance of conglomerated worlds—there, palely glowing at the sweet conference of the sister Seven. Around, the sleep of nature and the hush of night.—*Diluted, and spliced with a rhapsody on Orion and the Pleiades, the above will suffice for the first two chapters.*

In the stillness of that hour, through the thick dusk that fled reverently from its seraph presence, a light form was seen floating along, like so much bodied air, so ethereal were its movements as it glided down the proud beach, now hid by the trunk of an envious elm, now flashing forth on the sight, a white arm ever-and-by-and-bye waving out o'er the mirroring waves. Suddenly a voice of witching sweetness went dancingly over the waters, in all the rich melody of good singing. 'Tis she—'tis she! I know her by that plaintive lay. The cold—cold world has crumpled all up the lily-leaf sympathies of her stricken soul. Her thoughts are far away, with him—the young, the gallant Shæubil Goff, the hero of her soul. Here came he to the lovely maid, when last these willow buds were in the pussy velvet, and with sad voice he cried, 'I go, sweet Dolaminta, but soon will I return.' Then bending o'er her drooping form, he kissed her rosy lips and departed. Now sits she pale and sighing on the cold, damp shore, and, weary o'the world, she pours her sorrows forth in soft spontaneous poetry, all set to saddest airs. She sings! hold! barbarous spheres, she sings; and as she sings, 'tis thus:—

Oh! there sleepeth a sigh
When the heart beateth high,
That soon shall awake for the woe that is nigh;
And the laughing eye
Not long shall be dry,
Of the tear that telleth of joys gone by.

Hark! 'tis the rattling of the thunderbolt! Far in the distant west the Storm-god lifts his dark crest over the hills, and growls harsh

muttered warning to the quiet vale. The nightingale stops short in her plaintive lay, and speeds with swiftest wing to deeper groves. The alligator plunges sullenly in the lagoon; the hyena and the hare rush howling to their covert. Fly! fly! angelic Dollaminta Brock! or soon thine auburn locks of raven gold shall be the sport of the rude-fingered blast. Alas! she notes it not. Thou bellowing storm! thou bolt! ye hurtling elements, and thumping drops! shame of your baffled might! she heeds you not, for the image of him that is gone is with her.—Now swift the dark clouds rushed through all the upper air; blotted are the twinkling luminaries from the firmamental concave; flash from the lurid clouds red fiery daggers of electric death; rattles the thunder, and bubbles the boiling stream. And there she sat on a tree-top, jutting o'er the creek, with her sweet elbow leaned on a dry limb, holding her interesting countenance in her hand. Oh! the strength of the young heart's first, warm, plighted love!—*Here insert an apostrophe to the winged god.*—More madly raves the ripening tempest now, and still she holds her seat. Maid of the faithful heart and fearless soul, come from thy peril now to the hall of thy father's hut, for the night winds are cold on thy cheek, and thy curls are wringing wet. Why droops her head on her snowy breast, as the sun-flower to the setting sun? Why nods she, even as the withy willow, leaning more and more on that yielding limb? Ah! see! it turns—it bends! Oh! maid, thou canst not sleep, at such an hour as this? Wake! wake! ere—crack! splash! There, I told you 'twould break.—*Here a dying speech.*—List! 'tis the trample of a flying steed! Leaped from his back the rider swift, and plunged into the wave. * * * *

'Twas now deep midnight's darkest hour. The storm was stilled and the glad stars, looking forth from the portals of the sky, winked smilingly to the night-veiled earth. For some three hours had Col. Zerubbabel Brock and Christy Jane, his wife, been snoring in full connubial concert. Snip too was snoozing in the corner, and Tabby in the chair, on the matron's folded robes. A loud rap at the door broke on the deep silence, and went echoing through all the slumbering halls of the cot. The mastiff, turning a quick somerset, roared through the frightened room, with snarls of a thousand murders from his ruby lips. Outright the gallant Brock leaped from his lowly couch, nor stayed though, at his side, swooned in her balmy sleep his well-beloved spouse. Darkly, but with haste right hot, he drew his galligaskins on—buckled his kersey to his stalwart form—then, wielding in his hand a giant chair, took seat, and bade to

'come.' He came—'twas Shæubil Goff—it was, and under his arm he bore the dripping Dollaminta. "Sire of the blue-eyed nymph," he cried, "see here the wreck of beauty and the crush of dress! In yon dark stream I reckless plunged. Though o'er my boot-tops rolled the yelling floods, I drew her thence. Oh! no, I ask no words of glowing gratitude—'twas but a simple act—nay, say no more of that, for I am thrice repaid." Meantime returning darts shot forth from the maiden's cruel eye. She rose, and weeping viewed her sadly soiled robes; arranged her jetty locks, then hastening threw her grateful arms round her deliverer's neck. ****.

By the fitful flashing of the few expiring brands that still burned in the other room grate of Zerubbabel's mansion, might be seen, one Sunday night, the hands of the family clock in that juxtaposition, wherein from the more protracted one that pointed to the zenith, the horal hand made such departure to the right, as with it angle formed of 30 broad degrees. In sooth, 'twas one o'clock. Here sat my hero, there my heroine; and, between, the sweet crickets were congregated from all the rickety hearth, and with shrill chirrup minstrelsy, were sunning themselves before the fire. "How strange," quoth Shæubil, "'tis, that these same interesting specimens of the entomological economy should seinimonthly hold their conference around this fire! There is a couple," said he, pointing with the poker, "in whose cricket souls I could imagine had long burned the pure and quenchless flame of eternal affection; and they seem about to come to a mutual explanation of —." "Oh! urge rue not," cried the blushing Dollaminta, starting from a deep drowse, in which she had but imperfectly heard the few last words of the sentimentalising Goff, "name not your hapless suit; 'tis vain. Alas! 'tis ever thus. Fate thwarts most tender souls." "Adored Dollaminta, let me explain my —" "Oh! no, 'tis but too plain. Alas! that we did ever meet! Yet hear. An insurmountable obstacle opposes our union. For twice ten rushing years I've seen 'men prove deceivers ever.' And in an evil hour I said—Ah! say, didst thou record that vow, winged son of the Cyprian queen?—Had you not better travel? Oh! fly forlorn through earth's remotest lands, and forget your unhappy passion for me, ill-fated maid." * * * *

One bright afternoon in May, just before tea-time, a gathering was seen to Col. Brock's mansion. I entered with the rest. In the farther end of the room, after a conversation that had evidently been very interesting, the Dominie, *Mr. Goff and Lady*, were just

taking seats. I saw nothing of an altar, but the parson had just put something into his pocket ; it might have been that. Nothing was said of insurmountable obstacles—the cake was passed, and I walked away ruminating thereon, whittling my orange cane, and resolving.

T. L.

N. B. The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance he derived, during his work, from many distinguished novelists, both of past and present times.

THE WORN-OUT MARINER.

He sought his island home again,
 A shattered exile from the main.
 Here had his childhood loved to dwell ;
 And here his pulses learned their swell,
 When, driving o'er the darkened sea,
 He heard the breeze sing wild and free.
 And here his infant arm would guide
 The mimic barque along the tide,
 Or toy with surges on the shore,
 Like playmates, met and matched before,
 And when, remeasuring the main,
 His vessel homeward veered again,
 With swimming eye his manhood knew
 Those island tops of distant blue.
 And hither, worn with toil and time,
 The wreck of his proud spirits prime,
 He seeks with sudden'd heart once more
 The refuge of his island shore.
 That land the stranger's eye might love
 With its green height and crowning grove,
 And, round, the circlet of the sea,
 With choirs of rippled minstrelsy.
 But for that out-worn mariner,
 It held a charm of power to stir
 A deeper thrill, while round him came
 Visions of vanished power and fame.
 For in the breeze that revel'd by,
 The stirred waves lifting broad and high,
 He heard the sailor's merry shout
 O'er the glad deep ring bravely out.
 And, ere the sea-bird's boding cry
 And landward wing told tempest nigh,
 He read its tokens in the sky ;
 With nerve renewed, and weakness fled,
 His vessel's deck he seemed to tread ;
 Heard in the shrouds the tempest sing,
 And signal tones in terror ring ;

Again the shivering helm he held,
And mark'd the wave that madd'ning swell'd,
Back rushing wildly from his prow,
In conquered foam lie coiled below.
For his stern spirit loved to feel
The barque beneath his footsteps reel;
And as it flung its beak on high,
Careening as the blast swept by;
Then, fiercely grappling with the sea,
Tossed high the surf in very glee,
The quickened pulse around his heart
Claimed proudly in the strife a part.

His life had been of stir and toil,
And ill he brooked to tamely coil
Within his cabin thus, and see
Glad sails sweep by him far and free,
And hear the drowsy sailor's song
Steal o'er the waters, chanted long.
In many a land his step had been,
And oft would memory wake again
Some soft strange tongue, or citted shore—
The sight, the sound he knew before.
And though around him rolls the foam,—
His boyhood's mate, his manhood's home;
Though shore, and height, and island air
Are still, as ever, soft and fair;
His restless spirit fain would feel
Its wonted *bliss of action* still;
And pines that now, but thought may tell
Of the stern life he loved so well.
So, flung from ocean to the rock,
The wreck of some wild tempest shock,
No more to lift its bannered prow
In pride, when smother surges flow,
Nor battle with the stormy main,
And bide its buffetings again,
The gallant barque, its voyage run,
Moulders and bleaches in the sun.

He, to whom life has been a *sleep*
Of nerve and spirit—he may creep
With stirless blood into his grave,
And rest from pulse and breathing crave.
Go, bid the eagle bear his chain,
When his own tempest sweeps the air;
Soothe the caged lion, when his brain
Holds image of his desert lair;
And they may hear; but not the soul
That once hath quit it for the goal.
Rouse once the spirit from its rest,
Bid it its birthright freedom taste,
And it will *act* while it shall be,
Ceasing but with Eternity.

REMARKS ON HUMAN INSTITUTIONS.

No, TALARI, it is not a hypochondriac soul that sours my sluggish blood—no murmur now escapes my breast, no simpering moan for harshness suffered, no inflicted wrongs, excite one angry feeling, wake one vengeful passion. Yet I do feel—and that's contempt, for these, my fellows, kindred flesh; who, yoked with iron to the idol car of Folly, become the mere images of men, the phantasms of their former state, the sport of caprice, the feathers in the whirlwind—for you, and those whose lives are devoted to the petty gratification of sating that little, borrowed pride, which, stunted and sickly as it is, seems the end of life, the object of chief desire, the testing quality, betwixt honor and shame, worth and worthlessness. Nay, smooth that brow, and curb your half-souled, quick-sparked passion, for this betrays thee; and bear, though my brain should void such stings as make ye wince, and stirs a once lively, now morbid sensibility; till your past life is loathsome, a scourge, the cause of recollections hot, and shaming.

Despise me, Soneral, you, whom I slight, scorn, trample,—who, wrapt in your own selfishness, cannot extend a thought to those who dare to cross the circle of your daily walk, and with your mightiest mental effort cannot comprehend why society should be preserved, order reign, or distinction exist. Whose eyes, purblind by these petty notions of utility, can see no beauty, no propriety in the institutions, and practice of all, who inherit with you the common, and particular enjoyments of life; accounting all as lost, baselessly squandered, that ministers not to prime necessity! Throw off these retarding shackles; give scope to your ideas; let human nature govern you, and no longer will your notions be cooped within the limits of some heart-bound self-tormentor, for the veriest trifle in your calendar of propriety. Do not suppose we can readily comply with your notions, of levelling all rank, all grades, all distinctions. Ugh! stagnant equality spreads the lividness of death over the world—it fixes forever every gradation of exertion, and the delights of every class.

Away, Talari! with those miserable whims of sophistry. Would you acknowledge a superiority not founded on merit? Will you patronize the many gross follies and absurdities of the prevailing customs, and institutions; and still maintain the exploded notion,

that they are the most efficient stimulus to exertion! Is the spirit of the community indeed so narrow, so destitute of enlarged generosity as to need the interference of motives positively unworthy of man? This was an unwary confession, that showed the folly which reigns throughout the various ranks of life. Here stands the fierce and right-onward declaimer; no wire-drawn distinction, no nice discrimination of correctness, can prevent his rushing to his most veritable conclusion! Hear his bursts and blasts of eloquence! See the energy of countenance, and flashing of his lighted eye! Grant him Oratorical; but passion plunges him into follies, and inconsistencies irritating to any mind, but doubly so to his, who vexed with himself, and laboring with his might, is exhausted by attempts futile and rash, to compass his end, while the auditors sit with composed indifference beneath all his thunder, or send their piquant glances to his inmost bosom. He is not, however, the only devotee of folly, nor is this the only method of displaying it with effect. The grave philosopher is lost, at times, in the sublime speculations of his own mighty genius, yet his elevation is prepared that by one digression his fall may be more fatal, and show how closely foul disgrace may attend the enjoyment of the highest honor. The mind loves to sport with folly, as the whelp with a serpent, but its touch is as dangerous, its sting as deadly. No order, no class, or rank are exempt from its influence. Alike it invades the recess of every breath, exhaled each moment, or settling into confirmed principles, it becomes the most prominent trait of man's character. Its spirit is developed in every action, sometimes dashing onward with resistless fury, sometimes calm and sedative, producing supineness and enervation.

There is a pestilence in the air we breath, contaminating the vital organs, diffusing its poison through the intellectual frame, and paralyzing every nerve. This is the unlimited, unresisted practice of servile imitation. Manners and morals, are alike manufactured at proper locations, and palmed upon the world with their respective sanctions, without the least attempt on its part to resist the offering, or to decide judicially upon their worth. No matter what character they assume, no matter what may be their effect, proper authority will insure them reputation, respectability, and general reception. And here, perhaps, is displayed more consummate folly than in any other practice, with the least common sense to plead for its justification. In obedience to this, the rich become bankrupts,

the poor, beggars, and all the recompense is popular clamor. Let this spirit become universal, let its windings be more deeply entwined in the affections of the human heart, and it must stifle every wish for manly independence, or self approved action. Fostered, it ramifies in ten thousand directions, pervading the whole mind. Man, under its most extended influence, is the creature of impulse, hurrying from stage to stage, until he has lost sight of true propriety, and feels the all-powerful enchantment of a vitiated, absurd taste. Obedience here, without reason, is a base desertion of the directions of reason, a substitution of the whims of fancy for mature judgment.

But these are not the only evils which may be expected and are felt from it. Time will not permit their enumeration. Immortal minds have been ruined by its sway, happiness destroyed, and bright hopes obscured. All feel it, yet all do not know it. It is the trade of the whole world, yet none will acknowledge it.

The learned and unlearned, severally in their spheres, exhibit it, commingling as it does in the practices of the wise and unwise, in the various institutions from the highest to the lowest grade, now boldly challenging utility and excellence, now in the soft raiment of a flatterer, now with the blandishments of an intriguer, insinuating itself into every circle, and consigning with circean skill our race to a peaceful, yet half matured existence.

Would we seek a remedy, it must be found in the deep, silent revolutions of thoughts, which shall affect the foundations of principles, clearing away whatever a gangrened sight may transform into beauty, however great its deformity. But the work should be performed. The foundation for vastly greater improvements would then be laid, and that eternal contest betwixt the promptings of generous views on the one hand, and the power of fashion on the other, would be forever quelled.

RATIONALE,

ROLAND CLAIR.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

I.

'Twas early autumn's eve, and from the West
 The mild red sun look'd out on all the blest ;
 O'er heaven spread his deep and mellowing glance,
 And brightly ting'd the blue and broad expanse ;
 While silvery clouds rest o'er the lighted space,
 And waste their beauty on his lovely face ;
 And the green earth sends back her varied hue
 To meet the splendors of the light he threw.
 Enchanting hour ! when sorrow flies away,
 And every passion hurries into play.
 But now its glow commingles joy and gloom,
 And throws its halo round a lonely tomb.
 The spotless marble met our wandering eye,
 Which none that knew, could pass unheeded by.
 'Yes,' said the maiden, 'there my brother sleeps,
 For whom full oft his lonely sister weeps.
 My father too, my mother, sister, all
 Lie there enshrouded in death's dreaded pall.'—
 She then rehearsed the sorrows of the dead,
 And all the woes that once their fortunes led,

II.

I'll tell her tale. It is not strange or long,
 And ill may seem to fit my storied song. *
 But our own mountains saw young ROLAND die,
 Our own sweet zephyrs breathed the mourning sigh
 And I love home ;—nor will the wide world range
 For high-wrought scenes, or marvellous, or strange.
 No ruined pile, or long deserted shrine
 Of Delphic wood, where sang the sacred Nine,
 No classic land that bounds Ægean seas,
 Or wilder spot amid their Cyclades,
 No Highland glen, or calm and crystal Loch,
 O'er whose bright wave is heard the shrill pibroch,
 Shall my dull soul arouse to music's play,
 Or tempt my lyre to chant her feeble lay.
 Have I no hallowed home, no native earth,
 Which oft to scenes as wild has given birth ?
 Why then should these, or Albion's ancient isle,
 Demand the tribute of a tear or smile ?
 Oh ! lovely Vale ! where clear Winooskie glides,
 And blends its waters from the mountain sides ;
 Where with its banks of deeply shaded green,
 Far up when first its limpid wave is seen,
 It wraps the fountains in its crystal bed,
 And calmly rolls, like spirits' gentle tread ;
 O'er thee are Nature's choicest beauties flung ;
 Yea ! thou art beautiful ! though rudely sung.

III.

Here lived the young, the buoyant **ROLAND CLAIR**,
 Around whose soul Love twined itself with Care ;
 And days of pleasure passed unnumbered by,
 While hope and gladness sparkled in his eye.
 Two lovely sisters cheered his early youth,
 All life and glee—all confidence and truth.
 They lit his brow with smiles, and beauty's flush,
 While graceful ringlets crowned the blooming blush;
 We called them lovely ; and they were, and true,
 And we will not withhold the tribute due.
 The sickly form of folly's vot'ry shines,
 And may deride our humble heroines,
 Whose life is passed within the rural dell,
 Unknown to airs and wiles, that mark the belle.
 But know,—earth's truest hearts—her brightest gems
 Are the chaste maidens of our mountain glens.
 And fairer none whom Nature doth adorn,
 Than those who were by wild Winooskie born.
 What though their steps ne'er tripp'd a Scottish heath,
 Or ne'er their brows were twined with Alpine wreath ?
 What tho' in streams, by which they may recline,
 No golden sands of classic Tiber shine ?
 Sweeter by far the breath of Western gales,
 Than sweetest zephyrs—sung in Eastern tales ;
 And purer far the waters of our rills,
 Than those that wind among Sicilian hills.
 And who of earth, can fairer daughters claim,
 Than they who share the peasant's humble fame.
 Green Mountain Maids ! not Byron's classic muse,
 E'en when distilled with Heaven's sweetest dews,
 Or when to Athen's maid he sung 'Farewell,'
 Could all your worth, or all your beauty tell.
 'Tis not the rosy lip, or sparkling eye,
 Or that sweet smile that loves o'er these to lie,
 That charms alone—but 'tis the heart within,
 Too blest to sigh, if not too pure to sin.

IV.

Filial Affection ! Pride and power of soul !
 The choicest gift in Heaven's golden bowl ;
 Thou art the joy of age, the star of youth,
 Religion's pride, and happiness, and truth !
 And thine it was this family to bless,
 Yea ! here thou reign'd'st in all thy loveliness.
 'No !' said Uira, 'ne'er can I forget
 When **ROLAND** smiled, and sang the sweet Annette.'
 They twined the wreath—they decked the rustic bower,
 And sailed upon the stream, at sunset's hour,
 Where from their course by human art restrained,
 The flowing waters are awhile retained ;
 And broad and calm becomes the rippling stream,
 Where star-lit scenes may catch their imaged beam.
 Then bounding o'er the precipice man has made,
 The stream glides on, and laves the silent glade ;

Far winding down amid the grassy vales,
 'Till mingling waters tempt the Western gales.
 The youth who roved upon the verdant shore,
 Deep felt the calm that spread the bright wave o'er.
 The father smiled—the mother breathed her prayer,
 And all a blessing asked, on ROLAND CLAIR.
 And must these pleasures flee? Alas! too true!
 A darker scene must thou, my muse, review.

V.

'Let ROLAND be called,'—cried loudly the sire,
 The dim eye of age was flashing with ire.
 The fair youth approached. Guilt sat on his brow,
 And feelings of love deserted him now;
 Nor would he reply.—'Thy doom then receive!
 No more my son—thou shalt tomorrow leave!'

Oh! cruel sire! thy son indeed hath erred—
 But 'twas the breath of passion—passion's word.
 'Stay, stay—dear father!' cried the loved Annette,
 'Condemn him not—he will repent it yet.'
 But tho' his earliest sin, yet all too late
 Repentance came. Unchanged is ROLAND's fate!

VI.

It is the hour of mingled shade and light.
 All now is hush'd, as if the bird of Night
 Had by her song to silence charmed the earth,
 Like that which reigned ere Nature had her birth.
 No wand'ring cloud conceals the starry crest,
 No hand of day breaks on the laborer's rest;
 Not e'en a zephyr breathes its magic word,
 Nor scarce the rustling of a leaf is heard.
 On this bright eve, the last he claims for home,
 He and his sisters from the cottage roam;
 And ling'ring still, like parting lovers, ride
 O'er the clear waters of Winooskie's tide.
 While trembling stars, and trees that shade the shore,
 With broken beams, succeed the light-struck oar.
 And there they stay'd, till all around them slept,
 We scarce know why—but this we know—they wept.
 Yes! ROLAND drop't the tear, and echo rung
 Back from the grove, as thus Uira sung:—

Brightest star, that decks the sky,
 Sweetest to thy vot'ry's eye
 O'er the waters gleaming;—
 Cheer the hearts that yield the sigh,
 When at eve thou soarest high,
 And guide us, brightly beaming.

Tho' the rose—the flowret's plume,
 Change its hue and sweet perfume,
 Its beauty all forgetting;
 Love's sweet buds more brightly bloom,
 When all else approach the tomb,
 And Fortune's sun is setting

No! tho' sorrows dark arise,
 True Affection never dies,—
 Her wand to life is given.
 Still we claim this blessed prize,
 This for which a seraph sighs,
 And angels love in Heaven.

VII.

Sweet notes of Love! The fairest heard and sigh'd,—
 The Orphean tones died sweetly o'er the tide.
 And fondlier still, the weeping children cling,
 And now, to drown their grief, again they sing.
 Of ROLAND's fault, the sisters then converse,
 Then all their gone-by joys and sports rehearse.
 But Oh! their doom! this bitter—bitter cup,
 Which by their father's wrath, was now filled up.
 And yet they cried—'We still that father love,'—
 And raised their prayer to Him who sees above.
 Again they weep. What purer love than this?
 The thrill of woe, is almost charged to bliss.
 Yea! sorrow's tears are gems of richest worth,
 And grief and love, blend all the sweet of earth.

VIII.

'Tis night—'tis morn, and Nature from her birth,
 With light and smiles comes bounding o'er the earth,
 As if her wand the mother's heart could cheer—
 Could bear the youth away, and stay the tear.
 Alas! not long she wept. He scarce had gone,
 Ere o'er her bier is sung the funeral song.
 So sorrow's tide o'er earthly pleasure flows,
 Till death breaks in, the fitful dream to close.
 Days roll'd away. The sisters were alone,
 And no kind stranger pass'd their rural home;
 No cheering note responded when they sigh'd,—
 And oft they wept as when their mother died.
 O'er heav'n may night her gems of beauty roll,
 But no kind beacon cheers the aching soul.
 Dark clouds arise, and o'er the forest sweep,
 But neither these their senses lull to sleep.
 They banish smiles—they seem to love their tears,
 While each to each relates her anxious fears.
 Oh! how the woes, that press the bursting heart,
 Love from the prison of the soul to part;
 And when in sister souls they find relief,
 How sooth'd is sorrow—how assuaged is grief!
 Who will deny this gift, earth's richest, best,
 That sighs and tears may meet another's breast—
 That heart in heart may pour its all of woe,
 Confide in that, which all itself may know.
 And frown'd their sire—yet scarcely aught he said;
 But there a withering heart might well be read.
 There seem'd an unruled chaos of the soul—
 A jar, a conflict, he could not control;
 Where struggling passions sometimes wildly fought,
 As if to rule the other, each one sought.

Thus the dark soul, as the swift-flying fleet,
Has raging storms and buffetings to meet.
And oh! how often, with a mountain's crash,
The vessel strikes, and waves upon it dash;
And to the depths of sorrow's sea consign
The child of Hope—the soul that seem'd divine!

IX.

Three years had roll'd their slow revolving round,
Since the fond mother slept beneath the ground.
Days passed away—month after month return'd,
But nought of ROLAND had the father learned.
There rose a storm.—The heavens blacken'd o'er,
And chilling winds swept up Winooskie's shore.
Three days and nights, the clouds still hover'd there,
Whose mists were mingled with the mountain air.
Down the wild steep the foaming surges dash,
And rocks are reft, and trees uprooted crash.
The streams now rush through all the mountain dells,
To meet the river, which each moment swells.
Again 'tis night, and darkness fills the vale,
While torrents swell and roars the heaving gale.
The sire looks out. The waters gather round,
And louder still send forth their sullen sound.
Commingle powers of elements and night.
Rage doubly dire! At length the morning light
Presents the horrid scene. On every side
The madd'ning stream rolls o'er the meadows wide;
Leaving between one lone—one sacred spot
A little isle, where stood that humble cot.
And there the sire, and there the daughters stood;
And gazed in horror, on the raging flood,
Which flocks bore down, and herds, and torn up trees,
And soon a floating house, the father sees!
Does no dread cry come o'er the rushing wave,
Of dying wife or children, none can save?
Alas! we nought can hear. The water's roar
Sends one unbroken sigh from shore to shore.*

X.

Oh! cheering sight! Who does not Heaven thank?
Lo! men are gathering on the distant bank.
And the light skiff is there, and 'who will ride?'
Is the loud cry that echoes, o'er the tide.
None dared the wave defy. 'What! none to go?
'Give me the oar. I dare the wherry row,'—
Exclaim'd a youth who just that moment came,
And seem'd to scorn their fear as coward shame.
With stalwart arm, and careful eye, he plies
The oar, and, stems the tide.—Uira cries
'Tis ROLAND. '—'ROLAND CLAIR!' responds Annetto,
'No, no—'tis not!'—Each eye is doubtful yet—

* Some of our readers will probably recollect the original scene, as it occurred in the *Freshet* of 1830.

Each breath is hushed. The tide bears down the boat.
 'He's gone!' 'Is't ROLAND?' 'No!'—The skiff's afloat—
 'He's safe—he's safe,' echoes from shore to shore,
 'Twas ROLAND CLAIR, whose form the waters bore.
 The sisters wept. 'Oh! haste!' the father cries,
 As he too wept—'speed—speed! for Life's the prize.'
 The girls are in the boat. No time is lost,
 But on the raging wave, they're wildly toss'd.
 'Oh! how unlike our last ride on the stream'—
 Quick spoke the youth, as hope again did gleam:
 'Ah! yes, dear brother,'—said the sweet Annette,
 And gave a sigh—her last—the boat's upset!

XI.

They well nigh reach'd the shore. But that wild wave
 O'ercome the pilot's skill;—'twas Annette's grave!
 Yet one did ROLAND save. Uira lives,
 And to a brother's love, her tribute gives.
 But shall the waves, round that dread isle, arise,
 And say of father too—'he dies!—he dies?'
 'No!' said the youth, 'no danger will I fear,
 'Tho' he disowned—he is my father dear.'
 And wildly in he plung'd—and strangely brave
 While all are horror-struck, the dashing waves.
 He swam—he sank—he rose—he caught a bough
 Of some reft tree the wave had buried now.
 Uira looks—no hope—she shrieks again—
 And cries 'Oh! ROLAND! Is it all in vain?'
 'Years have roll'd round since we were made to part,
 'And now thou com'st to die—to break my heart!'
 And the sad moanings of the lovely girl,
 Join'd with the roar of the dark torrent's whirl.
 And there his sire address'd him loud and long;
 And ROLAND answer'd. But the waves wild song
 Buried his voice. 'I love' was only heard,
 And this they say was ROLAND's dying word.
 He lost his grasp—he sunk beneath the surge,
 And waves dash'd on, and howl'd the dolorous dirge!

XII.

The sunset hour is pass'd, and twilight's close,
 Its cheerless rays o'er that pale marble throws.
 Lone one, and loved! with whom I linger'd here,
 Well may'st thou weep—well shed the sister's tear!
 And may not I the sigh of sorrow share—
 Yield my weak tribute too, to ROLAND CLAIR?

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BETTER OR WORSE, PROFITABLE OR DISADVANTAGEOUS,
THEY ARE BUT WHAT THEY ARE.—*Addison.*

ASSOCIATION.

THERE is a pleasure in contemplating some of the most common operations of the mind, and tracing, far as we may, the subtle chain of connection, by which, one after another, our thoughts are drawn into being. It affords us real gratification when we are able to mark this connection or secret affinity, by which one idea calls up another, and the power of causation which each proximate thought seems to exert in producing the one immediately subsequent. And though we cannot follow the mind through all its operations and feel that we have definitely ascertained the linking association of thought, yet even in our limited success, we shall reap assurance that it is not all a region of mystery and cloud in which the mind is wont to move. Perhaps nowhere is there a better opportunity furnished for observation of this kind than in common conversation. For here the mind, freely given up to the current of its associations, selects from these whatever are fitted to its purpose, and throws them forth, waymarks, as we may make them, by which to trace the course and progress of thought, and arrive at the secret springs which started them to life. It is much as we would trace backward the course of a rivulet that makes its way under the surface of the ground, and but here and there steals forth to the light and gives us token of its hidden path. We might not penetrate the secret of its many windings; a thousand turns would still escape us; but its general course would be revealed. And in the mind contemplating a given subject,

how many associations and suggestions may spring up, irrelevant to that subject, and therefore suppressed, we may not know ; while still the essential bond, which runs through all the train of thought and works throughout a pertinence and mutual dependence of ideas, may be, in good measure, made manifest.

If the mind were so constituted as to act upon subjects in an isolated and abstract manner ; if its conceptions were wholly independent of each other, associating with themselves no kindred or consequent ideas, then the desultory thinker, or speaker, or writer, might claim the sanction of Nature to his erratic productions, and we, as in duty bound, would patiently follow him whithersoever he might go. But Nature has not dealt thus : throughout the wide world of *things* she has instituted a close neighborhood of parts.—Look where you will, there is no one thing that does not touch another, each particle in this way supported, and supporting its fellow. Hence there is a difficulty, if not an impracticability of moving one atom without stirring another in its near vicinity. By the principles of association and affinity of ideas, the same constitution is effected in the world of thought ; with perhaps this difference, that, as they are more ethereal and more delicately interwoven among themselves, the component particles here (if we may apply the terms of matter to things intellectual,) are more susceptible of mutual affection than the grosser subjects of the material world. The analogy, to all essential purposes, is strict. One thought introduces another blended with it. One chord of the soul, smitten into vibration by the agency of perception or consciousness, thrills not merely throughout its own extent, but starts into vivid stir every analogous and kindred chord. Rouse one emotion within—one clear and definite idea, and at once the associated treasures of implied and appurtenant thought are quickened through all the chambers of the soul. Whatever that leading thought may need for support, expansion or elucidation, it may command, and the stored up, it may be till then unremembered, feelings of other days come again at its bidding, linked with it so closely they seem a part of itself. There may, and perhaps of necessity must be, a great diversity in minds in respect of the readiness or abundance of their associations : culture and attentive observation shall have endowed one mind with accumulations of beautiful images and remembrances, relations and dependencies, of which, in its neglect or dulness, another will not have dreamed. Yet no mind is without a share of these ; and no one of these can exist independent of another.

This excellent economy of association which obtains in the mind cannot be too highly appreciated. By it, our ideas are, as it were, classified and stored away for the hour of need, with a precision of arrangement so unerring as to preclude confusion and almost invest them with life and action independent of our own volition. Without this policy, the mind would be a chaos of disjoined and lawless fragments of thought, each, perhaps, beautiful by itself, but wanting that crowning lustre which associated and analogous thoughts would confer upon it. No one, who will watch for one moment the operations of his own mind, can be ignorant of the blessing momentarily conferred on us by this arrangement. One thought now does not flash solitarily across the brain, and then yield to another not only of no sensible connection with it, but wide perhaps from its scope as the wildest caprice can effect ; but, if the attention be duly fixed, thought induces kindred thought, till the subject of contemplation has exhausted the resources that pertain to it, and, flowing by an almost imperceptible transition into a contiguous channel, puts in requisition whatever of aid is treasured there. It is not merely by watching the heterogeneous flooding of ideas which rise unceasingly in the mind, and by now and then seizing, as it sweeps past, a haphazard thought that seems the one our reason tells us is wanted, that we work out something like a connected view of a subject; there is in prior impressions felt, or sentiments expressed, a something that calls up in the mind the thoughts and expressions needed. It is true, we seldom, if ever make indiscriminate use of all the ideas that pass through the mind, and in the very order in which they pass. The judgment must exercise a supervision over them, suppressing or sanctioning with irrevocable decision ; in starting the train also, and in giving direction to our thought, judgment may and should ever be employed ; but with the sequence of ideas it has little to do.

The thrilling effect, which some writers are eminent for producing, may, we imagine, be justly attributed to the perfect ease and nature and propriety of their associations. It is this which gives to certain works an eternity in men's praises, as preeminent for beauty of sentiment and sublimity of expression. This it is which gives to some writings that inspiration or subtler language of the heart, which breathes itself into other souls and takes strong hold of the kindred feeling that is lurking there. Names of writers distinguished for this quality every one can enumerate ; over whose pages how many a breath has been hushed, how many a pulse stilled, at the

perception of that living something—that body and fixture of ethereal thought, which the strong grasp of genius has caged in the lines of language.

If what has been said be true, nature stands vindicated from the charge of vagary in the operations of the mind. There is little venture in saying, that these operations, when natural, are always continuous and to the point under contemplation. Untrammelled with stiff rules—uncramped by affectation and desire of display, and bent with vigor to its work, the mind will do its duty. An effort may frequently be necessary to shut out impertinent trains of association, and to confine and task the mind to one, and the proper, course of thought ; and we have admitted that reason should direct that course, and give bent to the current of ideas. To judgment the helm, and trust to the tide for progress.

E. N.

A PASSAGE FROM MY DIARY.

25th MAY, —32. Little do they, who live on land, know the perils of the Sea. Storms of thunder may terrify them ; tempests of wind may tear away the roofs from their dwellings, and even level the dwellings themselves with the ground. But there is no yawning deep beneath them ; no angry billow ready to swallow them up. They snatch not at the falling rafters, nor cling, in the agonies of death, to the scattered tiles. If they succeed in escaping to a little distance from the crashing timbers, all danger is past. Not so when the tempest strikes the frail bark of the mariner. He lacks a resting place for his foot ; an unfathomed abyss gapes wide to receive him ; and he seizes the smallest fragment of his vessel, eager to preserve his life, although floating *alone* on the sea, three thousand miles, it may be, from land, and far from the reach of every human effort. How intense is the love of life ! there is no passion of the soul so mighty ; and who can describe its strugglings in the bosom of a man drowning on the ocean. Above is the roaring wind, and the flaming thunderbolt, and the black cloud obscuring the face of Heaven. Below and around is the deep, whose towering surges buffet his defenceless temples in sportive mockery, raising him now

to the clouds, and now thrusting him ruthlessly down a fearful chasm that closes on him forever.

The previous evening was spent in mirth, music and dancing. For the space of twenty four hours a calm had stilled the face of the deep ; and the scene which presented itself to us just before sunset was delightful. Numerous flocks of birds covered the sea in all directions ; the playful porpoise gamboled around us, and the setting sun, hanging a few yards from the surface of the ocean, in unclouded but serene majesty, seemed like a great eye placidly viewing our sports.

Thirty sail, with the British ensign flying at the topmast, were in sight, whose reverted images we could see in the transparent waters, as distinctly as if the sea had been a large looking-glass, clear as crystal. At midnight the sea began to swell ; but yet no wind. The morning came ; and the swell continued, accompanied with a light unsteady breeze, which freshening up by eight o'clock, we set all sail and bore away before the wind, seven knots an hour. Our decks were crowded with passengers busy cooking and talking of the favorable wind. After breakfast we amused ourselves shooting at the sea gulls and ptarmigans that flew in hundreds around the ship. By ten it blew a stiff breeze, and all were merry with anticipation of soon finishing the voyage. A few heavy clouds arose in the N.E., and some drops of rain fell. A passenger on the quarter deck said to one near him—' see, there are hills covered with snow—is that America ? ' The Captain had just given orders to take in sail, for the wind had increased, and the sea began to roar tremendously. In an instant it blew a perfect hurricane ; the mountains covered with snow soon changed their character, and broke over our ship in foaming surges. The tackling creaked ; the masts struggled in the wind, and our vessel literally flew over the waves. Every eye turned toward the foremast. It was crowded with sail, which the men were busy taking in, and tugged desperately with the blast.—' Let go the fore-sheet ! down with the jib ! quick ! ' but, ere the words were heard, with a terrible crash, as if the whole ship had been torn asunder, the main top, fore gallant, and jib-boom dashed majestically into the sea. ' All hands on deck and the women below,' was the word of command ; and it would be nearly impossible to describe the scene of confusion and consternation that followed. Dinner had been preparing, and it was laughable—if any person could laugh in such a dreadful moment—to see pots of broth, dishes of potatoes, and pieces of ham, and empty water cans scattered up

and down the deck as if it had been a deserted camp. But this was no time for sport. The wind and rain beat upon us dreadfully; the sea was a roaring whirlpool; the man at the helm was dashed from his station, and for a moment, our good ship, without a steersman, hung struggling on the top of a great wave, that had heaved us almost to the clouds, and a part of which,—thank Heaven it was not all of it—lashed across our stern, sweeping away a part of the binnacle, and levelling two or three passengers, who stood clinging to the ramparts.

To add to our horror it became so dark that we could scarcely see one another. The women screamed, and their cries but increased the general terror. The hoarse vociferations of the Captain and men; the loud and incessant frappings of the tattered sails; the wild shrieks of the terrified sea gulls, and the crackings of the waves as they ever and anon struck the sides of the ship and the long boat, which was by this time nearly full of water, all together made this one of the most terrific scenes the eye ever beheld. I hope never to see the like again. How puny is man's power, when in combat with the elements! and how vain glorious the title 'Lord of the Creation,' which he has assumed! 'Tis like the coronet of the expiring monarch, glittering but valueless; beautiful, but it cannot rescue him from the hand of Death.

In such an hour as this man is wise. This world is a little ball of tinsel, scarcely perceivable by the naked eye, and no larger than one of the myriads of the little particles of dust that float on a sunbeam. All his life has been folly; his actions madness;—and Eternity a few rods distant! Terrible thought! what shall he do!

I tremble at recalling the sensations which I felt, and the horrors of this storm shall haunt me to the grave. After working until overcome with exhaustion, and being completely drenched with the rain and sea, I walked towards the quarter deck, and stood looking at the waves, I thought for the last time. They were terrible. Now and then I imagined I saw sparks of fire, flashing from the spray that continually sprang over the sides of the ship, as she plunged on the tops of these liquid mountains.—My heart failed, and I went below to comfort my parents. The wind continued to blow as fiercely as ever—or in the words of Burns—'*as if it wad hae blawn its last*'—all night; and every hour was twenty four.

A dim lamp hung on a post in the middle of the hold, where all was gloom, silence and despair. As morning approached the dark-

Harold and Tostig.

ness became less intense ; and through the twilight, we saw, at a little distance, one of our companions of yesterday, totally dismasted, floating a shapeless bulk, with *two hundred and thirty souls on board*, at the mercy of the waves. Hapless mortals ! what became of them God knows. After three days the storm abated ; and we arrived safely in America.

B. B.

HAROLD AND TOSTIG.

HAROLD, *King of England*, . . Harold Hardrara.

TOSTIG, *His Brother*, King of Norway.

MORCAR, *His Earl*, Tostig's Ally.

SCENE.—North of England.

TOSTIG.—A brother's hate bites deep as serpent's fangs ;

A wrong seems double to a brother's eye ;

Calamity is oft the price of life,

For which one must endure the outrages

Of rebel subjects, and the pride of kings,

And (keenest sting of all,) a brother's scorn.

To crawl with worms, and beg dogs' moldy crumbs,

To bribe lean hunger to submission ;

To drain sewers to appease my thirst,

Bated by justice' consolation,

Might come within the scope of my endurance.

But to be gulled and fleeced as I have been,

Insulted, wrong'd, proscribed, and banished,

It goads my patience into mutiny.

My harrowing of soul, my bloody purpose,

The dreamt-of murders, I have perpetrated,

Did Harold know, his teeth would chatter,

For fear of such an one as he hath made me.

Wrongs, countless wrongs, most wicked, wicked wrongs !

Yes ! outlaw'd, banish'd, curs'd, condemn'd outlaw !

Burst, arteries, boil, heart full of fury !

Foam, rage, smite, kill——

H. H.— Hold ! curl thine anger, madman !

With bosom tranquil as the breathless grave,

And countenance serene as angels' faces,

But with a heart malignant as the plague,

Silent, sure, and fatal, plan thy purpose.

And when the fit occasion comes, bestir thee,

Frown forth the hues of stormy wrath,

Conjure up the spirits of destruction,

Wake the dead midnight into war and terror,

And 'mid the whirl of battle, smite thy foe.

Tos.—Can the chicken's pip appease the temper?
 Will the earthquake's rage be hushed to silence
 When babies tap the ground with rattle-boxes?
 As well the spirit, choked with testy spleen,
 And venomous rage, can weigh the value
 Of plans and purposes, and consequences,
 Nice probabilities and accidents,
 That need the hour of sober calculation.
 The whispering breezes of a summer's eve
 May soothe the soul to tender mournfulness.
 But the wrong'd spirit stirs the blood to fury,
 Till the o'erwrought heart is strained to bursting.

H. H.—Aye, therein lies the argument against thy rage.
 For when the warrior goads his jaded limbs
 To tempt the contest with the vigorous,
 Pale terror chases from his cheeks the flash
 Of momentary valor and excitement,
 And his rebel muscles compromise
 For mercy, fearing lest—

Tos.— Why, Norway, dost
 Thou fix thine eyes upon the vacant distance?

H. H.—I see a cloud or semblance of it,
 Just lifting from yon slope of clearing,
 A seeming whirlwind—wreath of Autumn leaves.
 No change of place, 'or if,' invisible.
 A stream of light flashed from its base, methought,
 As if a star did twinkle through it.

Tos.—Where? Harold! Now I have it in mine eye.
 Those streams of light spring from the temper'd steel
 Of an armed multitude.

H. H.— Is't so?
 Thy banded succors, or the royal foe?

Tos.—They should be friends, and hope too pleads for that.
 Hold! the gentle breeze, that sways that veil of dust,
 Flings forth a standard's hues, a checker'd cloth;
 'Tis England's royal banner! and England too
 Is coming on begirt for battle.
 Go, herald, trumpet through the allied camp,
 The banner'd foe is bearing down upon us,
 Arm! for the strife, arm! and for victory.

H. H.—Wake Scandinavia, with thy trumpet tone,
 And bid her to the jubilee of battle! * * * * *

(*Enters a Messenger from King Harold.*)

Mess.—Hear, Prince, and heed the import of my words—
 The King demands withdrawal of thy forces
 And on the bended knee of thy allegiance,
 Renunciation of thy haughty claims
 To England's crown, his, by right of suffrage;
 And in guerdon offers thee the wide domain,
 Northumberland in sovereign jurisdiction.
 This refused, he bids me tell thee to compound
 Thy numerous sins, with heav'n's justice,
 For which his royal mercy grants an hour.

Tos.—What terms of vantage doth he grant my ally?

Mess.—Seven feet of ground!

Tos.— A gift of obligation!

Delay hath murdered all concession.
Back to your lord! This is my answer,
I'll earn a kingdom, or I'll earn a grave!

—o—
SCENE.—Lines of King Harold.

H. H.—To horse! to horse! great peers in valor.
Ere this day's work be done, Christendom's
Best blood must mingle with the baser gore
Of Danish rebels and the Northern pirates.
Yhe yeoman's sinew, and the warrior's steel
Must now preserve our England's birthright.
To horse! To horse! good friends, to victory! on!

(Battle commences. Part of the Saxon forces begin to retreat.)

H. H.—Fie, Lubbers! out upon your coward heels!
Back, caitiffs! shame and scorn of England!
Will run, and bring all Norway at your backs?
Then pay the price of your dishonor,
In trampling out of souls, in ravaged fields,
And ravished virgins. Come, men, follow Harold.
Now, on! draw archers! couch your lances, knights!

(The Northmen give way, but animated by their chieftain's songs return.)

H. H.—Brave Morcar, sweat and blood must earn the victory!
Curse Norway's songs; each word is worth a knight.
Hear his wild music, o'er the din of shields.

MORCAR.—A tight 'tug,' liege, but empire is the prize.
England has never seen the like of this before.

H. H.—God grant she never see th' like again.
Ha! royal bard, you've changed your key methinks;
Why! does an arrow tickle in your throat?
Now, Saxons, who'll be famed for this day's deeds?
He of the shining helm, and tunic blue,
Is slain, and Scandinavia too looks pale.
Their foremost shrink! An earldom for yon standard!

(The Saxons conquer. Harold discovers his brother's dead body.)

H. H.—Ambitious Prince, how fallen! In thy bloom
Thou'st found a grave, which men do call a rebel's.
Thy manhood's reason could not hide thy gall.
Thy soul, all gangrened by imagin'd wrongs,
And meanly envying my birthright,
Could stoop to this, that crowns thy baseness.
Pitiable boy! when in thy youth,
I looked upon thy fair young brow, so full
Of manly beauty, and intelligence,
Thou wast a picture of true nobleness,
E'en thus methought, and formed for kingly deeds.
But thou'st assassinated nature,
Hast died a pitied fool, and treason's prize.
Thy bones shall rot beneath the better clay,
A corpse—unsung, without inscription
To perpetuate the name of such as thou.

McD—.

REMARKS ON KLOPSTOCK AND BYRON

PERHAPS there is no species of writing which gives so wide a scope for the manifestation of various talents as the poetic. The widely differing shapes it wears, the variety of characters it assumes, conspire to adapt it to the peculiar genius of nearly every class of thinkers, and render it the vehicle of every kind of thought. The grave and the humorous, the beautiful and the horrid, the phantasies of the maniac, and the sober disquisition of the moralist, find utterance in the wide range of poetry. Eloquence rolls with additional stateliness in numbers. The finest sentiment is more lovely, the keenest satire more poignant, expressed in the flow of befitting verse.

Whenever an author's work preserves an uniform tenor throughout, it is allowable to conclude that it is a transcript of his mind. A man will write as he thinks, "and as he thinks, so is he." Some will throw an awe around their works expressive of true dignity and greatness. Such are admired and venerated for their worth, grandeur of sentiment, justness of observation and independence of spirit. If they approach the common train of thinking it is but to please and instruct. Absorbed in the vastness of their own thoughts, they sweep on like the current of some mighty stream, undisturbed, unchanged. Others have the same might, with occasionally resistless impetuosity. Their works present the most striking contrasts, the most wonderful diversities of dominant feeling, and exhibit at times the very antipodes of character. Such writings may want system, but not interest—perfectly adapted to excite and soothe by turns the passions, to enlarge or contract the mind, their power is almost unlimited. When nearly overwhelmed by the boldness of their conception, or their awful sublimity, we perceive

The mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, —————

or rather, accustomed to changes sudden and terrible, it is prepared to meet anything however magnificent or dreadful. And thus without the greatest but not with less thrilling emotions we contemplate the wonders of Byron, and some kindred spirits, never sated with inhaling the sweets that distil from their rapturous expressions.

Milton belonged to the first class.—He dwelt with superior beings ;—sublimity was almost an element of his existence. Altho'

distant, he as effectually enlists the feelings, and awakens the whole mind to the highest pitch of admiration and wonder. This is but the effect of an exhaustless genius, throned not in 'cold sublimity' merely, but possessing that attractive grandeur which we venerate and love. Klopstock was peculiarly of this cast. His excellence is not in the sublimity of his characters, and descriptions only, but also in the majestic sweetness that reigns throughout his works. Calm in his majesty, yet full of strength, and feeling, he shows a most noble and discerning mind—one of those higher orders of generous souls, who feel the force of human sympathy, with an intellect, fit, perhaps, for a more than mortal form. It is pleasing to contemplate such men. They are an ornament of human nature. When the recluse in bitterness shall denounce men as bandits, when the injured feel the treachery of former friends, until, forced by absolute meanness into misanthropy, they hurl their burning curses, not without cause, upon mankind, it is a relief to see one, preeminent in virtue and benignity, stand an exception to a judgment that too many deserve.

To deep sensitiveness he added strong, yet delicate feelings, and was precisely the object from which some great excitement should elicit powers that might astonish the world. He felt deeply the disgrace then thrown on his country's literature, his countrymen's genius to raise it, and the capacity of the language to be moulded into elegance. This gave direction to his efforts, while an object was before him of sufficient importance to engage all his faculties. A great enterprise was to be undertaken. The literary honor and glory of a whole nation were to rise or sink with his own. As yet there were no contemporaries to participate the spoil or suffer by defeat. He must elevate and establish German Literature, or to all appearance, he with his native language must be to the learned world, as "things that were." It was by one bold stroke too, that this was to be accomplished. The age, which should have produced the stepping stones to the pinnacle of fame, had passed. No poets of any distinction had then appeared in Germany. Unaided by his countrymen, he was to rival the greatest and best of other nations, before he could remove the aspersion from his own, and prove their language to be susceptible of a refinement, surpassed perhaps by none of modern days. This he well knew and deliberately resolved on the undertaking. But he was equal to the task. His mind was the home of sublimity, around which clustered every other quality requisite for such an exalted purpose.

In the following dramatic extract, we have a more perfect delineation of the mind, than any which our pen could trace. It is on the death of our great progenitor, and stands in the translation thus.

Adam.—The terrors of the Almighty are upon me. My eyes lose you, my son. What darkly gleaming light rolls before me? Feel'st thou the shaking of this rock? Dost thou hear the trembling of that hill? Upon that hill behold him! Seest thou, my son, the Angel of terror!

Seth.—"Tis night around me, but I hear the noise of sounding steps.

Remarks on such poetry would be vain and idle. Our fancy can scarce sketch the power which conceived such beautiful grandeur. Klopstock studied greatness, and his mind was toned by that study. In common life, he was a common man—but in poetic composition his soul expanded like the effulgence of morning. His thoughts were of the purest intelligence. Ascending to the very zenith of fame, he deliberately traversed those regions of light, where dwells forever his imperishable name. In many respects he is the complete contrast of Byron, whose excitements pushed him right onward. At one time his mind is the complete sport of passion—pouring forth in anger, little else than madness, its thundering eloquence, denunciations, or satire. Again it reflects in calm magnificence the beauties of nature as the unruffled ocean the sunbeams. Anon, the surface is ruffled, and burning thoughts come rushing through it 'feelingly and fast,' till it becomes 'a whirling gulf of phantasy and flame.' He seems a union of antitheses, but such was his command over them, that they are made to contribute to his celebrity. Had his passions been controlled by principles, his mind governed by fixedness of purpose, his works might have retained their beauty and sublimity, and if pathos should be measureably wanting, they would by no means lose their attractiveness, and much that is offensive would be suppressed. Byron's mind was peculiarly energetic. Touch what chord you would, the vibrations were long and deep. Many however think him deficient in invention—and we confess that if invention consists merely in plotting—in surprising readers with crafty machinations, the judgment is just. But to us his invention seems of a different character. It is exercised fully, and successfully upon expression. Look at the variety and richness of his versification. Yet there is very little petty artifice to captivate. Many of his thoughts are familiar and even common-place, but the expressions give them a transformed power.

His mind is mostly turned in upon itself, and whenever the external senses bring some new beauty to his consideration, it is but to awaken some new and vivid train of feeling.

Thus, his epics are mostly the stories of his feelings and experience. And if we consider how difficult it must be to give interest to such a narration, we are astonished to find our solicitude still increasing when we arrive at the end of each canto. His thoughts, 'mixed in one scene, with varied beauties glow;' for no one ever possessed so eminently the art of versatility. The world is indebted to him for a new species of poetry, which if it never can be made of great advantage to mankind, must remain a noble and perpetual monument to his inventive genius.

Byron's description of Rosseau is no less applicable to himself. As well did he know 'how to make madness beautiful,' and throw the enchantment of poetry indescribably attractive around thoughts better befitting a demon. His mind was too far modeled by circumstances. Things that would have made little impression on others' minds, produced wonderful effects on his. Klopstock was entirely of another mould. Ever disposed to converse with the better part of nature, his mind assumed an elegance and kindness altogether superior. Who can for a moment contemplate these great men, and not perceive the powerful effect their morals had on their intellects? The one, a sincere christian, shed continually the radiance of glory. The other, a visionary sceptic, glows now like his 'phosphoric sea'—now enveloped in profound gloom, vanishes from the smiling world, or seems ready to annihilate it to rid himself of some fearful apprehension. Byron's mind seems at times to be in agony, and while the throes were on, he would say,

—————Could I wreak
My thoughts upon expressions, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were *Lightning*.—————

And yet perhaps there never was a writer that freed expressions so entirely from bombast. Frequently they indeed "burn." His fancy was vivid, and striking, his imagination powerful and grand. He looked at an object and it swelled into magnificence. He dipt his pencil, and whatever was forcible, sublime, or awful, immediately blazed upon the canvass. Such were some of the characteristics of a mind, to which the world can show no parallel.

S. T——s Dr'N.

THE TEETH AND STOMACH.

A day in May this verra year,
 A curious wrangle I did hear.
 A set o' teeth, lang used to chew
 Tobacco, bullock-beef, an' stew,
 Determin'd richt or wrang to ken
 How much they cou'd wi safety sen'
 Into the stomach.

The kitchen bell
 Repeated its accustom'd knell;
 An' watery keen they eager look'd
 At the few victuals that were cook'd.
 Not half enough! Let's hae some mair,
 Not half enough for students there!
 Why, how d' ye think a man can study
 Wi'out a well-fed drowsy body!
 Impossible! Ho! Cook, we say
 Let's have enough for once to day.
 Remember sir, we rise at five;
 Then thro' the day its naught but drive,
 Drive at Opticks—drive at Greek;
 Go to dinner o'er the Creek;
 Chop wood an hour; study; shave;
 We have nae time to tell the lave.—
 But sir, you see 'tis plaguy work
 Thus to labour like a Turk.
 Go to, we say; set out yir table;
 Bring forth yir beef as fast as able.—
 Electrified, the poor Cook sprang
 Like Johnnie Gilpin in the sang.
 Down sat the teeth resolv'd to eat
 Of all an' every sort o' meat.
 The stomach said: Gude sirs, I pray
 Gie me nae mair ado this day.
 At breakfast, ye consum'd enough
 O' bread, melasses, an' sic stuff,
 That really, sirs, I speak in sorrow,
 'Twill serve me thawing till tomorrow.
 No noise below—the teeth replied;
 The stomach heard, lay still an' sigh'd.
 O' beef an' roots a big half pund
 Were by the masticators grund.
 A johnnie cake—a sonsie fellow—
 That swam in butter warm an' yellow:
 O' apple sauce, a heapit platefu'—
 Was not sic gormandizing hatefu'!
 Soon disappeared! a pumpkin pie;
 A sweet cake that was rather dry;
 A twirl'd bun, baith broun an' greasy,
 Were masticated pretty easy;
 An' next a jug o' table beer
 Ran down the throat to guard the rear.

It mattered not what came to hand,
 If free frae motes o' hair an' sand ;
 All was welcome, as if forsooth,
 Naught was emptier than a tooth.
 Oh ! Oh ! my life—now cried the maw—
 An' this is what I lang foresaw !
 'Tis all in vain ; these cursed teeth,
 Will surely ane day be my death.
 Three times a day, against my will,
 They with a wanton malice fill
 Me choke full up, wi sauce an' caudle,
 Enough an elephant to maudle.
 An' then the tongue will tell an' say,
 Oh how my head does ache to-day !
 Last nicht I thocht it wad hae split,
 Or sent me ravin in a fit.
 I coudna sleep—my heart was sair ;
 'Twas walking in the nightly air,
 That gae me this—Ye gowks, ye lie
 Ye never blame the pumpkin pie,
 The apple sauce, the buns an' cakes,
 The table beer an' big beef steaks,
 Ye swallow three times every day
 To banish health an' ease away.
 'Tis these, an' not the midnight air
 That makes yir head an' belly sair.
 Thus spoke the stomach ; for the teeth,
 All this time lay quite out o' breath.
 The Cook came in and clear'd the board,
 And all things to their place restor'd ;
 But really sirs, I canna say
 How meikle was devour'd that day.
 Yet this I vouch—if tisn't blunder'd—
 'Twas somethin near ae gude half hundred.

REFLECTIONS.

AT the musing hour of twilight gray,
 When silence reigns around,
 I love to walk the churchyard way :
 To me 'tis holy ground.—*T. Wells.*

WANDERING among the tombs of the “departed dead,” when the lingering sun flings its last golden rays on the distant hills, I love to muse over the time-worn marble,—the silent mansion-house of the dead—the grave. And here with a kind of melancholy pleasure, I now seat myself on the broken fragment of a moss-covered stone, which is overshadowed by the branches of the mournful

cypress, planted perhaps by the hand, which now lies entombed beneath its shade. Now, while the long-standing marble, which has for years defied the wreck of time, and the newly-erected monument, are successively presented to my observation, I wander back in imagination to the period when all these silent slumberers were acting their several parts in the great drama of life,—when they passed from the theatre of action, and, became dwellers in this land of silence. Here the honored and the lowly, the conqueror and the slave, sleep on together, undistinguished, save where the lettered marble marks the spot, which holds their bones, crumbling back to dust. Oh! what a place is this for the contemplative mind! It furnishes the theme with which the gifted HERVEY has touched with a master's hand the deep sympathies and feelings of the heart, gathering from them a might with which to sunder the chains of the grave—an assurance that death is not an eternal sleep. But I forbear; this is consecrated ground,—thought is the only language of this common abode. Here, on my right hand, lies one who long since finished his career on earth, and departed to slumber and be forgotten. I find by the inscription upon his tomb, that he was of those noble few, who clung to the illustrious WASHINGTON, in the darkest days of our revolutionary struggle. Blessed be his memory, and sacred the spot where he rests in peace! And where now is that last remnant of a nation's hopes, who with him sustained the sinking liberties of the American people, when the tyrant would have crushed us forever? Do they still live to participate in the rich blessings for which they fought and bled? No; there they lie! The elm waves its branches over them, and the wild flowers are blooming on the rising hillock—their grave:

“A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves.”

But here on my left, ~~rises~~ the dark gray marble, bearing the name of one of far different fortune. It is the grave of a noble youth. His career was short, but brilliant. A sudden stroke of fate snatched him away in early life, when the noble qualities of his mind were first budding into existence. When suffering under the pangs of dissolving nature, he exclaimed: “The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice,” and yielded his willing soul to God who gave it. And here are many graves before me, marked only by the gentle mound which rises over them. Could we know who slumbers there, doubtless we should find the honorable, the statesman, and the scholar

laid near the child of poverty and want. And were we acquainted with their history, we should find that they once pushed on in the course of life, with the same untiring zeal after wealth and fame, with the same grasping for honor and glory, which marks the character of some of the present age. And for what purpose was all this toil and strife, which now lies buried in oblivion? And why is it that one generation, toils, dies, and is forgotten, and then another, pursuing the same course, like the billows of the stormy sea, rise but for a moment, and then are dashed forever! Doubtless this continual movement keeps in action the elements of society, which would otherwise become dormant and inactive. Yet in this eternal stir of life, men often act as though they had endless duration at their disposal. And in the minds of some, a strange and awful mystery seems to hang about the final destiny of this being, called man. And shall this mind of thought, which can as it were take hold of futurity, possessed alone by the being who slumbers here, forever sleep? Shall the clay, which moulders here, confine forever that part of "heaven divine," which for a brief space of time astonished the world by its superior brilliancy? Shall not this form, "created in the image of its Maker," when the last trumpet shall sound, rise and put on immortality? O blessed anticipation! The undying mind, cannot always slumber! This assembly of the dead, which now sleep in silence, shall wake to an existence without end—to immortality.

"The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And, when it awakens, it will send its fire
Rekindled forth, intense and higher."

M — Y.

A CHAPTER ON MIRRORS.

"Ye who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—Ye to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things."—Byron.

Was it Prometheus who made a man and endowed him with a soul? Truly he deserves all praise for the imitation. And perhaps in him began the work of discovery, and perchance it is his race (more venerable than the Piscatorian gentry,) who still work wonderful inventions. The most subtle and nicest of these—that nearest to "*man creation*" which "*nature's apprentices*" have wrought, is the invention—pardon me—the *imitation* of the Mirror. Do you doubt it? Consider—examine the thing itself. Has it not materiality and immateriality—body and soul? It reflects—and Locke says, "*reflection is the action of mind upon itself;*" this of course implies the existence of mind.

But even more than man can do,—it can prove its spiritual being. The most profound argument of human littleness in support of its "*soul existence*" is but this, "*I think : ergo, I am.*" But who has not seen as his eye has glanced across his looking-glass—a form—a shadow of a shade—flashing athwart it, seemingly the inhabitant of that brittle dwelling place? Aye, who has not seen the vision stop—remain stationary—return him glance for glance? But seek it—it's there—it has gone—you cannot trace it.—Advance, and, dash the mirror to fragments—still from every remnant you see those mysterious, yet recognised features peering out, and, gaze while you will, still will that steady look be fixed upon you;—in short, "*you can but by annihilating, kill.*"

But of what advantage is it to man? How does it benefit his condition? For unless its utility can be proved, its "*living soul*" avails us nothing." True, friend, and I will satisfy you there, and I will prove to you its utility by such *palpable* demonstration, that, satisfied with admiring the result of such worship, you will tolerate even in your wife an adoration so improving as that she pays her mirror. And you will love her the more as you behold her, morning, noon, and night, giving her devoted glances to another; for that *other* is so like herself, whom you own angelic, why should not she love it as well as you?

Nature herself was the inventor of the mirror, and still she bears

the palm. When, or what individual first worked out the imitation, cannot now be determined—probably some one in “the world before the flood”—for as far as history or tradition speaks, the *belles* before Noah were very like the mirror’s devotees of the present day.

The first instance of its utility, I shall relate, rather refer, to gods than men—but it merely shows the power and dignity of its office. Minerva attempted to play upon the flute—but she had no musical talents; besides, really ’twas quite unbecoming in a female though divine; a piano is quite a different thing. Poor creature! she become the laughing stock of the gods. A mirror, pitying, gave her the fruit of its reflections. And observe, O reader! its sagacity. Instead of using reason with the Lady god, (which experience whispers each one of you is vain,) it told her “your features are distorted.” You know the result. But not to multiply particular examples, how few of the sex have not been benefited in the same manner. In prospect of a ball, a fete, a levee, it always materially assists the troubled fair one. “That dress becomes you not; that cheek—a deeper hue,” &c. &c. But the mirror has performed higher and nobler offices. Aiding the philosophy and patriotism of Archimides, by its fiery but strictly prudent reflections, speedy destruction came upon the Roman fleet. This most probably was a mirror of Chivalry, and the chroniclers of the dark ages seem to intimate in their mysterious histories that a race of that genus was perpetuated. Indeed they often speak of “mirrors of Chivalry” shining alone amid the darkness—when the *human* race had gone wild again. A word on natural mirrors. They are the noblest things in nature. What were the Naiads, the Oceanides, *et cetera*, but spirits of the mirror? Gaze upon the ocean in its rest, in the clear starlight of a summer evening; how brightly do those shadows dance beneath the bosom of the wave. Are they not

“The stars that rule our destiny?”

Gaze upon the Alpine glaciers in their grandeur, spread out beneath a noonday sun. Can a thought of equal sublimity swell the soul? The vision would be blasted by a moment’s gaze. And the eye of the eagle that mounts unblinded toward the sun quails at that fiery glance.

One word, and I have done—I have been often laughed at because I love to gaze at the bright eye of a woman. But why may I not? I am but a worshipper of the divinity enthroned there.

R.

THE MANIAC EREMITÉ.

I.

THE beam of heaven, the cloud of earth, that blend
 In autumn skies, their gladness and their gloom—
 The twilight shade, when day and night contend
 Their empire boundaries—the breathing tomb
 Of soul and sense—the flesh-wrapt spirit's home—
 The midnight meteor, with glittering wan,
 In damp and darkness nursed, awhile to bloom
 Upon the brow of night, its courseway span,
 And find in deeper mists a grave—ev'n such is *man*.

II.

THERE is a dark unearthly power that throws
 Its wildering night on reason's brightest day ;
 The spirit's fire—the kindling thought that glows
 In the sane eye, are withered from its sway.
 Madness, the Demon, reigns—the quenchless ray
 Yet dimly streaming through the idiot stare,
 Lights the wild ruin of the spoiler's way ;
 While grinning fiends, and ghosts of reason there,
 Howl in the maniac's laugh, and revel in his glare.

III.

I would from life's yet living past might fade
 One burning image of remembered woe ;
 I would the grave might prison with its dead
 All thought of one, whose being's hurried flow
 Wild impulse chafed to madness' phrenzied glow ;
 Nor boots it now of withered hopes to tell,
 And cankering wrongs that he alone might know ;
 He rests—the shattered wreck from ocean's swell,
 Forgot the tempest's rage, and stilled the surges' knell.

IV.

HE came—that nameless child of misery,
 Nor brooked the gaze o'ercurious whence or why ;
 But other climes had seen his agony,
 And he had wept beneath a softer sky ;
 And with him came, and ever lingered nigh
 With look of love, his fair and faithful boy ;
 And he alone might share his moody eye,
 And sooth the woe that pitying looks annoy,
 When heaved his harrowed brain with wild delirious joy.

V.

AND he, when that stern glance quelled not the tale,
 Spake of that other land, with childhood's love—
 A fairer and a better, where his sail
 Once slept on sunnier streams, that still may rove,
 Yet not for him, beneath his native grove.
 And sometimes would he breathe, unwilling, a name
 He seemed to love, yet shun ; for well he strove

To check its rising when remembrance came
Of things he might not word, checked, smothered, yet the same.

VI.

'Tis a stern toil for childhood's lips to learn
These movings of the heart to quell ; the head
With years may win the mastery, and spurn
The promptings of the soul ; or if hath bled
Too much that heart, o'ertrampled in the tread
Of passion or of woe, 'twill henceforth be
A thing that lives to mind us of the dead—
A throbbing sepulchre, like that dead sea
O'er the sunk citied plain that booms sepulchrally.

VII.

THE stranger came, and on the dizzy verge
That beetled pendent o'er the mirror lake,
His tent he hung, and listened to the dirge
That wave and wind and sleepless echo make ;
And when no breath the slumbering surge might wake
And cloud and cliff were copied in the deep,
He wooed his mimic self below, and spake
As to a friend that with him seemed to weep,
Of times and loves which were, that o'er the memory creep.

VIII.

He worded not his woe, but on his brow
'Twas writ by sorrow's self in lines of light ;
Men were his hate : for life and love were now
The morbid seemings left of reason's flight.
None dreamed what treasured wrongs had power to blight
Life's embryo hopes and joys : for he had spurned
The sympathy that throbs at sorrow's sight,
And from the laughing world in scorn he turned,
And fed the funeral fires that in his bosom burned.

IX.

TIME sped its flight, and o'er the stranger threw
The air familiar of a look oft seen ;
With wing unspurred the seabird round him flew,
And tameless things grew conscious of his mien ;
Still prowled within, unsated, and unseen
Save in its blight, the canker worm of hell ;
And nerveless now, what erst had reason been,
Wild fancy's haggard forms and hauntings fell
Gnawed at his writhing soul, o'ermastered in their spell.

X.

At length he came not for his wonted store,
And one, who sought in chase that upland wild,
Found, on its utmost peak of granite hoar,
The father watching by his lifeless child—
Himself fast dying ; while he sadly smiled,
And sung to lull the dead he deemed asleep ;
And soon slept with him, and the hunters piled
With rocks their monument, that o'er the deep
Still gleams with beacon white upon that funeral steep.

XI.

ONE scathed pine flings its gray arms o'er the grave
 Where sleep that hapless twain, the sire and son ;
 And when at dayset on the drowsy wave
 The breeze floats gasping, and the fretted moan
 Of far-off shores comes o'er the waters thrown,
 Soft sweeps the reverent oar beneath their tomb ;
 And piled above, unearthly and alone,
 The moated clouds, in sad, sepulchral gloom,
 Watch o'er the strangers' rest, and weep their fearful doom.

R. E.

A FYTTE ON TONGUES.

I WAS lately not a little surprised at reading the account of a very celebrated man, who, it was affirmed, could speak with no less than *twenty-seven* different tongues. Now upon my word, I know not whether this very tonguey gentleman personified a little Babel, by making use of all his tongues at once, so as to hold converse with twenty seven different persons simultaneously, or employed only one at a time, taking care to lay it aside for another, whenever it became weary. But this I do know, that if my aunt Polly Pickle, to whose garrulous tutelage myself and half a dozen more unfortunate urchins were entrusted during our sojourn in the nursery, had been endowed with twenty-seven tongues, we should never one of us have lived to witness the present æra ; for notwithstanding she had only a single linguacious member, we barely escaped, with a partial deafness, an acidulated temper, and an eternal antipathy to old maids—but, ye powers ! what wo would this maiden Xantippe have wrought upon us if, instead of one, she had been gifted with twenty-seven such peace-destroying scourges !

Our forefathers, it appears, were somewhat better provided for on this score than ourselves ; for we find, in the early history of the country, the Indians were always speaking of the Whites as having “two tongues ;” and this was no doubt the reason they were enabled to talk the poor, simple Red Men, who were a monoglot race, out of their furs and hunting grounds. Indeed we may conjecture that the polyglot race are not yet entirely extinct ; but some of their descendants have found their way into the present Congress ; for we, who “live up here to the North so far,” can never believe,

that with only one tongue apiece, they could ever make so many and multifarious speeches, as have been ringing in the ears of our nation for six months past. But verily I esteem the tongue as one of Heaven's choicest gifts—the supreme regulator of the whole man. In short, I totally disbelieve the science of *Phrenology*, which makes the seat of the intellectual operations to be in the cranium, when it is really, as I could demonstrate if I pleased, to be sought for only in the tongue. As soon as GALL and SPURZHEIM have enjoyed their “nine days of immortality,” which is a boon perfectly gratuitous on my part, as a return for misdirected zeal, I intend to promulgate my new science of *Glology*. I shall moreover lecture upon tongues, exhibiting specimens of the various kinds; and shall take busts of all the distinguished tongues of the age, not forgetting those of some of our Senators, whose lingual developments are well known to be unusually prominent.

I pledge myself to sustain my new doctrine by the most logical arguments, either by the analytic or synthetic mode of reasoning, by analogy or *reductio ad absurdum*—even by the very *argumentum ad hominem*. To avail myself now of only the last mentioned method—if any one is so obstinate as to skepticise upon my theory, give me leave, Mr. Doughty, by way of experiment, to cut out your own tongue, and if you are not dumbfounded and speechless, unable “to wag a tongue” in your own defence, or to utter one word in proof that you have a single spark of intellect remaining after this domicil of the mind is removed, then will I confess myself a visionary enthusiast, fit only to be ranked with a Perkins, an Owen or a Symmes.

I did intend to give an inkling to the rationale of the science, at this time, by a dissertation upon the peculiar linguacious configurations of Coleridge, O'Connell, Wellington and Talleyrand, but shall be obliged to defer my design until a future number. A volume embracing a complete elucidation of the science of *Glology* will be forthcoming, and accompanied with illustrations and plates of the tongues of Clay, Calhoun, Mordacai Manassah Noah, Amos Kendall and *Major Downing*—but now methinks I hear some one say: “Lorenzo, enough, hold thy tongue.

LOR.

THE SATURDAY COURIER, &c.

WE have before us the *Saturday Courier*, purporting to be a *literary* paper, published weekly at Philadelphia. It is said to be the largest and most extensively circulated paper in the United States. As a matter of course, such a publication must exhibit upon its very front the marks of a refined taste in its management, and the most powerful talents in its literary execution. But lest we unhesitatingly grant it a character which it does not possess, let us take the paper from its resting place, and spread it out to view upon the—we beg pardon, it is too *large* for our table—upon the floor. Now we have it conspicuously before us; let us see what it contains. On the first page we find one “Poem,” sundry sentimental Tales, with a short paragraph on Rail-Roads. Thus far it is so; but, far as our limited discernment can penetrate, none of the articles exhibit peculiar talent or originality. So we will turn over the next three pages and see what we find. *Mirabile!* The whole space which ought to be filled up with something calculated to improve the taste, or to mature and strengthen the mind, is occupied with “amusing anecdotes”—with scraps and patches of “distressing casualties,” “daring robberies,” intermingled with old maxims, quaint sayings and innumerable other curious and edifying items—all more befitting the taste of a wondering school-boy, than a place upon the pages of a popular literary periodical. Such is the appearance of this paper for *one* week, and a similar appearance it always presents. We have exhibited its general characteristics, so that our readers may easily come to a decision, whether, if mathematically considered, its absolute worth would be found to be a *positive* or a *negative* quantity. Yet this is but one out of a vast number of such publications, yclept *literary*, with which the press incessantly teems. It is very considerate that *such* papers have their adopted characters as *literary*, printed in conspicuous letters with their titles; were it not for this well thought of, doubt-dispelling mark upon the *forehead*, we do confess we never could have discovered the “nature of the animal.” But more soberly. Though there are some honorable exceptions, yet the greatest part of our weekly journals *claiming* to be literary, are most contemptibly mean. As a general thing, they contain no sound articles; open no sources of moral or political information; in short they contain *nothing* which can strengthen or invigorate the mind. The soil from which they gather their support seems to produce but *one* species of plants—namely, *fiction*. But *that* grows abundantly, and we presume spontaneously; for, of a truth, among the numberless specimens of the weed which have come in our way, we have discovered very few which exhibited any marks of well applied labor in their cultivation, or the necessary care and judgment in dressing and pruning. Here we wish to be understood, that we do not condemn *all* fictitious writing; on the contrary, we are the firm advocates of a *moderate* share of well conceived fiction. Yet we do say, upon our conscience, that we have been most insufferably *bored* with the dull, unmeaning *trash*, in the shape of tales, legends, &c., with which our *would-be* literary journals continually teem. But be it with us as it may, such papers among the great mass of the people, are the most approved and popular which are read. This light and airy material, circulating extensively over the whole country, in a great many instances furnishes the only acceptable reading. This fact bears sad, but irresistible testimony to the existence of a vitiated and degenerate taste; which is alike hostile to the spread of general intelligence and the true interests of literature.

A GLIMPSE AT THE SPIRITS.

How light and buoyant were my steps yesterday eve, as I passed along the streets of our village. How delightful was the glow of spirits; how grateful the play of every passion. It was not the effect of any realized hope—it was not the stimulus of anything future; the past and future were alike forgotten. It was not the atmosphere nor the weather—I know not if it rained or shone. But there was a ray that shone within, and warmed the soul; while without, Nature seemed glad, a smile playing on every countenance, myself more joyous than all. Double quick time was the pace, as I neared the marble "Hall of Science." Allegro was the step, as I mounted the staircase with a bound—up, up, up, up—how in the name of Apollo and the sacred Nine came I in the garret!

Reader, perchance you have never been in a College garret. But have you never listened to the sound of the rain pattering upon the roof above the top loft of some humbler dwelling? And are you not conscious there is something classical, something exquisitely poetical in the very idea of even ordinary garrets? But know that a College garret as infinitely transcends all other garrets, as College wit is more attic than the rustic pun of the mountain clown. Here was accumulated all the literary exhalations of the institution, and I must have been in most unsentimental mood not to have felt the inspiration of the place. Especially at this moment, when perfect silence prevailed, and when the waning rays of twilight struggled through the half-obstructed sky-light above, scarce delineating the outlines of the massy, rough-hewn stones, the long rafters that rested upon the entablatures below, the strong, upright posts, and the many branching braces that supported the ponderous roof of the edifice. Leaning against a post for sometime in a reverie, a change came—not over my dream, but over the apartment. I did not dream, nor was I asleep, but fully awake, and so was the garret emphatically awake, and alive too—with spirits! I know not but the mention of spirits may excite a smile of incredulity, perhaps the laugh of derision. But as I am a gentleman, (and disbelieve this at your peril,) as sure as there is yet water at the fount of Helicon, as true as Mercury was cunning and Minerva wise, so certainly did I see a vast congregation of spirits. Around the room, which was beginning to be strangely metamorphosed, I saw the form of every hero of literature and philosophy, who has lived since the morning of the creation. And upon a ricketty old table, which was placed in front of a superannuated arm chair, were piled the volumes they had written—the prices of their immortality, the repositories of the wisdom of the learned world; alas! it was surprising to see how pitifully small was the number.

Apart from the rest sat Homer, surrounded by cobwebs and dust, but he was blind and heeded it not; but slowly numbering his fin-

I:

gers, was busy enumerating the Grecian warriors who fought at Troy, and laughed to hear of the extravagance of his modern commentators. Socrates too was there philosophizing with all his gravity, and ever and anon turning to sip the fatal hemlock, the chalice of death to others—to him the cup of immortality. Plato, in an attitude most dignified, reclined at the foot of a stately post, and imagined himself seated under his favorite palm. But he was taciturn and opened not his mouth, for a group of philosophers towards the northwest corner had so far outstripped his own wildest and most fantastic notions that he was chagrined and mute with astonishment. Virgil and Horace sat cheek by jowl with a dozen of old Falernian between them—Byron had ensconced himself upon a fearful cliff, high up the Alps, (it might have been a niche in the chimney in broad day light,) and sketched in boldest lines the raging thunder storm. And as he strove to throw his whole soul of thought into one withering word—lightning, his countenance gleamed brighter, and seemed more wild with passion, than the tempest-rent clouds that warred above his head. Newton, in attitude of “patient thought,” having consumed all his stationary, was pondering upon logarithmics. Scott, seated upon his eighty volumes, was busy with his pen, vainly endeavoring to patch up numerous unhappy places in his “Napoleon.” In a dark corner was Goethe training his witches to their midnight gambols—Milton, too was marshalling his spirits for the awful contest, but aware of his blindness they were continually straying and frolicking among those of the heathen Mythologists. Upon a bed of eastern roses, surrounded by an awning of Persian tapestry—or spider’s web, rested the voluptuous Moore, lulled into a never ending sleep by the soporific charms of premature adulation. On the western side, crouched close under the roof, were several whom I knew to be my countrymen, forbidden to leave this humble situation by a redoubtable lordship, yclept John Bull, who flourished a terrific whip in that direction, with nearly as many lashes as there are critical Reviews in Great Britain. And wo for his temerity, who attempted a more honorable station; yet a few, seizing upon a time when he was surfeited with roast beef, contrived to mingle with the crowd of Immortals. Galileo, Herschel, and a group of kindred spirits shrewdly managed to obtrude their telescopic tubes through an opening by the ill-adjusted scuttle, assaying to track the “vague moon and read the mystic star;” when in the midst of their observations, the trap door was raised, and the graceful Apollo, of “oracle shop” memory, descended and took his seat in the big arm-chair.

This mighty potentate, who sways the sceptre over the empire of Literature, wore a seamless robe wrought from the papyrus; and with a voice more benign than I anticipated, called upon all those who had volunteered to think for the rest of mankind, while they slumbered, to advance and prefer their claims for Immortality. Instantly a vast concourse of low-browed novelists came forward, but a single glance from the Judge urged them to a precipitate retreat.

A Philadelphian next appeared, to beg seats among the Immortals, for nearly an hundred of his friends. But being somewhat over loaded with their duodecimos, he unfortunately let them fall upon the floor, where they were irrecoverably lost amid the heaps of similar rubbish, a venerable old man, who already occupied an honorable seat on the right hand of the arm-chair, now presented a new version of the Bible, which Apollo declined; alleging that it did not come within the pale of his authority. I recognized many acquaintances who had come here to enrol their names among the "happy few;" but as often as Apollo turned his eyes in that direction their hearts failed them, and they shrunk back into a dark corner.

Fearful that I might be suspected of being a suitor at the court of Fame, I was planning my escape, when Apollo exclaimed: "What, Lactantius! are not the Adelphi, the Undergraduate, the Shrine, and the Medley sufficient examples? dare you hazard another trial, ere you yield the contest for success? Advance then, and learn the fate of the PHILOMATHESIAN." All trembling, I endeavored to secrete a sheet of proof, which I unluckily held in my hand, lest it should witness to my prejudice, when he continued: "Yes, 'tis true, thought loses half its divinity when entrusted to paper; we will examine the PHILOMATHESIAN in its original essence."

He raised his wand, and instantly appeared before him, ranged in close proximity, (put together,) the heads of the whole Literary Association. A motley though passable collection of craniums, except that some exhibited rather large developements of *verbosity* and *diffusitiveness*, and a few had been cracked by overheating. A dark smoke arose from the spot, and forth leapt a little spirit clad in yellow, who avowed himself the precursor of an infinite train of kindred spirits, severally remarkable for their unique originality. Mustering all his *intellectual energy*, "the whole man, body and spirit," he vowed to leap the *Rubicon* of criticism at a bound; but his spirits flagging, he tarried on this side—urged, we opine, by the recital of a very pathetic *legend of home*, to a love for his "native mountains." Nevertheless as proof of his mettle, he mounted a wild charger and dashed with a *Madman* down a *precipice* into the "raging torrent below." Another spirit emerged, clad in blue. He displayed an air of *romance*, assumed the character of a traveler, and descanted very learnedly upon *Russian Letters* and *Italy*. But he was withal weak, a vain braggadocio, and would have suffered instant decapitation, had not *Pocahontas* interceded that he might be only banished to a "ruined hut," situated in some dolorous spot on *Lake Sacrament*; where he now drags out his "withered existence," the warning example of a miserable, disconsolate, "*disappointed Genius*." The third was a red spirit, and more modest than the last. The next was pale and gave woful symptoms of *Consumption*, but made an attempt at wit, talked of the vanity of *Human Life*, and prated about the "factitiousness" of *Phrenologists*. Yet he was, forsooth, a better Spirit; only, having suffered somewhat from the effects of *patient thought*, of a *hypochondriacal*

turn, and talked in melancholy strains of the "cold and clammy drops that settled on his brow!" Another came, robed in the most dazzling colors, and sat down to relate a marvellous story of a mysterious *Stranger*; but observing that Apollo had fallen asleep, he proposed to finish his tale sometime during the next century, and vanished. The seventh was both a chemist and a philosopher. For having filled a retort with floating ideas from the literary atmosphere, he refined them by a pen-ink-and-paper process, so as to obtain the very *Original* of all thought. He then explained the rationale of the metempsychosis of the *Old Year* into the *New*, by reasoning very similar to that employed by modern philosophers in proving personal identity. Another, and another came. This last displayed very pugnacious propensities. He first encountered Maj. Downing—then hazarded a rencounter with Col. Crockett; and finally gave vent to his spleen by furiously assailing a very modest, matron-like Lady, who occupied an elevated seat among the Immortal Poets. The onset was made with such fury that her Parisian cloak, (precisely like the Queen's,) was in most imminent danger, when a gallant young knight, volunteering to repel this very uncourteous attack, drove back her furious assailant; for which chivalrous feat he received, as he merited. * * *. In this manner twelve spirits, "similar, though not the same," appeared, and vanished into "thin air."

Verily, after this examination of the "original essence," I saw little room for hope, and feared it was all over with the PHILOMATHESIAN. I believe Apollo himself was in doubt, for he drew his hand three times across his forehead, and bringing down his wand forcibly, it struck upon the bald head of a reverend old Friar, (I guessed it was Father Bacon,) who cried out with a voice that made the edifice to quake. The craniums of the Association disappeared in a twinkling—the wall on the south was disparted, and I beheld to my amazement, a long range of stately buildings, more elegant than any I had ever seen, even with "the prophetic eye of Taste." The doors of a spacious Library facing the north were opened, and Apollo asked for the *Fiftieth Volume* of the Philomathesian.—It was brought; a portly folio—THE PHILOMATHESIAN; *A Journal of the Arts and Sciences, Literary and Critical Reviews, Philosophical and Philological Repertory*, 1884.

It was enough. I bowed—Apollo gave a nod, (he might have been sleepy,) then motioning to a long line of authors who now officiated here as a kind of lackeys, directed them to escort me down the ladder. After many a *best bow*, I descended from the presence of this august assembly; and as my polite conductors turned to leave me, each whispered in my ear, that he purposed to write some *sterling stuff* for the next Volume of THE PHILOMATHESIAN.

WE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. * H." deferred to our next.

Several "Fragments" under consideration. We would prefer them of the same length—entire.

Two pieces on the "Fine Arts" are received. For the sake of peace betwixt ourselves and him of the Type, we pray some of our Correspondents to perpetrate less ghastly chirography. We have almost decyphered some of them; but they do haunt us in our night thoughts.

We regret that there was not room for the following in the body of the work.

SEPTEMBER 22d, 1833.

Messrs. EDITORS—The charge in your last Number, of plagiarism in the author of 'Legend of Home,' demands attention. It seems that a typographical error, or a careless mistake in the hasty transcription of the piece, was the cause of the not uncalled for accusation. I have examined the original manuscript, which was written sometime before 'The Legend' was published, and marks of quotation are found upon a paragraph, inserted among the reflections on the death of my mother. You say a long paragraph; I should say a short one.—The plot and all the incidents of 'Legend of Home' are entirely original. And, without multiplying apologies for the noticed error, I will barely say, that the name of 'ADRIAN' will, I trust, never be associated with ignorance so palpable, and judgment so despicably weak, as that he should be considered as supposing that the every where known, and read, and admired maxims of Washington Irving's Sketch Book, might be stealthily caught by the nib of his pen, and palmed upon the public as original.

Yours with respect,

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LEGEND.'

In reply to ADRIAN we would say, that we used the manuscript he sent us. But betwixt the world—i.e. our readers—the Composer, ourself and himself, it seems that we—let it pass.

We are tardy again. By a mistake of the Press, one quarter of this Number was lost, occasioning considerable delay.

—THIS NUMBER contains 2 Sheets.—The postage for any distance not exceeding 100 miles, 3 Cents.—over 100 miles 5 Cts.











